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Hibernicus's Letters:

OR, A

Philosophical Miscellany.

Containing (among many others) ESSAYS on the following Useful and Entertaining Subjects, *viz*

Of Happiness.
Of imaginary Evils.
Of Beauty.
Of Castle-building.
Of false Contempt of the World.
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The SECOND EDITION, with a compleat Alphabetical Index.

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Gift
Louis I. Bredvold
7-29-57

Hibernicus's *Letters.*

N° 55. *Saturday, April* 16, 1726.

To Hibernicus.

Ne si fortè suas repetitùm venerit olim
Grex avium plumas, moveat cornicula risum
Furtivis nudata coloribus.—— Hor.

SIR,

AS I look upon your Paper to be written with a View of correcting the Vices of Mankind, and reforming their Manners; I hope you will not think it impertinent in me, tho an illiterate Man, to addreſs you in behalf of myſelf, and the generality of Traders within this City, who ſuffer very much by a Maxim ſupported no where ſo much as here, 'That it is 'beneath a Man of Quality to pay his Debts 'as ſoon as he receives Money, and to an-

'swer submissively the Call of every inferior 'scoundrel Dun, as they are pleased to ex-'press it.'

I AM, indeed, one of a low Rank, and therefore think it no way derogating from my Quality to attend the Service of the Church on *Sundays* and *Holidays*, and to read every Evening a Chapter in the Bible, from which I might pick out a great number of Passages, to arraign that fashionable Practice of neglecting to pay just Debts: But the Persons whom I mention being generally professed Enemies to, or utterly ignorant of the Contents of those sacred Oracles; I should think it to as little purpose to argue from thence against them, as to dispute with them out of the Acts of some Popish Council, the very Name of which they abhor, or the Laws of the Empire of *China*, which they are unacquainted with. Therefore, all that I propose by this Paper (if you will vouchsafe it a Place in yours) is to represent to them, how contrary their Behaviour is to Honour, to common Justice and Charity, and to the Welfare of that Nation, wherein they endeavour to make a Figure, and in which some of them have even the assurance to set up for *mighty Patriots! First* then, I beg leave to observe, tho the Remark is of antient date, That a great part of Mankind err very much in their Notions of HONOUR; as you may be convinc'd from the Character and Behaviour of Lord *Modish*: His Lordship has so much Mettle,

Mettle, that he would cut any Man's throat, who ſhould but preſume to look him in the face, with a Cock of Defiance in his Hat; and would make the Sun ſhine thro' any one's Body, who durſt deny him the Title of *Right Honourable:* He is ſo generous, that he ſeldom ſuffers any of his Company to club with him for a Reckoning; and he has ſo much good Nature, that I dare ſay he would run the riſque of his Life, to ſteal away a young Heireſs for any one to whom he profeſſeth himſelf a Friend: All which Qualifications make him fanſy that he has the Reputation of a *gallant Peer*, and a Man of *ſtricteſt Honour*. But I believe he would be very much ſurprized and humbled, if he heard the Diſcourſes of the trading Part of the City, concerning his *Lordſhip*; moſt of them making it ſerve as an Excuſe to their reſpective Creditors, that they cannot pay them for want of large Sums due to them from Lord *Modiſh*. Thus he is proclaimed a bad *Paymaſter* at all ends of the Town, even ſometimes without truth, by Perſons who ſhelter themſelves from paying, under his *Illuſtrious Fame*; and he makes himſelf the common Topick of Diſcourſe over every *Counter*, and at the publick *Exchange*.

SQUIRE *Fopling* is next to him in that vitious Folly, in proportion to his Quality and Fortune: He dreſſes elegantly, attacks a Mask at the Play with a good deal of Wit, moves a Minuet with great Applauſe at the

Caſtle, and has had two or three Rencounters in which he behaved like a *Man of Spirit*: From this he infers that he paſſes for an *accompliſhed Gentleman*, and a Perſon of *untainted Honour*. But whenever he walks thro' *Caſtle-ſtreet*, the *Shoemaker* comes out of his Shop to gaze after him, and curſes his Feet for being ſo well fitted with *Shoes* which are not paid for: When he goes along *Dame's-ſtreet*, the *Woollen-Draper* ſhakes his Head, and tells all who are in his Shop, that the *Squire* ought at leaſt to have made him a Bow, conſidering how ſpruce he is at his Expence: And by the time he comes to *College-Green*, the *Wigmaker* points at him, and aſſures his *Hair-Merchant* that the *Beau* who ſtruts by his Window, is the Perſon who hinders him from clearing his Accounts. So that after all his Dreams of Reputation and Honour, he is looked upon as a publick Nuſance, not to ſay a publick Robber; and the poor Journeyman or Labourer who punctually pays the Ale-wife every *Saturday* Evening, when his little Salary comes into his hands, is eſteemed the better Cuſtomer, and the more honourable Perſon of the two.

As great as my Reſentment is againſt ſuch falſe Pretenders to Honour, I would not be ſo ſevere as to give my Voice for introducing among us an old *Roman* Law, which I once heard my Son read in one of his School-books; which put it in the power of Creditors, after a certain prefixed time, to ſell their Debtor

Debtor as a Slave, or to cut him in pieces, and take each a quantity of his Flesh proportionable to the Debt: But I must own, I cannot forbear wishing often, that all who have the misfortune of dealing with one of that Species, could agree unanimously to strip the *Jackdaw* of his borrow'd Plumes. What a diverting Scene would it afford to see the *Haberdasher* seize his fierce Beaver; the *Wigmaker* running away with his prim *Queüe*, or his Martial *Eugene*; the *Woollen-draper*, *Lace-man* and *Taylor* stripping him to his Shirt; the *Milliner* half strangling him for his *Steinkirk*, *Breast-chathern*, and *Engageantes*; the *Sword-Cutler* disarming him like a Prisoner of State; and the *Hosier* and *Crispin* pulling his Pedestals with as much vehemence as the *German* Hostler who unbooted Doctor *Faustus*!

'TIS in this agreeable Attitude that I would draw one of those Gentlemen, if I had any Skill in Painting; and distribute Copies of it to be set up in every Shop, especially in those of *Wigmakers* and *Hatters*, where it might save the Expence of a Looking-Glass. But as I have no Talent that way, and never was in *Holland* to learn the humorous Art of representing Grotesque Figures, I leave it to your finer Pen to finish a Piece of which my coarse Quill has only given you the Out-lines: And if you do me the Honour to publish this, I shall at another Opportunity handle the two other Articles in a more serious manner, by

ſhewing, as a *Trader* of ſome Experience, how much the Behaviour of ſuch Perſons is contrary to common Juſtice and Charity, and to the Welfare of that Nation, of which they pretend to be important Members.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

O. O.

P. S. As I was going to ſeal up this Letter, my Friend Mr. *Searwell* the Surgeon came full of the Spleen, to tell me that young Squire *Flanen* refuſes to pay him for a certain private piece of Service, and bids him defiance; telling poor *Searwell* in plain terms, that he is a *Confeſſor* by Trade, and would loſe all his Practice if he ſhould be ſo audacious as to complain aloud of a Patient of *Quality*, who is not in the humour to open his Purſe. But to ſhew him how little my Friend fears his Threats, he begs I would deſire of you, that this Story may be inſerted at the End of your Paper.

N° 56. *Saturday, April* 23, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Fervet avaritiâ, miseroque cupidine pectus? HOR.

SIR,

OF all the Infirmities the human Mind is subject to, there is none which has been oftner, and more powerfully declaimed against than *Avarice*, nor which the generality of Men are more ashamed of having laid to their charge. It is an old Observation, that People are apter to resent a Reflection on their *Honesty*, than their *Sense*; and therefore because it argues a little and narrow Mind, and very small knowledge of the real Worth of things, to set our hearts too much on the secondary Goods of Life, every body is very shy of letting any Blemish of that sort appear in their Character.

AMBITIOUS Men love Power, and vain Men the Trappings and Ornaments of it. Wise Men in their Pursuits after Greatness and Authority, industriously decline all ostentatious Appearances of it; and satisfy themselves with the real Advantages it brings

them in point of Intereſt either to themſelves, or their Friends. But when Men cannot conceal the Pleaſure they find in the Pomp and Splendor attending the Dignities they poſſeſs, it ſeldom, if ever, fails to draw on them ſuch a Load of Envy as cruſhes all their Projects, and themſelves, in the Ruins of them. By an Error of this ſort did *Pompey* lay himſelf open and unguarded againſt the Attacks of his Enemies; while his more crafty Competitor *Cæſar*, by a cloſe and ſilent Application to Buſineſs, was daily ſtrengthning his Intereſt both in the Army and the Senate, till he had ſecured a Power ſufficient to overthrow the other, and made the whole Authority of the Commonwealth center in himſelf. He could not however always preſerve the ſame Moderation, but afterwards fell into the Diſtemper which gave him the advantage over his Rival, and periſhed in it. His politick Nephew, and Succeſſor, *Auguſtus*, ſaw too clearly into the Error of them both, to give in to it; and by a modeſt, but artful Neglect of Grandure, confirmed the ſupreme Power in his own Perſon, and not only enjoyed it without diſturbance during his own Life, but tranſmitted it entire and undiſputed to his Succeſſors.

IN the ſame manner moſt of thoſe Perſons who are infected with *Covetouſneſs*, endeavour all they can to conceal it from the Obſervation of the World about them. The clumſy way of doing this is, when the covetous

Perſon

Perſon is perpetually complaining of *Poverty*, and making his niggardly Diſpoſition paſs for a neceſſary Frugality. But this trick is grown too ſtale to paſs upon the World now-a-days; and therefore the Men of better Senſe carry on the matter with more decency, and by a handſom Appearance in their way of living ſtrive to make themſelves looked upon as Perſons of *Generoſity* and *Beneficence*, when at the ſame time their Deſires know no bounds, and the acquiring an immenſe Fortune is the grand Deſign to which they ſacrifice all other Conſiderations.

PEOPLE of this Stamp, however, are ſure ſome time or other to be diſcovered, notwithſtanding all their Arts to the contrary. Tho *Varillus*, by the Splendor and Decency of his Equipage, and the Exactneſs of Payments, appears here in Town to be a Perſon of *nice Honour*, and *uncommon Liberality*, yet his poor Tenants in the Country have cauſe to give him a very different Character, and find themſelves abundantly worſe uſed for paying him his Rents, than if they were his *Livery*. And on the other hand, tho *Lucullus* is a kind Maſter, no bad Landlord, and upon occaſion even bountiful to his Friends; yet how can *Lucullus* be reckoned generous, who ſuffers himſelf to live perpetually indebted in vaſt Sums to Multitudes of honeſt induſtrious Tradeſmen? The Goodneſs of ſuch Men is like that of the Sea, which is gentle and favourable to one Coaſt, only that it may

overflow

overflow ſome other diſtant Shore with the greater Violence and Inundation.

THERE is one thing I have obſerv'd of ſeveral People pretending to much Generoſity, and Contempt of immoderate Riches, That a baſe and avaritious Temper is at the bottom of it. They cannot be perſuaded, that any thing they want is ever to be bought too cheaply, or that it is any hardſhip upon Traders to beat down the Price of their Commodities, even below what they can poſſibly afford them for, ſo as to derive a Subſiſtence from their Buſineſs. This is a Fault peculiar to the better ſort of People, who are not concern'd in Trade themſelves, any farther than for their own Conſumption. Men of Buſineſs have little or nothing of it among them. They know that Men muſt have their Profit from whatever Commodities they deal in, and therefore are generally at a word in their Bargains; and if they find they cannot carry their Point at one place of Sale, withdraw quietly, and try what they can do elſewhere. Whereas among the faſhionable and genteel part of the World, as they affect to be called, nothing is more uſual than for them to ſtand a long while haggling with a Shop-keeper about a matter perfectly inſignificant and trifling. I have often known more needleſs Breath ſpent in a difference of a few Shillings in the Price of a Suit of Clothes, or ſome ſuch matter, than would be ſufficient, among Merchants, to conclude a

Bargain

Bargain of ſo many hundred Pounds Value. And if one were to hear all the Lyes and Nonſenſe utter'd on ſuch occaſions, and to form a Judgment of Mankind from them, it could not avoid giving him a very low and contemptible Opinion of the Species.

WANT of Skill in the Goodneſs or Knowledge of the Prices of Commodities, is what I am inclined to believe frequently induces the Buyers to be thus narrow and querulous in their Dealings. But the Senſe hereof ought in common prudence to have a quite different effect; ſince by diſcovering this their Ignorance, they only expoſe themſelves as fit to be impos'd upon, and by obſtinate perſiſting in their Error, provoke a Man to do ſo, who perhaps otherwiſe would not have been inclined to it. Theſe however are not commonly the worſt ſort of Criminals in this way. There are others who make no conſcience of grinding the Faces of their honeſt Neighbours, offering a great deal leſs for a Commodity than they know it to be worth, and ſometimes forcing the Seller, for fear of diſobliging ſuch as have Influence on other Cuſtomers, to part with their Goods at an under-rate, and very often to his conſiderable damage. When this is done, there is an immediate Triumph raiſed among all their Acquaintance, what a wonderful good Bargain they have made; and the next Perſon they have occaſion to deal with is inſulted upon it, if he refuſes to quit to them thoſe honeſt

Gains

Gains he propoſed to himſelf by his Buſineſs, and which are abſolutely neceſſary for the Support of his Family.

DID this Practice only affect the rich, or the extorting part of the trading World, it might admit of ſome kind of Excuſe. But indeed the Poor, and the Induſtrious are generally the People who ſuffer by it. The wealthy Trader will not part with his Wares but to advantage, becauſe he can afford to keep them till he finds a Market for his purpoſe. And for the ſame reaſon the thriving Mechanick will not work without what he thinks to be ſufficient Wages. Whereas the Shopkeeper who has but a ſmall Stock, being obliged to anſwer the Demands of his Creditors, is forced often to ſell at an undervalue, to raiſe Money for ſuch occaſions, and by that means is always kept low and neceſſitous. In the ſame manner a Mechanick who is but juſt come into the World, and happens upon Cuſtomers of this ſtingy and pitiful Temper, muſt either continue without Employment, or ſubmit to manifeſt Cruelty and Oppreſſion. And the Conſequence of all this is the Encouragement of a pack of idle drunken Rogues, enough of whom are to be found among all Trades, who, either having no Families, or elſe taking no manner of care of them, will undertake a Job at any rate, to get a riotous Night or two in the Week. Thus for the ſake of ſaving a very ſmall part in the Article of Expences, we hazard the Ruin of the honeſteſt and worthieſt part of the

the People, and prefer to them such as are only a Nusance and Encumbrance to the Society.

But tho this should not be the Effect of a penurious and haggling way in dealing, as I am persuaded it frequently is, yet still there is another obvious ill Effect arising from it, which ought to make it odious to all Men of Sense and Virtue. A Trader, who has any competent knowledge of the World, will soon find out the Temper of his Customers; and if he discovers this to be their weak side, the Vices of Mankind being infectious, will endeavour to foil them at their own weapons. If it be the known Character of a Buyer to bid at first but the one half of what he intends to give for a thing, the Shopkeeper will quickly learn to demand twice as much as he can afford to sell it for. Thus a fraudulent and insincere way of dealing is introduced, and Mankind are taught to treat one another as a parcel of downright Villains, every one in a constant design of cozening and imposing on all the rest. This is so known at present, that every body makes a merit of it, when they have trick'd a hard niggardly Chap into the belief of his having got a special Bargain, tho he has only got it in the *Cant* Sense of the Word. And it is a common Observation, that those Persons who are least contentious in bargaining, get cheaper and better Pennyworths than their Neighbours. So that if Men either regard the promoting

of

of Honeſty and Truth in the World, or know their own true Intereſt, they muſt deſpiſe ſuch ſneaking Methods of negotiating, and leave them to be practiſed only by thoſe who are ſo overrun with ſordid *Avarice*, that every thing they do, is evidently tainted with it.

THO I do not believe this Evil owes its Original to the *Mercantile* Part of Mankind, yet I ſtrongly imagine the Remedy lies pretty much in their power. And therefore I would humbly propoſe it to ſuch of my Readers as are concerned in Buſineſs, whether it would not probably ſave themſelves and Cuſtomers a great deal of Lungs which are at preſent unneceſſarily waſted, and make Trade much more expeditious, for them to fix a Rate on all their Goods, which they ſhall never abate one farthing of for any Cuſtomer, but inſiſt upon it, let him *argue* and *expoſtulate*, and *rave*, and *coax*, and *lye*, to the utter effuſion of his Voice as well as Language: *Provided nevertheleſs*, That nothing herein contained ſhall be deemed or underſtood to extend to the *Ladies*, whoſe undoubted Right and Privilege of *ventilating* themſelves on all occaſions ought to be and remain with them without any Let or Moleſtation whatſoever.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

HIBERNICUS.

N° 57.

N° 57. *Saturday, April* 30, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Omnia quæ ſecundum naturam ſunt, æſtimatione digna ſunt. TULL.

SIR,

CÆSAR is often taken notice of by the Criticks, as the only Author that ever writ of himſelf with a good Grace. I believe *Cæſar*'s exalted Character, and great Actions, may have contributed as much to this Opinion as the manner of his Writing; and our Admiration of the Hero raiſed our Idea of the Author. It is certainly a very nice Point for a Man to ſpeak of himſelf at all. If he ſpeaks well of himſelf, he diſcovers his Vanity; and if ill, his Indiſcretion, or ſomething yet worſe.

THIS Conſideration, however, has not hinder'd ſeveral Men of excellent Senſe, and true Judgment, from making themſelves the Subject of their own Writings. *Tully* has been much cenſured for his Vanity on this account. Amidſt all his Excellencies he was an immoderate Lover of Praiſe, and a perpetual

petual Boaſter of his Services to the Commonwealth. We are told, that he once intended to have writ a Hiſtory of the *Roman* Affairs, but was ſo impatient to do himſelf Juſtice, that he begun at the wrong End, and wrote his own Conſulſhip firſt, intending to trace the Story backwards to the Foundation of the Empire. What Progreſs he made in this Work is uncertain, none of it having come to our hands. But how ridiculous ſoever the Project may ſeem, I am apt to think the want of it a conſiderable loſs to us. For tho an Author gains not much Credit by talking of himſelf, yet his Readers get a great deal of Entertainment and Inſtruction from it. Such an open way of Writing reſembles the Converſation of Friends; we enter more readily into the Sentiments and Genius of the Author, and pay the greater Regard to what he ſays, on account of his treating us with ſo much Familiarity and Confidence.

FEW Men, perhaps, would be willing to write in the ſame manner *Montaigne* has done: Yet, I believe, there are not many diſguſted at it when they read him, or would wiſh thoſe Paſſages expunged from his Works, wherein he ſpeaks of himſelf. We accuſe him of Vanity; but at the ſame time are well pleaſed with the humorous Inſtances he gives us of it. The Faults we diſcover in the Man, are what principally recommend him to us as a Writer. And ſure, no Man

ever

ever expoſed his Infirmities and Weakneſs with more freedom and unreſervedneſs to a Friend, than he has done to his Readers. By this means we are ſoftened into a favourable Opinion of him; and cannot condemn the Errors of one, who has the art of making himſelf ſo very agreeable.

THE Account he gives us of his being admitted a Citizen of *Rome*, is perhaps one of the ſtrongeſt Inſtances to be met with of Elation of Heart on occaſions of receiving Marks of Honour and Eſteem. There is doubtleſs no Man but what conceives abundance of Pleaſure from Incidents of this nature; yet ſo unkind are we to one another, that we will not allow any Man to expreſs that Satisfaction, without accuſing him of Weakneſs and Vanity. We all feel thoſe Impulſes, yet are aſhamed to have it known that we do ſo. *Montaigne* very honeſtly tells us what he felt, and every Man who reads him will find from his own Experience what he ſays to be true. Whereas were Men to form a Judgment from the Profeſſions of Mankind, every Man who has theſe Emotions, would look on himſelf as a Perſon of more than ordinary Weakneſs, and wanting that Solidity of Mind which other Men ſeem to be poſſeſſed of. Such an Author therefore as *Montaigne* is capable of relieving an honeſt Mind from the Pain of thinking it ſelf of a very uncommon and ſingular Mould, by ſhewing that there may be, and are

others framed exactly like it. I have known two or three Persons freed from a good deal of uneasiness, by reading the ingenious Paper in the *Spectator* on *Castle-Building*; before which time they always imagined they were alone in that fantastical Business, and never once dreamed, that any body but themselves had the trouble of such an extravagant Imagination. And sure the Pains we take to conceal a great many natural Motions of our Hearts, has in many other Instances, as well as this, been the Occasion of unexperienced Peoples condemning themselves of several intellectual Weaknesses, common to them with the rest of the human Species.

THESE Observations give a fair handle against that pernicious way of *Philosophizing*, which is for reducing all our Actions and Behaviour to the strict and rigid Rules of what they call the Dictates of sound and right Reason, and making no allowances for natural Impulses and Inclinations, but censuring every Action, however good and generous in it self, as irrational and unmanly, if not done upon cool deliberation, and after a nice and critical survey of all its Consequences. The Gentlemen in this Scheme of thinking will not admit any thing to be well done, which is the Effect of great, or delicate natural Sentiments, or wherein the Heart is more concerned than the Head. In order to become Men, we are to divest our selves

of

of thoſe Paſſions which all Men are born with. We are taught to ſuppreſs what principally ſpurs us on to brave and virtuous Actions, under the notion of Enthuſiaſm, and Heat of Imagination. And Wiſdom and Virtue too are made to conſiſt in a perfect Indifference for every thing but the performance of our Duty; a Word, which in their mouths who make uſe of it in this manner, ſeems to have no meaning or ſignification at all.

We are too apt upon all occaſions to run into Extremes. Becauſe it has been obſerved, that Men, by too much indulging their Paſſions, have done very unreaſonable or ridiculous things, therefore the Paſſions themſelves have been declaim'd againſt, or laugh'd at; when the only Fault has lain in giving way to their irregular Motions. Thus the Love of Praiſe has been repreſented as a Weakneſs, becauſe ſome Men, who have had it in too high a degree, have been prompted by it to commit a great many Extravagances. Yet this Principle is natural to all Men; and without ſome ſuch powerful Incentive to laudable Actions, it is highly probable, we ſhould grow very remiſs and languid in the Performance of them. It might alſo be ſhewn in ſeveral of our beſt and nobleſt Affections, ſuch as *Love*, *Friendſhip*, and *Pity*, that the Exceſſes of them may betray us into great Errors, and even a criminal Weakneſs. Yet ſure, that ought not to make thoſe Affections either unmanly or vicious, unleſs we

will contend, that Wiſdom and Virtue conſiſt in extinguiſhing, rather than moderating our Deſires; which whoever attempts to do may indeed commence a Savage, but, I am perſuaded, will never make himſelf ſuch a one as a truly wiſe and good Man will eſteem.

THE pompous Manner in which ſome of the antient Philoſophers talked of the Vanity of human Life, and its Enjoyments, has of late been ſucceeded by a buffooning way of laughing at every thing which Men ſeem to be ſerious and in earneſt about. The former Method tended to make Men contemn the World, and neglect the Offices of their Station, for the ſake of a certain romantick Notion, which they called by the name of Virtue; but this aims at the deſtruction of Virtue altogether, without ſubſtituting any thing in its room but a *Grin*. Whoever has read a late celebrated Performance, entitled, *The Fable of the Bees*, cannot but have obſerved a great many notable Inſtances of this *Jocular* Philoſophy. *Fame*, according to him, is a *Bauble*; *Pity*, an Infirmity common to us with the Beaſts; and *Love* and *Friendſhip*, think of them as highly as you pleaſe, are nothing at the bottom but downright Luſt, and Combination. The Conſequence of all this is, that Men, if they act wiſely, will endeavour to free themſelves from ſuch troubleſome and vicious Companions. But what ſhall we do then? Or how ſhall we employ ourſelves, when Life preſents us no-

thing elſe, but one continued Scene of Farce and Impertinence? Why truly we may e'en ſit down, and laugh at the World, and every thing in it, as this Author has moſt judiciouſly done: for ſince we are all ſelfiſh by Nature, and every thing in Life is ridiculous, both which Points he has attempted to demonſtrate, the only rational thing we can do is to live perpetually *Sneering*.

OBJECTS of *Laughter* need never be wanting to People who are well diſpoſed towards it. The World will yield an inexhauſtible Fund of Mirth for a Man of any tolerable Genius. The *grave Looks* of Divines, Lawyers, and Phyſicians, are full of delightful Raillery. What can be more ridiculous than the Pomp and Magnificence of Kings, and publick Magiſtrates, or than the inſipid Formality of Parliaments, and Courts of Juſtice? Is it not a comical thing to ſee a Man toiling and ſlaving all his days, merely to ſupport the Noiſe and Nonſenſe of a Wife and Family; and to be breaking his Reſt for the ſake of a parcel of People, called his *Poſterity*, whom he is never to be ſixpence the better for? What ſilly Fellows are they, who ſigh, whine, and languiſh in the abſence of one they call a Friend or a Miſtreſs? Can there be any thing merrier, than for a Man to deſire to be well ſpoken of by People whom he never will converſe with during his days; nay, and who perhaps will not be born till many years after he is dead and rotten? In a word,

is there any thing *in rerum natura*, to be ſeen, felt, heard or underſtood, good for any thing elſe but to break a Jeſt upon? The *Tub*, the *Ladder*, the *Stage Itinerant*, are not the only Places conſecrated to Merriment; we may as readily find it in the Cloſet of a *Philoſopher*, as at the *Aſſembly*, or the *Ring*; and divert ourſelves as much with the *Tattle* of a *Council-Board*, as of a *Tea-Table*. We may go among the *Indians*, and laugh at their Simplicity, and Ignorance of Politeneſs and Good-Living; at the *Turks*, for being ſuch ſilly Raſcals as to refuſe drinking *Wine*; and then come home and laugh at our own Countrymen for their whimſical Care of their paltry *Liberty* and *Property*. Thus having laughed round the Globe, we may fairly ſit down and laugh at ourſelves, becauſe there are no more Worlds to be laughed at.

IT requires not much pains to diſcover, that ſhould ſuch a Vein as this once come to be univerſal, it would quickly put an end to every thing good and ſerious, and deſtroy all Notions of Honour and Virtue among Men. Yet the introducing it ſeems to be the natural Conſequence of arguing againſt ſeveral Particularities which may be obſerved in human Nature. The exceſs of any commendable Quality is very apt to lead Men to ſome Extravagances; and the beſt and fineſt Spirits have commonly a tincture of Enthuſiaſm, or Vanity, in their Compoſition. It is therefore an eaſy matter for weak Minds, when they

they hear thoſe Defects cenſured, to fall into a much more dangerous Miſtake, and grow into a diſapprobation of the Virtues themſelves, as well as their Exceſſes; much what like has happened in another part of Philoſophy, wherein ſome Men, by taking a great deal of pains to prove that the ſecondary Qualities of Matter have no real exiſtence, have given a handle to others to aſſert the ſame of the primary Qualities, and of Matter itſelf.

BUT if it be dangerous to argue gravely againſt ſuch Blemiſhes in virtuous Characters, it is ſtill more ſo to ſet them in a ridiculous Light. Deformity, either real, or apprehended, is the proper Object of Ridicule; and therefore the very Shades of Virtue ought to be preſerved from it, leſt it ſhould by degrees prejudice us againſt its Beauties. *Laughter*, when once it breaks out, is too undiſtinguiſhing and ungovernable to be kept within bounds. Let it once open upon the Vanity of ſome great Men, and it will be ready the next time to fall upon the Love of true Glory in others. And if it be turn'd againſt the Ravings and Fondneſs of romantick Lovers, it may afterwards receive Provocation from every degree of Tenderneſs and Affection whatſoever. Sir *William Temple* tells us of an ingenious *Spaniard*, who imagined the Ruin of the *Spaniſh* Monarchy to be owing to the Ridicule in the Hiſtory of *Don Quixote* of the Spirit of Knight-Errantry, and Gallantry, which had ſo much

prevailed in that Nation; becauſe from that time their *Cavaliers* became ſo much aſhamed of it, that they fell into the other Extreme, and loſt all that Bravery which formerly rendered them ſo ſerviceable to their Country. Tho this ſeems to be ſtraining the Matter too far, yet I am of opinion, that among the People of theſe Nations we ſhall find a great many Humours and Prejudices, in themſelves ridiculous and unreaſonable enough, which however it would not be much for the Intereſt of the Publick to have removed. Nothing that is natural to any People ought to be deſpiſed, unleſs where it is hurtful either towards any particular Society, or Mankind.

How prepoſterous then is the preſent *Humour* of the World in this matter? We are grown aſhamed to be thought kind, generous, or tender-hearted; but make a merit of being ſatirical and ill-natur'd on any ſlight occaſion. To ſhed Tears at a *Tragedy* is reckoned a Weakneſs even among the *Fair Sex*; but we may laugh without meaſure at a *bald Jeſt*, or *double Entendre* in a *Comedy*; as if Laughter were more natural and humane than Pity and Compaſſion. No greater Inſtance can be given of a perverted and vitiated Taſte. But this affords too large a Field for Reflection here, and may deſerve to be more fully conſidered on ſome other Occaſion.

I am, &c.

N° 58. *Saturday, May* 7, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Eminentia cujuſque operis arctiſſimis temporum clauſtris circundata. VELL. PATER.

SIR,

WE *Eſſay-Writers* are under the moſt unhappy Circumſtances of any ſort of Authors whatſoever. Others have nothing to do, but to make the moſt they can of the Subject they have choſen. We have not only that Task to perform, but another no leſs difficult, the Choice of our Subject; wherein let our Care and Diligence be ever ſo great, it is next to impoſſible, but every time we write, we diſguſt a great number of our Readers. People ſit down to a formal and regular Treatiſe with a quite different Diſpoſition, from what they are poſſeſſed with when they take up one of theſe Miſcellaneous Productions. If they like not the Subject, they throw it by, upon peruſal of the Title-Page; but we, profeſſing to write upon no ſingle Subject, are called to an account both for our Materials, and our Manner of working them. And in

in both theſe the Taſte of our Readers admits of ſo much Variety and Diſagreement, that there is no pleaſing them all at once.

SOME are diſpleaſed with every thing in ſuch Performances which is not either Wit, or Humour. They reckon every thing grave and ſerious, to be dull and inſipid; and think their Time thrown away in reading a Paper which does not make them laugh. Amuſement is the only end of their reading; and they think that is never obtained, unleſs accompanied with ſome very quick and violent Emotions. The ſober and gentle Pleaſure which ariſes from the reading of juſt and rational Reflections on Men and Things, is too faint and languiſhing for People who are never eaſy but when they are in a Convulſion of Merriment.

ON the other hand, there are ſome Readers ſo oppreſſed with Phlegm, that they can like nothing which is not directly inſtructive, and writ in the way of a Philoſophical Lecture. A familiar manner of talking about the common things of Life, always puts them out of humour. They expect there ſhall be Strictneſs of Reaſon, Proportion of Parts, and Regularity of Deſign in every thing they read; otherwiſe they think themſelves ill dealt with. The looſe and negligent Manner of an Eſſay, which is indeed its principal Ornament and Beauty, is what they cannot endure. Let the Matter be ever ſo good, it is damned if they do not approve the Method

of

of handling it. And ſometimes the chief Excellency they look for in an Author, is a ſcrupulous Nicety and Exactneſs of Compoſition, which in truth is no more than an artful Covering found out by us ingenious Moderns, to conceal our want of that Force and Flame, and of thoſe great Conceptions, and noble Imaginations which animate the Writings of Antiquity. And even in this, Opinions are ſo divided, as renders it extremely difficult to pleaſe all Parties. For as on the one hand there are ſome Gentlemen who can never be prevail'd on to approve any other than the *Synthetic* Method of writing, ſo there are not wanting conſiderable Numbers no leſs devoted to the *Analytic*. So that a poor Author who is ignorant of either of theſe Forms of tacking his Thoughts together, is like to meet with a very indifferent Reception from the Men of profound Erudition, and top Criticiſm, who cut all their Compoſitions, as the Ladies do Muſlins, by the drawing of a Thread; which however is commonly ſuch poor unſubſtantial Stuff, that it is very apt to break between their Fingers.

BESIDES theſe Diſadvantages common to all Writers of *Eſſays*, there is another peculiar to us, who have taken upon us to diſpenſe our *Weekly Admonitions* to the Publick; which, as it is a ſufficient Apology for not being able to perform that Service ſo effectually as we could wiſh, and that I do not remember to have ſeen it any more than hinted

at

at elſewhere, I ſhall be at ſome pains in this Paper to lay before my Readers in the beſt Light I can.

IT has been obſerved, that in all Nations where-ever Wit, Learning, and Politeneſs have flouriſhed, they have blazed out all at once, and arrived to their Height in the compaſs of a few Years. A Conſtellation of great Genius's has riſen together, and by mutually imparting Light and Warmth to each other, ſhined forth with united Splendor and Influence. The Age of *Socrates* was famous in *Greece* for producing a Race of great Men eminent in Arms and Arts. After that there was a viſible Declenſion among them; and tho ſeveral worthy Patriots, and good Authors are to be found among the later *Greeks*, yet they come infinitely ſhort of their Predeceſſors in that wonderful Fertility of Invention, Force of Imagination, and Dignity of Expreſſion, which have render'd their Works the Admiration of all the ſucceeding Ages, and are like to continue them ſo to the end of Time.

THE *Roman* Learning and Eloquence alſo had a very ſhort Term of Duration. Their Height ſeems to have begun in *Lucretius*, about the time of *Marius* and *Sylla*, and to have laſted little longer than the Reign of *Tiberius*. *Cicero*, and *Livy*, *Virgil*, and *Horace*, who were the greateſt, and moſt juſtly admired among the *Latin* Authors, were all Cotemporaries; and wrote either at, or very near

near the ſame time; and are all in their ſeveral Kinds inimitable: Not to mention *Cæſar*, *Salluſt*, and many more, who flouriſhed in the ſame Age. It ſeemed as if Nature had exerted her utmoſt in producing ſuch an extraordinary Set of Men at once, and thereby render'd herſelf unable to continue the Succeſſion; that warm Sunſhine of Wit and Learning being ſoon followed with a long and diſmal Winter of Ignorance and Barbarity, from whence the World did not recover till after the Expiration of many Ages: during which time the Commonwealth of Learning was under the Tyranny of a dark and gloomy Generation of *Monks* and *Friars*, a kind of Spiritual Locuſts, that overſpread the whole Horizon, intercepted the fair Face of Heaven from Mankind; and not only raviſhed from them the Rewards of Arts and Induſtry, but aboliſhed the very Arts themſelves.

AT the Reſtoration of Learning, there appeared a noble and numerous Band of exalted Spirits, to animate and aſſiſt each other in that generous Undertaking, without whoſe joint Endeavours to reſcue Mankind from Ignorance and Stupidity, it is highly probable, our greateſt Proficiency in Learning at this day had been the Art of compoſing *Romances*, *Religious* or *Amorous*. But the *More*'s, the *Eraſmus*'s, and the *Buchanan*'s of that Age put an end to that Strain; and in the ſpace of a few Years carried uſeful Knowledge and good Senſe to a Pitch they had not been at

ſince

ſince the Days of *Auguſtus*. That happy Conjunction of ſo many great Men, has derived to us moſt of the Materials which the learned World have at preſent to work upon. Yet in a ſhort time after there followed a very great Degeneracy; and the Spirit being evaporated, only the *Caput Mortuum* remained behind, which we have ſince had parcell'd out in the Writings of *German* Divines, and *Dutch* Commentators.

AMONG ourſelves the Caſe has been pretty much the ſame. We have had our alternate Periods of Learning and Ignorance, of Wit and Dullneſs, as well as other Nations. Whoever is converſant with the *Engliſh* Writers, cannot but have obſerved, that the beſt of them have commonly appeared together, and given us a luxurious, but ſhort Repaſt; after which we had a long Interval of Penury and Starving. The laſt remarkable Claſs of good Authors we have had, was a few Years ago, who improved our Taſte and Language to the utmoſt perfection they ſeemed capable of. In compliance with our natural Impatience, and unwillingneſs to undergo any Fatigue for the ſake of intellectual Attainments, they choſe to reform us by degrees, and for that purpoſe ſent abroad their Compoſitions from time to time in ſingle Sheets; and executed their Deſign ſo happily, that from them we may date a new *Æra* of the *Britiſh* Learning and Eloquence. Some of thoſe excellent Men are gone to a better World, to enjoy the

the Reward of their Virtue and generous Labours for the Service of Mankind: and the reſt of them, having done their duty in this, and received the Applauſes due to their Merit, ſeem to have retired from the Scene, and left the Management of it to a new Set of Performers.

FROM this Account it is eaſy to ſee, that our Readers ought not to raiſe their Expectations too high from the Perſons at preſent employed in this Province. The warm Fit is over with the preſent Age; and we ought to prepare for the cold one. Our immediate Predeceſſors have ſoared too high for us to do any more than gaze on them at an humble diſtance. Where it is impoſſible to excel thoſe who have gone before us, it is natural to fall infinitely ſhort. The Deſpair of ever being able to equal ſuch illuſtrious Originals, damps all our Ambition, and checks every Attempt to follow them. Add to this, that they have exhauſted moſt of thoſe Subjects which are capable of making Writings at once entertaining and uſeful. We have only the Gleanings of their rich Harveſt; and therefore our Readers muſt not be ſurpriz'd, that we ſometimes ſet them a picking of Straws. To theſe Cauſes we may impute that lamentable Dullneſs which is at preſent ſo univerſally complained of. And as Dullneſs is ever infectious, we poor *Eſſay-Writers* muſt not pretend to be exempted from the common Calamity. To be *dull with Deſign* is a Pretence

which

which will not bear Water at preſent, when it is ſo much owing to *Chance*, if ever we are otherwiſe.

IN Juſtice however to the learned World at preſent, it muſt be owned, that it has lately produced ſome Performances of great Value and Uſefulneſs, on very important Subjects, particularly in Morality. My intelligent Readers will quickly perceive, that I have in my Eye thoſe two incomparable Treatiſes, the *Religion of Nature delineated*, and the *Inquiry into Beauty and Virtue*; Works which cannot fail of being eſteemed while Mankind have any regard left for good Senſe, or uſeful Knowledge. But alas! Productions of this kind go but ill down with the generality of Readers; and a Miſcellaneous Writer who ſhould at any time fall into that Strain, would procure little Thanks for his Pains. And Works of Fancy which are any way truly valuable, are at preſent too ſcarce, to warm us ſufficiently by their Influence. So that on the whole, conſidering the Character of the Age we live in, and the numerous Defects our Compoſitions neceſſarily labour under, we may apply every week to our Writings that humorous Reflection which *La Bruyere* did once to his; 'If 'they do not take, we may wonder they 'ſhould not; but if they do take, we may 'wonder as much how they ſhould.'

I am, &c.

N° 59. *Saturday, May* 14, 1726.

To HIBERNICUS.

Magnum proventum poetarum annus hic attulit. PLIN.

SIR,

OUR *Journaliſts* have lately thought fit to communicate to the Publick ſeveral Tranſlations of Odes from *Horace*. He is one of the Authors of Antiquity who can never be too much admired, for the Beauty and Variety of his Compoſitions, the Delicacy and Juſtneſs of his Reflections, and the inimitable Art he has of always appearing new every time he is read; being every where ſo rich in Senſe, that we are perpetually making new Diſcoveries in him, and may conſtantly apply to him *Milton*'s Character of that noble Species of Writing,

Where more is meant than meets the Ear.

IT is therefore always with ſingular Pleaſure I obſerve thoſe worthy Attempts which are made to render into *Engliſh* any Parts of ſo great and uſeful an Author. But at the

ſame time, conſidering how many have been baffled in it already, I am ready to tremble for the adventurous Perſon who undertakes to give us a Tranſlation of the whole, as ſeems to be the Deſign of one or more of thoſe Gentlemen, whoſe Specimens have been publiſhed ſome weeks ſince in the *London Journal.*

I DO not pretend to Criticiſm enough, to make a Judgment on thoſe Performances. But this I cannot help thinking, that ſo cloſe and ſcrupulous a Tranſlation of *Horace* as ſeems to be there promiſed, is what our Language will not bear. It is extremely difficult, at once to preſerve the Spirit and the Words of an Author. In endeavouring the former, we are apt to fly off from his Meaning; and in adhering too cloſely to the latter, we are in equal danger of creeping after him in a ſervile manner. And truly I apprehend this laſt to be the worſe Error of the two: For, as my Lord *Bacon* obſerves, in tranſlating the Writings of Antiquity, the Spirit of the Original is apt to evaporate, unleſs a new Spirit be transfuſed into them by the Tranſlator. And certainly this Obſervation will hold much more in Poetical Productions; there being greater reaſon to fear, that a Tranſlator ſhould not be able to come up to the Poetry, than that he ſhould miſs the preciſe Meaning of his Original. A Reader at leaſt will be much better ſatisfied with a Tranſlation, where the Author's Senſe is beauti-

beautifully expreſſed, tho not exactly in his own Phraſe, than where it is perhaps more truly repreſented, but in a dry and ſpiritleſs manner; otherwiſe we muſt have had more Admirers of *Hobbes*'s Tranſlation of *Homer*, than of Mr. *Pope*'s.

IN tranſlating the two following Odes, I have endeavoured equally to ſhun the Licence of an Imitation, and the Reſtraint of a Literal Verſion. You will readily perceive, that they cannot pretend an Exemption from Cenſure; and indeed I am too ſenſible of their Defects, to deſire their Publication on any other account, than as they may excite others to vindicate, by their more excellent Performances, an Author who has ſuffered Injuries from ſo many other Hands as well as mine; that as in the Multitude of ill Tranſlators, and Commentators, he has received great Injuſtice, ſo he may, ſome time or other, be relieved by the Numbers of thoſe who have Strength and Genius ſufficient for it. If a good Tranſlation of *Horace* is ever to be expected, it muſt be from ſome ſuch happy Conjunction in his favour; for I fear much, it will always prove, as it has done hitherto, too hard a Task for any one Man.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

MUSOPHILUS.

Horace, Book I. ODE XXVIII.

TO Winds expos'd, and wash'd by ev'ry Wave,
Deny'd Mankind's last Privilege, a Grave,
See, where thy poor Remains, Archytas, *lie,*
Whose mighty Mind once grasp'd both Earth and Sky!
Say then, what did avail thy nice Survey
Of the wide World, and far extending Sea?
What did it boot, that thou by Art cou'dst soar
Above the Planets, and their Course explore;
Compute the awful Spaces where they roll,
And with them travel round the radiant Pole;
Since all thy vast Discov'ries could not charm
The Fates, or shield from Death's impartial Arm?
THIS is the Fate all Humane Kind must share;
Tithon *at last is vanish'd into Air;*
While Tantalus, *condemn'd to endless Woe,*
Sits fretting in th' elusive Floods below;
Whom Fortune once with ev'ry Blessing stor'd,
And Gods themselves vouchsaf'd to grace his Board.
Minos *the Just has yielded too to Fate,*
The Friend of Jove, *and Partner of his State.*
And He, the Sage, whom you with just Applause
Will own best skill'd in Nature and her Laws,
Who by convincing Proofs had made it plain,
That Souls withdraw but to return again,
And Death's detested Empire o'er Mankind
Extends to Body only, not to Mind;
For ever now dismiss'd, no more survives,
To vouch his boasted Magazine of Lives.
One gloomy Night for all Mankind remains,
And once we all must tread the shadowy Plains.
Mars *sweeps away th' ambitious Sons of Fame,*
Who lose their Being to acquire a Name.
And greedy Sailors to their Ruin brave,
In search of Treasure perish in the Wave.

The

The cruel Fates to none Compaſſion ſhow,
But Old and Young without diſtinction go.
What wonder then that I my Fate ſhould find
On theſe rough Shores, from Winds and Waves combin'd?
YET ſtay, kind Mariner, nor let thy Hand
Withhold the Tribute of the common Sand,
To cover up my whitening Bones, which lie
To Seas expos'd, and an inclement Sky.
For which good Office, when the riſing Storm
Shall ſtrip the Woods, and Adria's *Gulf deform,*
Amidſt the Tumult mayſt thou ſafely ſleep,
And Neptune *guard thee thro' the rolling Deep;*
Nor gracious Jove *be wanting to repay*
With Wealth thy Dangers in the wat'ry Way.
But if, proud Man, the pious Act you ſcorn,
Nor care your Offſpring the Neglect ſhou'd mourn,
Expect the ſame hard Fates to wait on thee,
When thou deſpis'd, as I am now, ſhall be;
To thy cold Corps no friendly Hand come near
With Cypreſs Shade, or decently inter.
My Execrations are not vainly loſt;
No Off'rings ſhall appeaſe my injur'd Ghoſt.
Make no delays; the Task is quickly done;
Thrice ſtrow the Sand, and thou art free to run.

Book II. ODE XVIII.

'TIS true, my Cottage mean and low,
Not built for Grandure, but for Eaſe,
No Iv'ry Cornices can ſhow,
Nor Ceilings wrought with Gold diſplays.

No Cedar Beams for Pomp and State,
(To Nature Names confeſt unknown)
Repoſe their great and precious Weight
On Pillars of the Parian *Stone,*

Not drop'd an accidental Heir
To ſome old Kinleſs Miſer's Means,
No wealthy Vaſſal's Gifts I wear,
Rich purple Veſts and ſweeping Trains.

But Virtue, and a little Senſe
Have ſo endear'd me to the Great,
That, Thanks to bounteous Providence,
Nor have, nor want I an Eſtate.

Bleſt in my little Sabine *Field,*
I'll neither Gods above implore,
Nor, ſince in ſneaking Arts unskill'd,
Hang on my wealthy Friend for more.

From Day to Day with equal Pace
Our ſliding Moments ſteal away;
Nor is the fleeting Moon's Increaſe
Ought but her Progreſs to Decay.

Yet you, amus'd with airy Dreams,
Forgetful that the Grave is near,
Are buſy'd with your endleſs Schemes
Of pleaſant Seats, and Houſes here.

The Bounds of Nature for your Mind
Too little ſeem, and you are poor,
Unleſs the Ocean be confin'd
T' enlarge your Borders on the Shore.

Nay more, profanely you leap o'er
Your peaceful Neighbours antient Bounds,
Invade the weak unfriended Poor,
And ſeize his patrimonial Grounds.

Expell'd

Expell'd by you from their Abodes,
The tender Wife and Husband fly;
In vain they invocate their Gods;
In vain their helpleſs Infants cry.

And yet this dearly bought Eſtate
How quickly muſt its Owner leave?
The wealthy Miſer's laſt Retreat,
And ſureſt Portion, is the Grave.

What would you more? Impartial Earth
Wraps in her Lap with equal Care
The High and Low; nor Royal Birth
Preſerves its poor Diſtinctions there.

Not all Prometheus' *boaſted Art*
Could ever ſurly Charon *ſway,*
Nor Gold itſelf work on his Heart
To waft him back into the Day.

Proud Tantalus *and all his Race*
He holds in Chains; the Royal Kin
In vain implore the ſmalleſt Grace:
Empire no Patent has for Sin.

Yet call'd, or not, the Poor he hears,
And in his laſt and painful ſtrife
To his Aſſiſtance ſtraight repairs,
And carries off his Load of Life.

Nº 60. *Saturday, May* 21, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

——*Hem, vir viro quid præſtat?* Ter.

SIR,

THE Philoſophers in all Ages have recommended to us the Knowledge of ourſelves as the beſt and moſt uſeful Study, and the Acquiſition of it as the higheſt and cleareſt Evidence of Wiſdom. Philoſophers however have not been always able to make good their own Claim to it. They as well as other Men have ſuffered themſelves to be too much guided by Appearances in this Science, no leſs than in others; and have frequently had ſo little Wiſdom, as to imagine themſelves the ſole Proprietors of it, and to exclude all others from having any ſhare in it. This Error could only have proceeded from over-rating themſelves, or undervaluing the reſt of Mankind: and either of theſe demonſtrates the want of Self-knowledge, ſince the Worth of a Man is always to be eſtimated by comparing it with that of others; and it will be found, upon making the Compariſon, that there

there is not such a prodigious Difference in this matter among Men as we commonly are too apt to imagine.

IT happens a little unluckily too, that Philosophical Minds are more apt to fall into this Mistake than others. For employing all their Time and Studies in general Speculations and abstract Inquiries, they are shut out from a particular acquaintance with Men and Things. So that knowing little besides themselves, and their own Ideas, they are ignorant of all that Worth and Wisdom which may be abroad in the World; and by that means beget in themselves a fond Belief of their being among the reserved few who have monopolized all useful Knowledge, and rational Notions. And this Circumstance, at the same time that it is the occasion of many Learned Men being proud and positive, is one of the best Arguments why they should be just the contrary.

NOTHING is more likely to betray Men into a criminal Conduct towards their Fellow-Creatures than an imagined Superiority over them, either in natural or acquired Accomplishments. It fills them with unbecoming Notions, and unsociable Dispositions towards them. When we look on our Neighbours with Contempt, we shall hardly forbear to treat them with Unkindness; if it be not indeed Unkindness and Injustice too, to contemn Men at all, unless upon clear Evidences of their Dishonesty and Wickedness. For the

Opinion of Worth being what all Men ſeek, and the Deſire of it injurious to none, the Poſſeſſion of it is a real Good, which ought not to be taken from any Man, without the ſtrongeſt Conviction of his having forfeited it. Acting any otherwiſe is making ourſelves the only Standard of Wiſdom and Merit; and we may with as good a grace claim the Government of the Univerſe as our own undoubted Right and Privilege. This at leaſt is certain, that immoderate Self-Eſteem, and Contempt of others as a more baſe and unworthy kind of People, have been the true ſource of Tyranny in all Ages and Nations of the World. And for this very reaſon thoſe wiſe and brave *Northern* People, to whom we owe the Origin of all the free Conſtitutions now in *Europe*, made it the firſt part of their Polity, that the common Conſent ſhould be the Rule of Government. But in regard that could not be always obtained, and the Capacities of the whole Community were ſuppoſed to be equal, to prevent the ill Conſequences of different Opinions, they all agreed, that the Mind of the Majority ſhould ſtand for the Conſent of the Whole; every Man wiſely preſuming that the Wiſdom of the greater Number would be more than that of the Leſs, and conſequently that there would be greater Safety in following it. And hence perhaps it is, that our Parliaments have been uſually ſtyled the *Wiſdom of the Nation.* However that be, this

this is ſure, that this Conſtitution never was violated, or given up, without introducing Tyranny, and all the Calamities attending it.

IF we look into the World, we ſhall find but little reaſon for Men to be much exalted on any Account whatſoever. Providence has been exceeding careful in this reſpect, that all valuable Bleſſings ſhould be pretty equally diſtributed among Men, in order to keep them in a mutual dependence one upon the other, and to fortify the Duties of Humanity by Conſiderations of Intereſt. Thus no Man is rich enough to be above the Favour, nor great enough never to ſtand in need of the Aſſiſtance of others. And in point of Wiſdom, the Difference among Men is ſtill leſs. Every Man ſeems to be ſatisfied, that he has enough: and nothing can be a greater argument of the equal Diſtribution of any thing, than that all Men are content with their ſhare of it.

IT is a common ſaying among Men of Letters, who have not been born to ſome conſiderable ſhare of the Goods of Fortune, that *the World is unequally divided.* They imagine they are the only People of Merit in it, and conſequently think themſelves ill uſed that any others ſhould be richer in its external Enjoyments. This is the Effect both of great Preſumption and great Ignorance; Preſumption, in thinking ſo highly of themſelves, and Ignorance, in reckoning ſo contemptibly of others. If Abilities are to be

eſtimated according to their Efficacy in promoting either our own Happineſs, or the publick Welfare, which ſeems to be the moſt reaſonable way of proceeding, it will not be found, that the odds lie on the ſide of the greateſt Wits, or the fineſt Underſtandings. There is a certain plain and beaten Road of thinking, which we call Experience, that directs Men much better in the Affairs of Life, than the fine and airy Schemes of curious and ſpeculative Heads: and this ſort of Knowledge is much oftner to be met with among the Mercantile or Mechanick World, than in the Cloſets of Philoſophers. He is a wiſe Man, who chuſes the beſt Ends, and diſcovers the fitteſt Means for the accompliſhment of them. Now, I think, it needs not much labour to prove, that as the beſt End Men can purſue is their own Happineſs in conjunction with the Good of others, ſo this End has at all times been much more effectually purſued by Men of moderate Talents and good common Senſe, than by thoſe of greater Genius and cloſer Reflection, who have uſually too many things in view, and ſtart too much Game, to go ſucceſsfully upon any one Scent.

BESIDES, ſince we know not how great Mens Abilities may be till they are tried, how can we know that thoſe who have never had leiſure to apply themſelves to ſcientific Diſcoveries, might not have made as great Advances in them as any others, had they ever

ever made the Experiment? A Proficiency in Science or Literature, is not the only true Touchſtone of a Man's Capacity. Domeſtick Affairs, Trade and Commerce, require as much Prudence and Sagacity, in order to their right Management, as it does Thought or Invention, to trace the Nature of Things, or compoſe ſome elaborate Diſſertation on a Point of abſtract Knowledge, or critical Learning. And if the Uſe to which Talents of any kind are applied, be of any moment in the Value of him to whom they belong, they who employ them in ſuch uſeful and honeſt Occupations, ſeem to have a much fairer Title to our Eſteem, than ſuch as are wholly taken up in contemplative Exerciſes, where all that is gained ſerves only to gratify a vain Curioſity, or a luxurious Imagination.

IT is true, there are ſeveral Parts of Learning which render Men exceeding uſeful and profitable Members of Society, and which it is neceſſary for the publick Good, that ſome Men ſhould be eminently skilled in. But what then? Is that an Argument, that they who excel in ſuch Arts ſhould look down with diſdain upon other Members of the Society, equally uſeful and neceſſary as themſelves; and this only becauſe they want ſome of thoſe Qualifications which it neither is poſſible, nor would be convenient, that all ſhould be equal Sharers in? This is ſomething like the Conteſt between the Belly and the other Members of the Human Body, in the

the famous Apologue, by the dextrous Application of which *Menenius Agrippa* allayed that terrible Sedition in the *Roman* State, when the People retired to the *Mons Sacer.* Far leſs reaſonable then is it, or becoming in thoſe who have only acquired the Knowledge of Arts which ſerve for nothing but Curioſity and Amuſement, to aſſume to themſelves a ſuperior Air, and cry out *Apage Vulgus!* to the reſt of Mankind.

SINCE the Temper and Diſpoſitions of Men are ſo extremely various; ſince theſe are ſo apt to biaſs and prejudice us in our Inquiries after Truth; ſince Objects appear ſo differently to different Minds; ſince it is owned almoſt impoſſible that the ſame Reaſon ſhould make the ſame Impreſſion on every Underſtanding; and ſince the Adepts in all kinds of Science are every day making new Diſcoveries, and rejecting Opinions they formerly held for certain and demonſtrative: In a word, ſince ſome or every one of theſe Difficulties occur, more or leſs, in the way to true and real Knowledge, it ſeems our wiſeſt and ſafeſt courſe to be leſs poſitive and dogmatical in our Deciſions, and to put an end to thoſe empty Wranglings and Diſputes which have ſo long plagued Mankind, made Bigotry a Science, and Perſecution a Demonſtration. Even ſome who diſclaim all Bigotry, and cry out moſt againſt Reſtraints on the Reaſon and Judgment of Mankind, can upon occaſion ſhew themſelves as opinionative

nionative and obſtinate in the defenſe of their Tenets as the moſt *Orthodox* of their Neighbours. And tho we have new Syſtems of Infidelity almoſt every Year, yet the preſent Scheme is always ſtrict Demonſtration; and all Gainſayers are a Set of deſigning Hypocrites, or hot-brain'd Enthuſiaſts, who have not the leaſt Claim either to common Honeſty, or common Senſe. You are deſired indeed to think with all *Freedom*; but pray, let not this be underſtood to extend towards what thoſe Gentlemen call *Free-thinking*; that is a *hitherto ſhalt thou come, and no farther.* Every one who ſhall dare to attack that ſhall find, that Zeal and Reproach, Wrath and Perſecution, are not confined to one ſide of the Queſtion, but may indifferently ſerve to promote the Cauſe of either Tyranny or Liberty, of Ignorance or Knowledge.

AND after all, what ſhould we gain on a ſuppoſition of the Truth of any of thoſe Schemes which have been propagated with ſo much Induſtry, and with ſo much Profuſion of falſe Learning, and unfeigned Zeal? Why truly the valuable Privilege of knowing ourſelves to be very unhappy; and we might ſay, as Mr. *Prior* does, in his Ode to the late Earl of *Halifax*,

If we ſee right, we ſee our Woes:
Then what avails it to have Eyes?
From Ignorance our Comfort flows;
And Sorrow from our being wiſe.

THESE

THESE have been, and ever will be the Effects of Mens over-valuing themſelves on account of their great Knowledge, and being pertinacious in defenſe of their Opinions. Authority flows from Eſteem, as Power from Dominion; ſo that when once a Man comes to get an immoderate conceit of himſelf, he will as naturally expect, that others ſhould ſubmit to his Judgment, as one who has a conſiderable Stake in his Country does to have a Seat in Parliament, and ſome Influence on the Adminiſtration of the publick Affairs. And how much this tends to weaken our good Diſpoſitions; and make us breathe a contentious and tyrannical Spirit in all our Dealings with one another, I think has been ſufficiently ſhewn already, and will be very obvious to Men of Senſe and Reflection.

I WILL cloſe with this ſingle Obſervation: Where Learning meets with a benevolent Diſpoſition, which has been early under the culture of Humanity and good Breeding, it ſets off every other Accompliſhment with double advantage. But if on the other hand it happens to fall upon *ſtony Ground*, it only renders the Soil harder and coarſer, and produces *Thorns*, where Nature only intended inoffenſive *Weeds*. In the one Caſe it makes quiet honeſt Men, or elſe generous and undaunted Patriots; and in the other, either a Generation of ſtupid *Pedants*, or noiſy and impertinent *Scioliſts*.

Scioliſts. It has improved many good Tempers, but ſeldom, if ever, mended a bad one.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

HIBERNICUS.

N° 61. *Saturday, May* 28, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Hæ tibi erunt artes, paciſque imponere morem,
Parcere ſubjectis, & debellare ſuperbos. VIR.

SIR,

THE Deſire of Conqueſt, and Enlargement of Territory, ſeems to have been the governing Paſſion of the great Men of Antiquity in all Ages, of which we have any Accounts that can be depended upon. A *Golden Age*, an *Arcadian State* of pure Love, and perfect Innocence, is a thing which never exiſted but in the Imaginations of Poets. And all the Reaſonings of Philoſophers againſt immoderate Paſſions, and irregular Purſuits of Objects foreign to our true Happineſs, have not been able to extinguiſh this powerful Inclination in the Hearts of thoſe, who having been born to Greatneſs

and Empire, have looked on themſelves as a ſuperior Species of Mortals, and conſequently obliged to diſtinguiſh themſelves from the reſt of Mankind by a Courſe of Actions which might beget Wonder and Aſtoniſhment in the Minds of all below them.

AMONG the Heathens a revengeful and implacable Diſpoſition was eſteemed one of the trueſt Characters of a noble and elevated Soul: And to forgive an Injury, or even not to repay it with the moſt exemplary Vengeance, the greateſt degree of Baſeneſs and Puſillanimity. Courage was the Quality, which beyond all others entitled the Poſſeſſor to true Glory. Fame, Command, and Dignity were in a manner appropriated to it. And Eloquence, with the other Arts of Peace, however cultivated in States which were already grown great and powerful, yet even there were accounted no more than ſecondary Accompliſhments. But in all new-formed and riſing Societies they were totally neglected, and ſometimes the Study and Practice of them expreſly prohibited, as criminal and dangerous to the State.

CHRISTIANITY came into the World on purpoſe to teach Men a purer and more refined Morality, than they had been yet acquainted with. The forgiveneſs of Injuries is a Precept almoſt peculiar to it; and the Arguments for a ſincere and univerſal Benevolence are placed in the ſtrongeſt Light, and enforced by the moſt powerful Motives.

It

It does not however appear, that all the Profeſſors of this divine and amiable Doctrine fully underſtood the Nature and Compaſs of its Precepts. They indeed ſtrongly inculcated the Duties of Men in common Life, and ſhewed how inconſiſtent Wrath and Reſentment between private Perſons were with the Chriſtian Profeſſion. The Cruelty and Barbarity of the Spectacles in the *Roman* Amphitheatres had filled their Minds with a juſt Abhorrence of ſuch unnatural and wicked Practices. And to decide Controverſies by *Duel*, or *ſingle Combat*, was always held by them as unlawful and unchriſtian. But with reſpect to publick Matters, they had not the ſame good and juſt Notions. The Wars, which their Emperors undertook either for the ſake of Glory, or the Enlargement of the *Roman* Dominion, were never condemned by them. On the contrary, they prayed for the Succeſs of thoſe cruel and unjuſt Enterprizes, and animated each other to contribute to the Deſtruction and Slavery of their poor Neighbours, who were endeavouring to free themſelves from the Uſurpation and Oppreſſion of a Succeſſion of the greateſt Tyrants and Monſters that ever Heaven, in its Anger, had ſent forth for the puniſhment of Mankind. To ſhed a ſingle Perſon's Blood was held a great and damnable Sin; but to lay waſte Kingdoms, and extirpate Nations, to gratify the brutal Pride and Barbarity of an Imperial Murderer, was not only innocent, but laudable and meritorious.

ritorious. And to the ſcandal of the Chriſtian Name, there are yet Monuments upon Record, wherein Fathers of the Church have boaſted of their Zeal in promoting national Cruelty, at the ſame time that they condemned every thing contrary to Juſtice and Humanity among private Perſons.

How vain is Cuſtom, and how guilty Power?
Slaughter is lawful made by the Exceſs;
Earth's partial Laws juſt Heaven muſt needs abhor,
Which greater Crimes allow, and damn the leſs *.

OUR *Northern* Anceſtors, whom the *Romans*, in their great Civility, were pleaſed to term *Barbarians*, tho a much politer People than themſelves, if wiſe Conſtitutions and good Laws be any Arguments of Politeneſs; did indeed take their full ſwing of Revenge on the *Roman* Empire for the Inſolence and Oppreſſion with which they had treated their Neighbours and Subjects; and proſecuted this their Revenge with a greater degree of Fury and Ravage, than is perhaps to be met with elſewhere in Hiſtory. At this time however they were all Heathens, and the Memory of the *Roman* Cruelties and Exactions continued yet freſh upon their Minds. But afterwards, when they had ſettled themſelves in their new Conqueſts, they ſoon diſcovered more native Wiſdom and Goodneſs, than any who had gone before them. And upon their embracing of Chriſtianity, they ſhewed, that they entered farther into the Genius and Spirit of

* Sir *William Davenant.*

it,

it, than their more refined Predeceſſors. Tho they were all of a warlike Temper, yet they had ſuch a Senſe of the Calamities and Miſery which War brings upon Mankind, that they made it their ſtudy to prevent it, if poſſible, for the future, or at leaſt hinder it from raging, ſo long and ſo cruelly as it had done in the former Ages of the World. For this purpoſe, they not only formed their Conſtitutions, ſo as to preſerve the Liberties of every particular Society from the Encroachments of their own Princes, but reſtrain'd the Power of Princes in ſuch a manner as render'd it extremely difficult, if not impoſſible, for them to extend their Conqueſts very far, and erect ſuch formidable Empires as ſome other Nations had done. The Conqueſts they made were cantoned out into a great number of States and Principalities. And the Power being thus divided, no ſingle Potentate was able to diſturb the publick Tranquillity, without being ſoon brought to Reaſon by his next Neighbours. Or if any one of them happened to grow too powerful for his next Neighbours, this iſſued in Alliances of conſiderable Numbers of them, to check an Ambition which threatned the Safety of them all.

THIS ſeems to have been the Original of what has been called of late Years *the Ballance of Power*, the Preſervation of which has been ſo much the Care of all our beſt and wiſeſt Princes. To it we owe, that Wars are now-a-days neither ſo long, nor ſo bloody

as they were wont to be in former Ages, as every one knows who is the leaſt converſant in Hiſtory. It is this, which has baniſhed falſe Notions of Glory and Renown from among moſt Nations in *Europe*, and turned Mens Minds to Trade, Commerce, Agriculture, and other honeſt and induſtrious Arts of Life. It is this, that keeps aſpiring and ambitious Princes in awe of their Neighbours; and not only hinders the Encroachments of Nation upon Nation, but preſerves very often the Freedom of States within themſelves. For whenever a Prince grows abſolute at home, it immediately ſtirs up the Jealouſy of his Neighbours, and prompts them, from a Principle of Self-preſervation, to unite againſt him.

HENCE we may obſerve the mutual Dependence there is between this *Ballance of Power* among different States, and the Liberties of the People in every particular State, and how they tend to preſerve and ſtrengthen each other. Free Nations are not very fond of making Conqueſts and Depredations on their Neighbours, both from a Principle of Frugality, and becauſe they well know, that foreign Acquiſitions only ſerve to aggrandize the Prince, and enable him, if ſo inclined, more effectually to make himſelf Maſter of his People. And on the other hand, where the *Ballance of Power* is pretty well eſtabliſhed among the neighbouring States, Princes are not under ſuch ſtrong Temptations to attempt

attempt any thing againſt their own People, having none of thoſe grand Deſigns to ſerve by it, which ambitious Princes conceive upon obſerving the Weakneſs of their Neighbours. Accordingly we find, that ever ſince the Declenſion of the *Roman* Empire, all the Struggles which have been made for reviving a new Empire in the *Weſtern* parts of the World, have proceeded from abſolute Princes, and the Scheme has been as often defeated by the Union of thoſe States which enjoyed a greater ſhare of Freedom. *Charles* V. *Solyman* the Magnificent, *Lewis* XIV. *Charles* XII. of *Sweden*, and *Peter* late Czar of *Muſcovy*, all ſucceſſively purſued the Project of an Univerſal Monarchy, and were all abſolute in their own Dominions. Nor can we conceive, humanly ſpeaking, what could have hindered them from carrying their Point, had it not been for the early Coalition of the neighbouring States, to give a timely check to the Growth of their exorbitant Power.

THESE Obſervations ſerve to ſhew the Juſtice, and the Neceſſity of entering into War for the Preſervation of the *Ballance of Power*, even before Hoſtilities committed, or actual Injuries done by the Potentate grown too great for his Neighbours. The Kings of *England* who make any Figure in Hiſtory, have conſtantly purſued this Maxim. *Henry* VIII. who, if he was not one of the beſt, was certainly one of our wiſeſt Princes, by ſteadily adhering to it, not only preſerved

his own Dominions in Peace during his whole Reign, but contributed much to the Happineſs and Tranquillity of all *Europe*. His renowned Daughter, Queen *Elizabeth*, went in the ſame Track, and has the Bleſſings of many Nations following her for it to this Day. And none of our Princes have ever deviated from it, who were not either very weak, or guided by other Views than the publick Tranquillity, or the Eaſe, Happineſs, and Liberty of their own People.

WE have a Monarch at preſent on the Throne, who during the whole Courſe of his Reign, has conſtantly purſued theſe wiſe and generous Counſels. And we have reaſon to bleſs God for a Prince of a Genius ſo ſuited to the Intereſt and Temper of the People over whom he is placed. His Sword is never drawn to ſcatter Wrath and Deſolation among his harmleſs and unoffending Neighbours, but to avert thoſe Calamities from them all, and hinder any one aſpiring Man from making himſelf an univerſal Oppreſſor. This is indeed the way to true Glory; but it is not making Glory the Motive to Action. War itſelf loſes all its Terrors, and becomes amiable, when carried on for ſuch wiſe and good Purpoſes. Humanity, as well as Juſtice, ſanctifies the taking up of Arms in ſo virtuous a Cauſe; and every one who goes out to Battle, may reflect with Pleaſure, that he is not carrying on the *Cauſe of Vanity*

nity or *Ambition*, or fighting only for *Lands*, or for *Laurels*; but that he bears in his Hand the Intereſt of his COUNTRY, ſupports an Empire of Laws and Reaſon, in oppoſition to brutal Force and abſolute Will, vindicates the *Rights of Nations*, and contends for the Welfare and Happineſs of Mankind.

WHAT a Panegyrick is it on the *Britiſh Nation*, that they have been ſo long and ſo often not the Arbiters only, but the Defenders of *Europe?* And how ſhould it animate them to continue ſtill ſo, to conſider, that they thereby perpetuate their own Happineſs, and preſerve that precious LIBERTY, purchaſed at ſo much expence of Blood and Treaſure? The Efforts making at preſent, not only procure us the Bleſſings of many neighbouring States, but tend to ſecure to us our own happy Conſtitution. If the preſent *Criſis* of Affairs ſhould determine in a War, we have the Satisfaction to know, that it is not for the ſake of *Rapine*, *Bloodſhed*, or *Conqueſt*, but to avert thoſe very Evils from ourſelves, and many others. The antient Heroes uſed to animate their Soldiers, when they came to an Engagement, with the airy Imaginations of *Victory*, *Fame*, *Dominion*, and *Empire*. Theſe are poor and ſordid Conſiderations, in compariſon of thoſe which arm a Nation in defence of the Injured and Oppreſt. The one inſpire only

only a falſe Bravery, the other a true and heroick Virtue. BRITONS, methinks, need no other Argument to urge their Reſolution, than to ſee the Navies of their Country ſpread over the Face of the Deep, granting Peace and Protection to the Innocent and the Peaceable, and ſpeaking Terror and Defiance to the Tyrant and the Invader. And to fortify a Virtue raiſed from ſuch pure and noble Motives, they have only to imagine the Genius of the *Britiſh* Empire addreſſing them in the Language of CATO.

Remember, O my Sons, *the Laws, and Rights,*
The generous Plan of Pow'r deliver'd down
From Age to Age, by your renown'd Forefathers;
(So dearly bought, the Price of ſo much Blood)
O let it never periſh in your Hands!
But piouſly tranſmit it to your Children.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

N° 62. *Saturday, June* 4, 1726.

To HIBERNICUS.

——*Des nominis hujus honorem.* HOR.

SIR,

YOU have so often obliged me in this way already, that I begin to think myself entitled to a Place in your Paper, from a Right of Prescription. What I now send you, has a Claim to it for a much better Reason. The following Pieces are the genuine Remains of a reverend Gentleman, whose Writings have been received with universal Applause. How these came to miss a Place in the printed Collection of his Works, I know not; but sure the Publick ought not to be deprived of them, nor any other Production of so deserving and excellent a Person; tho I am informed, there are a good many other Pieces of the same Hand, which have never yet seen the Light.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

MUSOPHILUS.

PIETY,

PIETY, *or the* VISION.

'TWAS when the Night in silent Sable fled,
When chearful Morning sprung with rising red,
When Dreams and Vapours leave to croud the Brain,
And best the Vision draws its heavenly Scene;
'Twas then, as slumb'ring on my Couch I lay,
A sudden Splendor seem'd to kindle Day,
A Breeze came breathing in a sweet Perfume,
Blown from eternal Gardens, fill'd the Room;
And in a void of Blue, that Clouds invest,
Appear'd a Daughter of the Realms of Rest;
Her Head a Ring of golden Glory wore,
Her honour'd Hand the sacred Volume bore,
Her Raiment glist'ring seem'd a Silver White,
And all her sweet Companions Sons of Light.
STRAIGHT as I gaz'd, my Fear and Wonder grew,
Fear barr'd my Voice, and Wonder fix'd my View;
When lo! a Cherub of the shining Croud
That sail'd as Guardians in her Azure Cloud,
Fan'd the soft Air, and downward seem'd to glide,
And to my Lips a living Coal apply'd.
Then while the Warmth on all my Pulses ran,
Diffusing Comfort, thus the Maid began.
'WHERE glorious Mansions are prepar'd above,
'The Seats of Musick, and the Seats of Love,
'Thence I descend, and PIETY *my Name,*
'To warm thy Bosom with celestial Flame,
'To teach thee Praises mix'd with humble Pray'rs,
'And tune thy Soul to sing Seraphic Airs.
'Be thou my Bard.' A Viol here she caught,
(An Angel's Hand the Crystal Viol brought)
And as with awful Sound the Word was said,
She pour'd a sacred Unction on my Head;
Then thus proceeded: 'Be thy Muse thy Zeal,
'Dare to be good, and all my Joys reveal.

'While

' *While other Pencils flatt'ring Forms create,*
' *And paint the gaudy Plumes that deck the Great;*
' *While other Pens exalt the vain Delight,*
' *Whose wakeful Revel wakes the depth of Night;*
' *Or others softly sing in idle Lines*
' *How* Damon *courts, or* Amaryllis *shines;*
' *More wisely thou select a Theme Divine,*
' Fame *is their Recompence, but* Heav'n *is thine.*
' *DESPISE the Raptures of discorded Fire,*
' *Where Wine, or Passion, or Applause inspire*
' *Low restless Life, and Ravings born of Earth,*
' *Whose meaner Subjects speak their humble Birth,*
' *Like working Seas, that, when loud Winters blow,*
' *Not made for rising, only rage below.*
' *Mine is a warm and yet a lambent Heat,*
' *More lasting still, as more intensely great,*
' *Produc'd where Pray'r, and Praise, and Pleasure breathe,*
' *And ever mounting whence it shot beneath.*
' *Unpaint the Love, that hov'ring over Beds,*
' *From glitt'ring Pinions guilty Pleasure sheds;*
' *Restore the Colour to the golden Mines*
' *With which behind the feather'd Idol shines;*
' *To flow'ry Greens give back their native Care,*
' *The Rose and Lily, never his to wear;*
' *To sweet* Arabia *send the balmy Breath;*
' *Strip the fair Flesh, and call the Phantom,* Death;
' *His Bow be sabled o'er, his Shaft the same,*
' *And fork and point them with eternal Flame.*
' *BUT urge thy Pow'rs, thine utmost Voice advance,*
' *Make the loud Strings against thy Fingers dance;*
' *'Tis Love that Angels praise, and Men adore,*
' *'Tis Love Divine that asks it all and more.*
' *Fling back the Gates of ever-blazing Day,*
' *Pour Floods of liquid Light to gild the Way;*
' *And all in Glory wrapt, thro' Paths untrod*
' *Pursue the great unseen Descent of* GOD.
' *Hail the meek Virgin, bid the Child appear,*
' *The Child is* GOD, *and call him* JESUS *here.*

' *He*

'He comes, but where to reſt? A Manger nigh,
'Make the Great Being in a Manger lie;
'Fill the wide Sky with Angels on the Wing,
'Make thouſands gaze, and make ten thouſand ſing;
'Let Men afflict him, Men he came to ſave,
'And ſtill afflict him till he reach the Grave;
'Make him reſign'd, his Loads of Sorrow meet,
'And me, like Mary, *weep beneath his Feet;*
'I'll bathe my Treſſes there, my Prayers rehearſe,
'And glide in Flames of Love along thy Verſe.
'AH! while I ſpeak, I feel my Boſom ſwell,
'My Raptures ſmother what I long to tell.
'Tis GOD! *a preſent* GOD! *Thro' cleaving Air*
'I ſee the Throne, and ſee the JESUS *there*
'Plac'd on the Right. He ſhews the Wounds he bore,
'(My Fervours oft have won him thus before)
'How pleas'd he looks! My Words have reach'd his Ear;
'He bids the Gates unbar, and calls me near.'
SHE ceas'd. The Cloud on which ſhe ſeem'd to tread,
Its Curls unfolded, and around her ſpread;
Bright Angels waft their Wings to raiſe the Cloud,
And ſweep their Ivory Lutes, and ſing aloud;
The Scene moves off, while all its ambient Sky
Is turn'd to wondrous Muſick as they fly;
And ſoft the ſwelling Sounds of Muſick grow,
And faint their Softneſs, till they fall below.
MY downy Sleep the Warmth of Phœbus *broke,*
And while my Thoughts were ſettling, thus I ſpoke.
Thou beauteous Viſion! on the Soul impreſs'd,
When moſt my Reaſon would appear to reſt,
'Twas ſure with Pencils dipt in various Lights
Some curious Angel limn'd thy ſacred Sights;
From blazing Suns his radiant Gold he drew,
White Moons the Silver gave, and Air the blue.
I'll mount the roving Winds expanded Wing,
And ſeek the ſacred Hill, and Light to ſing;
('Tis known in Jewry *well) I'll make my Lays*
Obedient to thy Summons, ſound with Praiſe.

BUT

BUT ſtill I fear, unwarm'd with holy Flame,
I take for Truth the Flatt'ries of a Dream;
And barely wiſh the wondrous Gift I boaſt,
And faintly practiſe what deſerves it moſt. (*diſplays*
INDULGENT LORD! *whoſe gracious Love*
Joy in the Light, and fills the Dark with Eaſe;
Be this, to bleſs my Days, no Dream of Bliſs;
Or be, to bleſs the Nights, my Dreams like this.

BACCHUS.

AS Bacchus *ranging at his leiſure*
(*Jolly* Bacchus, *King of Pleaſure!*)
Charm'd the wide World with Drink and (*Dances,*
And all his thouſand airy Fancies,
Alas! he quite forgot the while
His fav'rite Vines in Lesbos *Iſle.*
THE God, returning ere they dy'd,
Ah! ſee my jolly Fauns, *he cry'd,*
The Leaves but hardly born and red,
And the bare Arms for Pity ſpread:
The Beaſts afford a rich Manure;
Fly, my Boys, to bring the Cure;
Up the Mountains, o'er the Vales,
Thro' the Woods, and down the Dales;
For this, if full the Cluſter grow,
Your Bowls ſhall doubly overflow.
SO chear'd, with more officious Haſte
They bring the Dung of ev'ry Beaſt;
The Loads they wheel, the Roots they bear,
They lay the rich Manure with Care;
While oft he calls to Labour hard,
And names as oft the red Reward.

THE Plants refreſh'd, new Leaves appear,
The thick'ning Cluſters load the Year;
The Seaſon ſwiftly purple grew,
The Grapes hung dangling deep with blue.
A VINEYARD ripe, a Day ſerene
Now calls them all to work again.
The Fauns *thro' every Furrow ſhoot*
To load their Flaskets with the Fruit;
And now the Vintage early trod,
The Wines invite the jovial God.
STROW the Roſes, raiſe the Song,
See the Maſter comes along;
Luſty Revel *join'd with* Laughter,
Whim *and* Frolick *follow after:*
The Fauns *aſide the* Vats *remain*
To ſhow the Work, and reap the Gain.
ALL around, and all around
They ſit to riot on the Ground;
A Veſſel ſtands amidſt the Ring,
And here they laugh, and there they ſing;
Or riſe a jolly jolly Band,
And dance about it Hand in Hand;
Dance about, and ſhout amain,
Then ſit to laugh, and ſing again.
Thus they drink, and thus they play
The Sun, and all their Wits away.
BUT, as an antient Author ſung,
The Vine, manur'd with ev'ry Dung,
From ev'ry Creature ſtrangely drew
A Twang of brutal Nature too;
'Twas hence in drinking on the Lawns
New Turns of Humours ſeiz'd the Fauns.

HERE one was crying out, by Jove!
Another, Fight me in the Grove;
This wounds a Friend, and that the Trees;
The Lion's *Temper reign'd in theſe.*
ANOTHER grins, and leaps about,
And keeps a merry World of Rout,
And talks impertinently free,
And twenty talk the ſame as he;
Chatt'ring, airy, idle Kind:
Theſe take the Monkey *Turn of Mind.*
HERE one, that ſaw the Nymphs which ſtood,
To peep upon them from the Wood,
Steals off to try if any Maid
Be lagging late beneath the Shade:
While looſe Diſcourſe another raiſes
In naked Nature's plaineſt Phraſes,
And ev'ry Glaſs he drinks enjoys,
With change of Nonſenſe, Luſt, and Noiſe;
Mad and careleſs, hot and vain:
Such as theſe the Goat *retain.*
ANOTHER drinks and caſts it up,
And drinks, and wants another Cup;
Solemn, ſilent, and ſedate,
Ever long, and ever late,
Full of Meats, and full of Wine:
This takes his Temper from the Swine.
HERE ſome who hardly ſeem to breathe,
Drink, and hang the Jaw beneath,
Gaping, tender, apt to weep:
Their Nature's alter'd by the Sheep.
'TWAS thus one Autumn *all the Crew*
(*If what the* Poets *ſay be true*),

While Bacchus *made the merry Feaſt,*
Inclin'd to one, or other Beaſt:
And ſince, 'tis ſaid, for many a Mile
He ſpread the Vines of Lesbos *Iſle.*



N° 63. *Saturday, June* 11, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Accedat huc ſuavitas quædam oportet ſermonum, atque morum, haudquaquam mediocre condimentum amicitiæ. TULL.

SIR,



THE Art of pleaſing in Converſation, as it is one of the moſt difficultly acquired, ſo is it one of the uſefulleſt Accompliſhments a Man can be maſter of. It is our Duty as well as Intereſt to aim at rendering ourſelves agreeable to other Men. And tho it is in Converſation that Men have the greateſt Opportunities of becoming ſo, yet there we commonly find the greateſt and moſt ſhameful Inſtances of their making themſelves otherwiſe; there being no part of Life which has produced more Heart-burnings, Animoſities, and Diſſenſions among Men than this, which, according to the Intention of Nature, and under

under right Management, is capable of procuring us ſo much Eaſe and Satisfaction.

NO doubt but there may be, and are Rules which may be of great uſe for regulating our Conduct in this Particular. But it is extremely difficult, if not impoſſible, to eſtabliſh any ſo general, as to reach all the Caſes which may happen; and at the ſame time ſo plain, as to make the Application of them eaſy on any Emergency. The Humours of Men are ſubject to too much Variety, to be brought under any one Method whereby we may adapt ourſelves to them; and theſe Humours operate ſo differently, according to the different Circumſtances of Times, Places, and Perſons, that it muſt be left to every Man's own Prudence and Obſervation how to behave in a multitude of Caſes.

THIS however ought not to diſcourage us from endeavouring to lay down Rules for our Behaviour in a Matter of ſo much Importance to us. Tho we cannot provide againſt every Accident which may happen in Converſation, yet we may againſt ſome of the moſt conſiderable. However out of our power it may be to pleaſe every one with whom we converſe, one would think it ſhould not be hard to avoid the Error of diſpleaſing. To know all things requiſite is perhaps the privilege of no Man; but few are ignorant of ſuch as are dangerous. The way to Truth and Right is but one, while Errors and Miſtakes are innumerable. The greateſt degree of Perfection

therefore we can hope for in moſt human Actions is, that they ſhall not be hurtful: and conſequently the beſt way of teaching Men their duty in ſuch Caſes is, inſtead of laying down poſitive Rules and Axioms, to point out ſome of the moſt dangerous and criminal Miſtakes, which they are apt to fall into; it being much eaſier for the moſt part to diſcover wherein we do amiſs, than to aſſign after what manner we may demean ourſelves perfectly right.

THE greateſt and commoneſt Weakneſs Men carry into company with them is meaſuring all Reaſon by their own; which is not only an Incroachment on the common Right of Mankind, but defeats every End a Man can propoſe by converſing with others. For it diſcovers too much Pride and Arrogance, to gain the good-will of the Company, and makes a Man too ſufficient to receive any improvement from them; nothing being ſo likely to keep a Man from Knowledge and Wiſdom, as thinking he has them already; agreeable to the Nature of all Contentment, which conſtantly ſtifles the Deſire of any more Riches. And ſince theſe two are the only Advantages any reaſonable Man can expect from Converſation, whoever would be true to himſelf, ought to baniſh, if poſſible, a Diſpoſition ſo little adapted to receive them.

NEAR akin to this Infirmity is the pedantick Humour of deſpiſing all Subjects of Converſation but what are agreeable to our own turn of thinking, and wherein we have ſpent much Time and Study. A Lawyer of this Caſt is eternally for putting of Caſes, and thinks his Time loſt in any Company, wherein the Diſcourſe turns not upon the Laws of the Land. A Phyſician will never be eaſy till he has talked the whole Company ſick, upon his darling and only uſeful Topick of *Health.* The Mathematician expects Demonſtration for every thing ſaid, and reckons them a ſet of very ſuperficial Fellows who can paſs an Evening together without talking of ſomething of which they may be abſolutely certain. The Gentlemen of the *Belles Lettres* look on all Converſation as dull and inſipid, which does not relate to the Refinement of Taſte, and Propriety of Speaking or Writing; as if the only End of Letters were to arrive at a Perfection in uſing them. And on the other hand, the Philoſopher imagines every thing uſeleſs and trifling, which does not clear up ſome general Propoſition, or eſtabliſh a favourite Notion; and makes the whole Buſineſs and Pleaſure of Life to conſiſt in reaſoning and diſcourſing about it. All People of this Complexion are too particular to give, and too delicate to receive Pleaſure in common Converſation. They pretend to be too much refined beyond others, to participate

in their Satisfactions; and are no more fit to come into mixt Company, than ſplenetick People into the open Air. They expect too much from Society, and ſo cannot fail of being diſappointed when they come into it. And as all Diſappointments create Chagrin, and Chagrin is ever infectious, it is no wonder that Perſons ſo nice and tender ſhould render themſelves generally diſagreeable to thoſe with whom they converſe.

IF Men conſult either their own Eaſe, or the Satisfaction of their Company, they will find it neceſſary to yield to the prevailing Humour, whenever it is innocent; and join in Diſcourſe, without reflecting ſeverely on its Uſefulneſs or Importance. It is much more important to comply with a Company in things indifferent, and thereby preſerve their good Humour, than to interrupt their chearful and friendly, tho perhaps trifling Converſation, under pretence of informing their Judgment, and improving their Minds. Beſides that it is an Argument of a great as well as good Mind, that it can accommodate itſelf to a variety of Circumſtances, and either bend, or relax itſelf as there is occaſion. Such a Diſpoſition will make a Man eaſy and acceptable in all Companies, and enable him to draw both Entertainment and Inſtruction from the Diſcourſes of honeſt unlearned Men, as well as from thoſe of greater Knowledge and Underſtanding; whereas a falſe Delicacy expoſes a Man to more Uneaſineſs

ſineſs than Nature ever meant him, and deprives him of a thouſand Advantages and Pleaſures in Society, which Minds leſs embaraſſed are open to receive. And tho to Men of Genius and Speculation it may ſeem low to diſcourſe upon common Affairs, yet it enlarges our Knowledge much more than reaſoning upon general Principles, and the Nature of Things, where every Inquiry engroſſes our whole thoughts, and ſhuts every thing elſe out of our Minds. And if we compare the two with a view to the tendency each has, either to enlarge our Benevolence and Regard for our Company, or to leſſen our overweening Conceit of our ſelves; I fanſy there will be little occaſion to diſpute on which ſide the Advantage lies: the uſual Effects of the one being a tenacious Struggle for Victory, a high Eſteem of our own ſuperior Underſtanding, and a ſtrong Contempt of our Antagoniſts, not to mention the Clamour, and ſometimes Quarrels which are apt to ſtart up when People are in full cry of an Argument; while the other, if it does no great Good, is ſeldom attended with much Hurt, which, in the preſent Circumſtances of human Affairs, is the beſt that can be ſaid of moſt things.

ANOTHER Error in Converſation, which has produced many ill Conſequences, and ſeldom fails to put Company into diſorder, is the buffooning Humour of running into exceſſive Strains of Mirth and Pleaſantry.

This in ſome proceeds from a miſtaken Notion of pleaſing. They find Laughter to be an agreeable Senſation themſelves, and ſo are willing to communicate the Pleaſure to others. But it is very certain, that as People ſeldom laugh when they are moſt pleaſed, ſo they are not always well pleaſed when they laugh moſt. For this reaſon boiſtrous Mirth is conſtantly look'd upon as Clowniſhneſs and Ruſticity in all civil and well-bred Companies. However, tho it ſeems to be pretty much agreed, that the violent Agitation itſelf is indecent and unmannerly, yet there has not been due care taken to baniſh out of Converſation that which excites it. For Satire and Ridicule, which are the main Provocatives to Laughter, ſtill keep their ground among us, and are reckoned the chief Embelliſhments of Diſcourſe by all who aim at the Character of Wits.

He muſt have had little Acquaintance with Mankind, who ſees not how pernicious this petulant Humour has been. And if we reflect on the Principle it proceeds from, we muſt conclude it an immoral and unmanly thing to indulge it. Want of Reverence towards one another is the firſt Inlet to every thing unſociable; and no Man can ridicule another without failing in point of Reverence. Add to this, that in ridiculing any Perſon, we always make a Compariſon between his Weakneſs and our own Superiority, and conſequently expreſs Pride and

Ill-

Ill-nature at once; which two things render a Man very diſagreeable to all he converſes with.

WHOEVER deſires to conciliate the Good-will and Eſteem of Mankind, muſt endeavour to weed this out of his Converſation as much as poſſible. Tho it paſſes now under the modeſt and plauſible Name of *Raillery*, yet every body knows, that it was originally Railing, which becauſe no body would take without Blows, Men of more Wit than Courage made this Improvement upon it, the more effectually to hurt others, and ſecure themſelves. The Injury therefore is now the greater, as it is more artfully concealed; and conſequently thoſe that find themſelves injur'd will conceive the greater and keener Reſentment of it, and look about for the ſureſt and ſilenteſt Methods of Revenge. The moſt benevolent and honeſt Diſpoſitions will ſooneſt take fire upon Occaſions of this nature, nothing being ſo grievous to them as to be leſſened in the Eſteem of thoſe they love, and no People being more expoſed than they to ſuch Inſults; their Blemiſhes reſembling the Scars of a beautiful Face, which are always more remarkable than the regular Features, and the conſtant Marks that Fools and envious People take of them: whereas Characters altogether vitious, and Faces intirely deformed, generally have the good luck

luck to paſs without being taken ſuch particular notice of.

I AM very far from thinking that all Wit and Mirth ought to be baniſhed from Converſation. What I have ſaid only condemns the practice of carrying it on till it becomes offenſive to Company; which he muſt be a very weak Man who does not know when it is ſo, and a very ill one, if when he does know it, he nevertheleſs perſiſts in it. To give pain to our Fellow-Creatures, in order to procure any advantage to ourſelves, is allowed to be criminal by every body; but certainly it is much more ſo, to do it when we can propoſe no End at all by it. And thoſe who indulge themſelves in ſuch an ill-natured Luxury, however they may imagine they pleaſe a Company, becauſe they make them laugh, will always be regarded by wiſe Men as a very worthleſs and inſignificant Set of People, for any other purpoſe than to be play'd off upon occaſion, and to blurt out things, which tho diſcreet Perſons may be ſometimes fond of hearing, yet they do not care for ſaying themſelves.

WHEN Men meet together from a Spirit of Benevolence and true good Humour, and not with a deſign to diſtinguiſh themſelves as *Wits* or *Philoſophers*, they will find ſuch a Gladneſs growing up in their Hearts upon the ſight of their Friends and Acquaintance, as will ſuppreſs every Motion that can hinder

hinder what the Scripture elegantly calls *preferring one another in love.* They will mutually participate in each others Gratifications; and inſtead of turning their Thoughts to remark on the falſe Pleaſures of others, keep up a Diſpoſition for receiving true Pleaſures themſelves: which familiar and eaſy Converſation about the common Incidents and Occurrences of Life is much fitter to inſpire, than either contentious Diſputes, or inſipid Raillery. Without cultivating ſuch a Temper, and endeavouring to preſerve a conſtant Sweetneſs and Decency of Behaviour, it is impoſſible to preſerve Friendſhip and mutual Eſteem; and without ſome degree of both of theſe, all Converſation muſt either be taſteleſs, or troubleſome and uneaſy.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

N° 64. *Saturday, June* 18, 1726.

To HIBERNICUS.

Rura mihi, & rigui placeant in vallibus amnes:
Flumina amem, ſylvaſque, inglorius. —— VIRG.

SIR,

I HAVE often admired, that during the Courſe of your Papers you have never once drawn any part of your Entertainment from the Country, but on the contrary intirely neglected that Scene of Life, which is not only the moſt natural to human Kind, but affords the faireſt and largeſt Field for the Imagination of a Writer to exerciſe itſelf in.

To make a Panegyric on Retirement, or form a Compariſon betwixt a Life ſpent amidſt the Noiſe, Hurry and Impertinence of the Buſineſs and Pleaſures of the Town, and the innocent Enjoyments and Tranquillity of a Country Life, would be a very idle, as well as needleſs Performance. The Poets and Philoſophers have in all Ages exerted themſelves on this Subject; and all the Graces of Language and Deſcription have been employ'd in adorning, and ſetting it out to

the utmoſt advantage. Beſides, that the End moſt Men propoſe to themſelves, by all the Care and Induſtry of their Lives, being one day or other to make their Retreat into ſome quiet, peaceable Abode, it is an Acknowledgment that this State of Life is the moſt agreeable to undebauched Nature, and yields the pureſt and moſt uninterrupted Felicity.

INDEED if we conſult the Eaſe either of the Mind or the Body, we ſhall find this Scene the propereſt for the Enjoyment of both. The Variety of beautiful Landskips around us, and gay gilded Proſpects riſing above them; the Magnificence and Grandure of the Works of Nature, which we are not diverted from attending to by a multitude of trifling Amuſements; the ſweetneſs of the Air; the fragrance of Flowers; the verdure of Plants; the cleanneſs and pleaſantneſs of Food; the agreeableneſs of Exerciſe; but above all, an exemption from Care and Anxiety: Theſe Particulars, I ſay, all concurring, ſeem the moſt effectual for promoting both Health and Contemplation, the Enjoyment of the fineſt ſenſible, as well as rational Pleaſures, and thereby the greateſt Eaſe and Happineſs both of Body and Mind.

IF then theſe Pleaſures be ſo pleaſing both to Senſe and Imagination, it is certain, that reflecting on them muſt give the Mind a large Source of Satisfaction and Delight; and conſequently that a good Writer muſt find them a

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Subject moſt worthy his Regard either for Uſe or Entertainment. On this account no doubt it was that the famous *Britiſh Spectator* thought fit to retire into the Country for a whole Month together, and make it the Scene of ſeveral of his *Speculations*. And I believe, there are few that have perus'd thoſe beautiful Papers, who do not find a more delicate Pleaſure from reading the little Affairs which happened during that time at *Coverly-Hall*, than in the livelieſt Deſcriptions of the gay Impertinences, and frolickſom Adventures of *London* and *Weſtminſter*.' In the one we have a Repreſentation of Things which are natural, and conſequently agreeable to our firſt and genuine Conceptions; while the Entertainment of the other chiefly conſiſts in ſtripping Life of thoſe innumerable Diſguiſes under which it has been hid, either by the Cunning or Affectation of thoſe who call themſelves the polite and faſhionable Part of Mankind. This laſt may indeed be eſteemed a more nice and exact Knowledge of the World; but I am ſure, the former is the more generous and extenſive, and as much to be preferred beyond it, as the Qualifications requiſite to the writing of *Paradiſe Loſt*, are to any which can be ſuppoſed to have met in the production of the *Tale of a Tub*.

As it is uſual about this time of the Year for People of Leiſure and Taſte to retire from the Buſineſs and Fatigue of the Town, to enjoy

joy the Pleaſure of good Air, quiet Scenes, and innocent Diverſions in the Country, methinks you weekly Writers ſhould tranſport your ſelves with the Company, and make thoſe of your Readers who cannot get from the Noiſe and Buſtle of the City, partake in Imagination in the pureſt and moſt natural Pleaſures of Life. You cannot but be ſenſible, that the beſt Authors have indulged themſelves moſt in theſe eaſy Gratifications; and I am confident the beſt Company will ſoon grow languid and tireſom without them; ſince no Man can be an agreeable Companion to others, who is incapable of being ſo to himſelf.

I KNOW it may be objected, that this Subject is already exhauſted, and that nothing new can be ſaid after all thoſe rapturous Strains of Deſcription and Ornament which the Poets of Four Thouſand Years have laviſhed out upon it. M. *St. Evremond* ſays, That no modern Writer ſhould attempt to deſcribe any of the ſtill Beauties of Nature, which being always the ſame, cannot be better repreſented than the Antients have already done; and that Mens Paſſions and Humours are the only Things which admit of an endleſs Variety, and conſequently the only Subject we can write upon without being *Plagiaries*. But with all due deference to ſo fine a Writer, this appears to me to be very weak reaſoning. For if the Humours and Paſſions of Men are ſo infinitely various, their Reflections

flections muſt be ſo too; and they will imagine Things in an equal Variety of different Lights, and thereby give them an appearance of Novelty as effectually as if the Objects themſelves had it in reality. If this were not ſo, it is ſcarce poſſible to conceive but that the Vein of Poetry muſt have been dried up long ſince; and *Moſes*, or *Homer*, been the laſt that ſhould have deſcribed any of the Beauties of Nature. For it is certain, that their Deſcriptions are both juſt and beautiful; and yet we have had juſt and beautiful Deſcriptions of the ſame Things ſince, which by being ſet in a new and different Light, have given us all the pleaſure of Novelty, without the abſurdity of ſuppoſing any change or alteration in the Things themſelves.

BUT tho it ſhould be allowed that the dumb Scenes of Nature are all work'd off already, and that the Plains and Meadows, the Mountains and Valleys, the Woods, Rivers and Lakes, have drained all Invention, and reduced Language to too much Poverty, to afford any new Embelliſhments; yet the Characters here admit of no leſs Variety than among that part of Mankind who live thicker together, and are engaged in a greater Diverſity of Purſuits. The Humours of People here break out as differently as they do in the Town, tho not in the ſame manner. A certain Sobriety and Honeſty of Behaviour is the Characteriſtic of the one, as gay Impertinence and Affectation are of the other. Our Blind-ſides only

make

make us abſurd, yours become deformed and intolerable. Your Vices are all artfully diſguiſed, and our Virtues clumſily diſplay'd. In a word, we are always what we ſeem, and you take care never to ſeem what you are.

THAT this is the true Difference betwixt the Manners of the Country and the City, might be made out, I believe, from a multitude of Inſtances. A teſty old Fellow with us, who treats his Gueſts with *March-Beer*, and *Hard Words*, is with you a perverſe *Valetudinarian*, who imagining every body takes pains to teaze him, finds a pleaſure in teazing every body. A ſplenetick old Lady in Town divides her Time betwixt her Devotion, her Pride, and her Ill-nature; rails at the Vices of the Age in all Companies, and practiſes none of the Virtues in any. In the Country ſhe commences a Doctreſs, and takes under her care all the ſore Breaſts and broken Shins in the Neighbourhood. Ill-breeding with us goes no farther than Clowniſhneſs, among you it riſes to Inſolence and Bullying. Our Fools are only aukward, yours ridiculous; the one carrying much Civility in the midſt of their Rudeneſs, and the other the height of Rudeneſs under the Mask of Civility. The Beaux of the Country can only be denominated ſpruce Fellows, and thoſe of the Town fantaſtical. Their Miſtreſſes too come under the ſame Deſcription. For the one by deſiring to ſeem no more beautiful than they are, become much more ſo than they ſeem; while

the other by their ſtudied Charms deſtroy the Beauties which Nature gave them, and, like moſt other great Conquerors, weaken their Empire thro' an immoderate Deſire of extending their Dominion.

As an Inſtance of the agreeable Images which might be raiſed from this Part of Life, I ſend you the following beautiful Character, written above a hundred Years ago by a * Gentleman no leſs remarkable for his Accompliſhments, than his undeſerved and unfortunate End, which has caſt ſo great a Blemiſh on the Reign it happen'd in. I deſire it may be printed in the ſame Words, and Spelling in which I ſend it to you, that it may loſe nothing of that venerable Simplicity and antique Air, which to me appear among its greateſt Charms. In doing this you will perhaps engage me to a farther Correſpondence, if it be not diſpleaſing to you.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

SILVIUS.

A fayre and happy MILKE MAID,

'IS a Country Wench, that is ſo farre from 'making herſelfe beautiful by Art, 'that 'one Looke of hers is able to put all *Face-* 'Phyſicke out of countenance. Shee knowes

* Sir *Thomas Overbury.*

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'a fayre Looke is but a dumbe Orator to 'commend Vertue, therefore mindes it not. 'All her Excellencies ſtand in her ſo ſilently, 'as if they had ſtolne upon her without her 'knowledge. The Lining of her Apparell '(which is herſelfe) is farre better than Out-'ſides of Tiſſew: for tho ſhee be not arraied 'in the Spoyle of the Silke-worme, ſhee is 'deckt in Innocency, a far better Wearing. 'She doth not, with lying long a bed, ſpoile 'both her Complexion and Conditions; Na-'ture hath taught her, *too immoderate Sleepe 'is ruſt to the Soul:* She riſes therefore with '*Chaunticleare*, her Dames Cocke, and at 'Night makes the Lambe her *Corfew*. In 'milking a Cow, and ſtraining the Teates 'through her Fingers, it ſeems that ſo ſweet 'a Milke-Preſſe makes the Milke the whiter, 'or ſweeter; for never came Almond Glove 'or Aromatique Oyntment on her Palme to 'taint it. The golden Eares of Corn fall and 'kiſſe her Feet when ſhee reapes them, as if 'they wiſht to be bound and led Priſoners by 'the ſame Hand that fell'd them. Her Breath 'is her owne, which ſcents all the Yeere long 'of *June*, like a new made Hay-cocke. Shee 'makes her Hand hard with Labour, and her 'Heart ſoft with Pitty: And when Winter-'Evenings fall early, ſitting at her merry 'Wheele, ſhee ſings a Defiance to the giddy 'Wheele of Fortune. Shee doth all things 'with ſo ſweet a Grace, it ſeems *Ignorance* 'will not ſuffer her to do Ill, being her Minde

'is to do well. Shee beſtowes her Yeeres 'Wages at next Faire; and in chuſing her 'Garments, counts no Bravery i'th' World 'like Decency. The Garden and Bee-hive 'are all her Phyſicke and Chyrurgerie, and 'ſhe lives the longer for't. Shee dares goe 'alone, and unfold Sheep i' th' Night, and 'feares no manner of Ill, becauſe ſhe meanes 'none: Yet to ſay truth, ſhee is never 'alone, for ſhee is ſtill accompanied with 'old Songs, honeſt Thoughts, and Prayers, 'but ſhort ones; yet they have their Effi-'cacy, in that they are not pauled with 'inſuing idle Cogitations. Laſtly, her 'Dreames are ſo chaſte, that ſhe dares tell 'them; only a Fridaies Dreame is all her 'Superſtition; *that* ſhe conceales for feare 'of Anger. Thus lives ſhee, and all her 'Care is ſhee may die in the Spring-time, 'to have ſtore of Flowers ſtucke upon her 'Winding-Sheet.'

N° 65. *Saturday, June* 25, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Migret in obſcuras humili ſermone tabernas,
Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes et inania captet. HOR.

SIR,

FALSE Eloquence, and falſe Refinements of Language, are the uſual Effects of Mens being more ſollicitous about the Manner, than the Matter of their Compoſitions. By endeavouring at too many Excellences, they are apt to overload their Writings with Ornament, and loſe the Decent and the Beautiful in the Monſtrous and the Affected. They take greater care in the *Colouring* than the *Limning* of a Piece; and conſequently, provided it be luminous and glaring, are very little concerned about the Proportion, Harmony, or Poſition of the Figure they draw.

AS it is natural for Men who have choſen a wrong Deſign, to miſcalculate the Means for purſuing it, or rather, ſince there can be no regular Means for carrying on an improper or anomalous Deſign, it is not ſurpriſing, that where the only Intention of wri-

ting has been to captivate Mens Ears, and not improve their Underſtanding, ſuch *Authors* have not had Underſtanding enough to know what would be moſt pleaſing to a judicious Ear. Words are but the Dreſs of Thoughts; Aptitude to their Subject, and Simplicity, are their diſtinguiſhing Perfections: and they loſe their Beauty and Propriety as much by a ſuperfluous and *ſtudied Finery*, as by a ſordid and *ſlovenly Neglect*. A full-bottom'd Wig, or an enormous overgrown Hat and Feather, give juſt ſuch a ridiculous Air to the human Figure, that *Fuſtian* and *Bombaſt* do to a natural Sentiment, which might have been told in eaſy and intelligible Language. In both Caſes our Attention is diverted from the true and natural Beauty to the falſe and artificial, and the Imagination confounded amidſt the variety of incoherent *Objects*. As we ſhould have ſome little difficulty to know the ſame Face in a natural Head of Hair, or under a Night-cap, which we had formerly ſeen ſet out with ſuch a profuſion of Finery; ſo the ſame Thought will appear very differently, when expreſſed in a plain agreeable manner, from what it does under the diſguiſe of ſupernumerary and unnatural Embelliſhments. Good *Painters* therefore generally chuſe to draw Men with the Beauties which Nature gives them, and will not deform their Pieces with the Drapery of every fantaſtick Mode which happens to prevail. And much more

ſhould

ſhould the ſame Conduct be obſerved in writing, where forced and affected Ornaments are ſo much more dangerous, as having a tendency not only to debauch the Imagination, but ſometimes to miſlead the Judgment, and prejudice us againſt Truth.

BUT tho theſe Truths are pretty generally acknowledged among all People pretending to Taſte or Diſcernment, yet none have acted more contrary to them than ſome Authors even in our own Language. We were ſcarcely recovered from that Darkneſs, common to us with all the other Nations of *Europe*, into which we had been involv'd by the Ignorance and Superſtition of the *Monks*, but we had like to have relapſed again into Barbarity. It is true, the Controverſies then agitated in the Learned World, gave room for great Improvements in Knowledge: but then thoſe Controverſies conſiſted ſo much in the unravelling of abſtruſe Terms, and dark ſcholaſtick Notions, and were managed in ſuch a ſtiff and ſpiritleſs Method, as corrupted Mens Taſte in informing their Judgment of the Points in queſtion. Every thing was wrote in *Mood* and *Figure*, and conſequently chequered with a ſenſeleſs uncouth Jargon of technical Words and barbarous Expreſſions. This continued the prevailing Humour for ſome time. And tho we gained ground in Knowledge, we ſeemed rather to

be going backward as to Politeneſs, or the Art of writing juſtly and naturally.

SPENSER, Sir *Philip Sydney*, and *Hooker* the celebrated Author of the *Eccleſiaſtical Polity*, ſetting up the Antients for their Models, excelled all their Coremporaries in Juſtneſs of Compoſition, and Propriety of Style. The two former ſhewed how capable our Language was of the pure and genuine Graces of Poetry, without the aſſiſtance of forced Turns of Wit, or pompous and ſwelling Expreſſions. And the other, by a plain and unaffected manner of delivering his Thoughts on a Subject of great Learning and Importance, has given a fine Pattern for the free and graceful management of argumentative Subjects, which may carry all the ſtrength of Demonſtration, without the empty Parade and Formality of it.

THESE illuſtrious Examples might have probably introduced a ſpeedy and thorow Reformation, had not the Genius of a Monarch, mighty in the Cobwebs of caſuiſtical Divinity, and the Quibbles of the Schoolmen, given the Minds of his Subjects a different Turn. This was the Age of *Anagrams*, *Puns*, and *Acroſticks*. A Man had nothing to do but make one Word carry two Meanings, and then march between them into Preferment. A young Man who had only given the Promiſe of a riſing Genius, by making ſome notable

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Conundrum, was entitled to a Prebendſhip, as an Encouragement to improve his Parts, and quicken his Induſtry. This Eloquence became even faſhionable in the Pulpit; and every Head of Diſcourſe was thought unfiniſhed which did not terminate in the Point of an Epigram. I have ſeen an admirable Inſtance of this in a Sermon of that Age, wherein the Preacher, after a long detail of the Vices and Corruptions of the Times, ſums up the whole in the following pathetical Exclamation. 'All *Houſes*, ſays he, 'are turned *Ale-houſes*; ſome Mens *Para-*'*diſe* is a *Pair o' Dice*; the holy State of 'Matrimony is made *Matter o' Money*. 'Was it thus in the Days of *NOAH*? '*AH NO!*' Whether this ingenious Gentleman was ever rewarded with a *Biſhoprick*, I do not remember; but if he was not, I am inclin'd to think Preferments at that time were unequally diſtributed.

OUR Language ſuffered extremely under theſe *Gothick* Refinements; what made the Miſchief ſtill worſe, was the pedantick Humour of larding all ſorts of Writing with old Scraps of *Latin*, which, together with the eternal Affectation of making Parallels and Oppoſitions between every thing, made moſt of the Works of that time look like ſo many pieces of Patchwork. The fine Genius of *Shakeſpear* was not able to preſerve itſelf againſt the prevailing Corruption. Every body knows that he is full of Puns and Quibbles.

Quibbles. Theſe Blemiſhes appear ſometimes amidſt his greateſt Excellences; and there is no other way of accounting for them, but his Compliance with the Humour of the Age. For it is hardly conceivable how a Man of ſo noble a turn of thinking could miſs ſeeing the Folly and Abſurdity of them.

THE next Reign produced a low and groveling manner of writing. The Faſt-Sermons at St. *Margaret's Weſtminſter*, ſpread the Infection of low Nonſenſe over the whole Nation. Yet they were a painstaking People who brought in this Way, and imagined there was a great deal of Wit, and Beauty too in it. Odd Compoſitions of Phraſe, and long-ſpun Allegories, were the delight of their Souls. A choice Metaphor was to them an inexhauſtible Source of Pleaſure; and they never failed to hunt it from one End of a Diſcourſe to the other. In ſhort, they laboured with more aſſiduity to be ridiculous than would have been ſufficient to make them intelligible; and explained every thing after ſuch a manner as rendered it more inexplicable than before. We muſt have ſunk into the loweſt degree of Barbarity, had the Power of modelling our Style and Language been veſted ſolely in ſuch Hands. But Heaven was pleaſed to raiſe up a *Chillingworth*, a *Milton*, and other great Men, who by their immortal Writings prevented the Corruption from becoming univerſal, and kept up a Standard

of

of Decency, Propriety, and Elegance, for the benefit of Poſterity.

DISGUSTED with thoſe many dark and uncouth Forms of Expreſſion which had been ſo long in vogue, Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange*, and ſome few who copied after him, introduced a new Refinement among us, and were the Authors of a Style, which I know no other Epithet ſo well ſuited to as the *Dapper*. It conſiſted of all the pert Phraſes and cant Words peculiar to the loweſt and moſt profligate part of Mankind. This was in order to make every thing as plain as Porridge. Their Alluſions were all taken from the low and diſhonourable Occupations of Life, and would have paſſed much more current among Bullies, Sharpers, and Drawers in a Tavern, than with Men of Senſe and Letters. To reliſh their Compoſitions, one muſt have been converſant with Scoundrels. If this goodly Scheme of Reformation had gone on, what a decent Figure would the Commonwealth of Letters have made? The Flowers of our Poetry had been gathered from the Dunghil and the Kennel, inſtead of the painted Meadow, and the clear Fountain; the Diſcourſes of Philoſophers founded in the Key of *Billingſgate* Declamations; and the Precepts of the Goſpel been inculcated in the ſame Dialect in which People play a Game at *Whisk*.

THESE

THESE ſeveral Ways of writing have alternately had their run among us. At preſent they ſeem to be pretty much out of countenance, and rejected by all People of Judgment and Taſte. Yet every now and then there ſtarts up ſome odd Author, who affecting Singularity, imitates the greateſt Faults of former Writers, under the Notion of Excellences. And as every Author will have his Set of Admirers, it is of uſe to animadvert on ſuch falſe Ornaments of Writing, in order to hinder a bad Taſte from ſtealing upon us by degrees.

A FALSE *Sublime* is the commoneſt Error a young Writer is apt to fall into, in an Age which has produced ſo many Inſtances of the true. We have had a Conſtellation of great Genius's, whom it may and has proved dangerous to imitate. The raiſed and the figured Style will not do with any who have not the ſame exalted Manner of thinking. Great Strength of Judgment, as well as Warmth of Imagination, is required to carry it handſomly thro'. For want of reflecting on this, I have known ſeveral intolerable Blunders committed by Authors, who might have paſſed uncenſured, had they been contented to deliver themſelves in a naked unadorned manner, and not aimed at Perfections they were unable to reach. There is a fine Paper in the *Spectator* on the Subject of inconſiſtent

conſiſtent Metaphors, which gives ſeveral Inſtances of what I am now ſpeaking of. And I could refreſh the Memory of my Readers with many more, which may be met with in Authors of no inqonſiderable note. But as this would be an invidious Performance, and I ſhortly intend an Eſſay upon *Pamphlets*, I ſhall defer any thing of this ſort till then, when I ſhall have a fairer Opportunity for doing it from ſeveral ingenious Pieces which have lately appeared in this City; whoſe Blemiſhes I may animadvert upon with ſo much the leſs Offence, as they have not any one Beauty to entitle them to Compaſſion.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

N° 66. *Saturday, July* 2, 1726.

To HIBERNICUS.

Nos tamen hoc agimus, tenuique in pulvere ſulcos
Ducimus.—— JUVENAL.

SIR,

THE agreeable Variety to be met with in *Horace*, tho one of his greateſt Excellences, is nevertheleſs a principal Reaſon that makes him ſo difficult to be tranſlated. To do him juſtice, one muſt have the ſame Turn of thinking, and be in the ſame Temper of mind he was himſelf when he compoſed any part of his Works; and this is what none can arrive at, who have not a large portion of the ſame Spirit which animated him. This is all the Apology I ſhall make for the Defects chargeable on the Tranſlation of two Odes you formerly allowed to be inſerted in your Paper. What I now ſend you, will very much need to be regarded with the ſame favourable View. They are two of *Horace*'s moſt admired Pieces in the ſprightly and gay Manner of writing, yet contain a very good Leſſon againſt immoderate Cares, and an anxious

Concern about Futurity; and conſequently it is no eaſy matter to make them appear with the ſame Eaſe and Gracefulneſs in *Engliſh* they do in the Original. If my Attempt ſhall only be thought pardonable, it will be ſufficient to gratify the higheſt Ambition I have had in this matter.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

MUSOPHILUS.

HORACE, Book I. Ode xiii.

THE Mountain of the Delphian *God*
You ſee is wrapt in Sheets of Snow;
The Trees, ſuſtaining ſcarce their Load,
Their hoary Heads dejected bow;
And, glew'd with Ice unto the Shore,
The active Streams can roll no more.

With rouſing Fires the Cold deſtroy,
And ſet about the flowing Bowl;
Bleed e'ery Grape to give us Joy,
To cheriſh and exalt the Soul.
Hereafter to the Gods reſign;
Be theirs the Care, Enjoyment thine.

To them this Earth, their Foot-ball, leave
To kick and tumble as they pleaſe;
From them the Storms permiſſion have
To box about the roaring Seas;

Yet,

Yet, ſtill ſubjected to their Will,
If they but nod, are huſh and ſtill.

To Morrow and its Cares deſpiſe;
The preſent Moment is thine own;
Then ſnatch it quickly ere it flies,
And ſcore it up as clearly won;
Nor ſcruple to indulge the Fire
Of youthful Love, and gay Deſire.

Old Age will quickly pall the Taſte,
And blunt the edge of ſprightly Joys;
With dozing Sadneſs fill the breaſt,
And give no Reliſh but for Toys.
Youth is alone the Time can prove
Delights of Exerciſe, or Love.

The gentle Talk, the ſoft Embrace,
In ſome retir'd and dusky Shade;
The feigning hidden Maid to trace,
By her own treach'rous Sneer betray'd:
Be theſe thy Care, thy Buſineſs ſtill;
Such Pleaſures Youth alone can feel.

And when with ſtruggling in your Arms,
The leering little roguiſh Thing
Is rous'd, and flushing all with Charms,
Secure her Hand, and ſnatch her Ring:
Then all her Frowns are but a Blind;
'Tis Pledge enough ſhe will be kind.

BOOK III. ODE xxix.

GREAT Off-ſpring of the Tyrrhene *Kings,*
Thy Horace *keeps for thee in ſtore,*
What, without thee, no Pleaſure brings,
A Cask of Wine ne'er pierc'd before;
With Roſes to adorn thy Brow,
And mix the Luſtre it ſhall ſhow.

Why ſhould you ſtill on Tyber *gaze,*
Or Anio *rolling down the Steep?*
Will no Place but Freſcati *pleaſe,*
And elſewhere you no Revels keep?
Or can ſuch narrow Bounds confine
A Soul ſo free in Joy as thine?

Then haſte, and to be truly great,
The great Ones nauſeous Plenty fly;
And from thy ſtately Houſe retreat,
Whoſe haughty Roof invades the Sky:
And with a virtuous Scorn look down
On the vain, giddy, noiſy Town.

Oft-times the Great have thus retir'd
To breathe a free and purer Air,
A Shepherd's cleanly Cell admir'd,
And ſweetly fed on homely Fare:
Oft thus have ſmooth'd, and ſoftned been
The fretted Brow, and burſting Spleen.

Lo now, while Sol's *enliv'ning Beams*
Play warmly on the flow'ry Mead,
The Swain conducts to cooling Streams
His Flocks, and ſeeks the Sylvan *Shade;*

Silent the Brook its Borders laves,
Nor curls one Breath of Wind the Waves:

While you with reſtleſs Care attend
The Peace and Settlement of Rome,
Intent what foreign Wars impend,
Or ſecret Miſchiefs brood at home;
And your own Quiet all forego,
To watch the Motions of the Foe.

But know, a wiſer Providence
Hath hid in Clouds of endleſs Night,
Impervious to the ſtrongeſt Senſe,
Things future from weak Mortals Sight;
And laughs to ſee them vainly try
The Depth of vaſt Eternity.

Snatch at the Joys the preſent Hour,
The paſſing Inſtant now beſtows;
The reſt is all beyond our Pow'r,
And like the fickle Tyber *flows,*
Which now beneath its Banks ſubſides,
And gently to the Ocean glides.

Anon with dreadful Noiſe and Roar
Impetuous rolls a broken Flood,
Augmented with the mould'ring Shore,
And Ruins of the neighbouring Wood;
And headlong ruſhing ſweeps away
Flocks, and their Folds into the Sea.

He Maſter is of Life alone,
And happy lives, who thus can ſay
Each Night, 'To day has been my own,
'And I have clearly liv'd to Day;

'Be then to Morrow foul or fair,
'Tis all a Caſe; that's not my Care.

What's paſt has certainly been mine,
Not Fate itſelf can make it void;
Nor Pow'rs, ſhould all the Pow'rs combine,
Revoke the Goods I have enjoy'd:
Here no Diſaſters interuene;
What has been, ſpite of Jove *has been.*

A perfect Jilt this Fortune is,
And blind, but obſtinately blind,
Still playing bo-peep with her Bliſs,
To teaze and torture poor Mankind;
And idly whiffing thro' the Air
Her empty Bubbles here and there.

I like her while with me ſhe ſtays;
But ſoon as e'er ſhe takes the Wing,
Let Fools purſue her, if they pleaſe,
Her Favours back again I fling;
Then take to virtuous Poverty,
A Spouſe with whom I can live free.

I'll never be her paſſive Slave,
But all her Tyranny controul;
In conſcious Innocence be brave,
And in my Virtue ſheath my Soul,
Secure from Taint, or cank'ring Ruſt,
The Breath of Envy, or of Luſt.

When Tempeſts toſs the raging Floods,
I make no lamentable Pray'rs,
Nor ſtrike a Bargain with the Gods
For future Vows, and preſent Tears,

To ſave my Wealth from adding more
To th' all-devouring Ocean's Store.

Amidſt the Storms I'll ſafely ride,
Supported by a ſteddy Mind;
My Bark ſhall ſtem the ſetting Tide,
And bear againſt each adverſe Wind:
My Virtue ſhall make all ſerene,
Diſperſe the Storms, and calm the Main.

N° 67. *Saturday, July 9,* 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

——*Si non*
Intendes animum ſtudiis, & rebus honeſtis. HOR.

SIR,

IT is one of the moſt difficult things in the World for the generality of People to be idle and innocent at the ſame time. They have no notion of any Pleaſures but ſuch as are quick and violent; and conſequently are incapable of enjoying themſelves, unleſs either in the full range of Pleaſure, or in the eager purſuit of the Means for procuring it.

THIS Obſervation ſerves to make good that ſeeming Paradox, which ſome ingenious Gentlemen have frequently aſſerted, That it

requires much greater Talents and Abilities to fill up a retired and contemplative Life, than to make a Figure in a Scene of Action and Buſineſs. For the Mind in the one Caſe has nothing to ſupport it but its own natural Strength and good Diſpoſition; and in the other is very frequently carried on, like a Man in a Croud, by the Motions of others, without contributing any great Force or Endeavours of its own.

How many People do we ſee every day undone, and become a Burden to themſelves, and all about them, merely for want of ſomething to do? If the Effects of this were confined to that formal Set of *Humdrums* who ſaunter from Morning to Night in a *Coffee-Houſe*, and have no other Materials for thinking but what ariſes from a *Gazette*, or a pair of *Tables*, there would be the leſs reaſon to complain; ſince when Men have no Inclinations to be virtuous, the beſt thing they can do is to become inſignificant. But alas! far the greater part of idle People we meet with, have too much Vivacity to keep within the Bounds of an inoffenſive Indolence. They love Action; but either not knowing, or not deſiring to employ themſelves rightly, grow miſchievous out of pure Neceſſity. In private they are luxurious and uneaſy, and in publick, inſolent and capricious. Take from them the Opportunities of doing Miſchief, and Life becomes inſipid and odious to them. Nor is there any Evil they apprehend ſo great, as

being ſtopt in the Career of their Extravagances.

IF we enquire into the Cauſe of this Grievance, we ſhall find it principally owing to a wrong and prepoſterous Method of Education. One of the firſt things inſtilled into the tender Minds of Infants is a Spirit of Pride, and immoderate Self-love. They are early taught to contemn their Inferiors, and to treat all under them with a perverſe Haughtineſs and Scorn. Their little Hearts are made to ſwell and flutter at the Homage and Deference paid them. Young Maſter is made a Coxcomb, and little Miſs a Coquette, before either of them can ſpeak. A fond Mother takes great pains to ſettle their Affections on *Finery* and *Gewgaws*, and make them imagine that ſort of Trumpery among the real Goods and Bleſſings of Life. And hence it comes to paſs, that their Deſires centring in pleaſing and adorning themſelves, the benevolent and kind Affections by degrees wear out of their Breaſts, and they become deprived of that great Source of true Pleaſure, which ariſes from participating in the Good of others. Their Imagination too takes a wrong turn; and having been long employed about mean and little Objects, which very ſoon languiſh in the Fancy, cannot raiſe itſelf to any thing truly great or beautiful: by which means the Mind becomes unquiet and reſtleſs, and can ſatisfy itſelf no otherwiſe than by rambling thro' thoſe tumultuous Pleaſures, which are

but

but too ready to be met with by People who have no other Buſineſs than to ſeek for them.

THE great Decay both of publick and private Virtue, which has been ſo much complained of among our Youth of Diſtinction and Fortune, has, I am confident, been in a great meaſure owing to this ſingle Cauſe. Thoſe about them make it more their Buſineſs to flatter them with the vain thoughts that they already have all that is neceſſary to render them happy, than to guide them in the Paths wherein true Happineſs is to be found. There is little or no care taken to form their Imagination, or give them a reliſh for ſober and rational Pleaſure. Young Gentlemen are made to know, that Learning is not to be their Livelihood; and from thence draw this pretty concluſion, That it is below their Birth and Fortune to trouble themſelves with it. Hereby they are rendered incapable of having any generous Views of human Life; and having much ſpare Time lying on their hands, and many Temptations and Opportunities of miſemploying it, they are in a manner forced to break out into a thouſand Exceſſes, merely to divert what hangs ſo heavy upon them, and turn away their thoughts from themſelves and their own Actions: A Subject they muſt think on, whenever they have leiſure to think at all, in regard they are acquainted with no other; and which yet they cannot think on with any

degree of Satisfaction, becauſe they can ſee nothing amiable or praiſe-worthy in it. In ſhort, they bury themſelves in Vice and Folly, as Moles do in the Earth, only to avoid a Reflection which muſt always create in them pain and uneaſineſs.

SINCE then it is ſo extremely hard to be idle and innocent at once, to be diſengaged from the Fatigue and Hurry of Buſineſs, and at the ſame time preſerve ourſelves from running into violent and immoderate Pleaſures; and ſince it is impoſſible we can be always on the ſtretch, and that we neceſſarily require ſome Intervals of Relaxation, and Amuſement; it is the duty of every Man to look out for ſome way of filling up the vacant hours of Life with Entertainments, wherein the Mind may participate more than the Body. The Author of Nature has very liberally provided for our Pleaſure in this reſpect; and we need only give attention to the Objects he has ſurrounded us with, to receive the fineſt and nobleſt Gratifications we are capable of. An Imagination thus formed will find its Delights perpetually growing upon it, and reckon thoſe Hours among the joyfulleſt and pleaſanteſt Seaſons of Life, which to others are either accompanied with Satiety and Liſtleſſneſs, or employed in laying Scenes of Guilt and Folly.

EMPLOYMENTS of this kind will open a much larger Field of Pleaſure than any the Senſes can afford. For all the Pleaſures of Senſe

Senſe are ſhort and fugitive; grow fainter with Age, and duller by Repetition; cannot be revived but after ſome Intervals; and muſt wait the returns of Appetite, which are not always at any Man's call, and ſeldomeſt at theirs who indulge them moſt. But the Pleaſures of Imagination are free from all thoſe Inconveniences; and are both of larger extent, and longer duration. They comprehend not only all that is beautiful and magnificent in Nature, but all that is elegant and curious in Art. Nor are they even confined to Objects which have a real Exiſtence, but can be raiſed from intellectual Images, and Beings of the Mind's own creation. The Material, and the Moral World, are equally the Scenes of theſe refined Pleaſures; and the Mind receives the like amiable Ideas of Beauty, Order and Harmony, from the Structure and Contrivance of both.

As to Duration, the Advantage theſe Pleaſures have beyond the others is very obvious, upon the ſmalleſt reflection. As they do not ſo immediately depend on the Texture of the Body, and the Conſtitution of animal Fluids, of conſequence they are not ſubject to ſuch frequent Languors, or ſo ſpeedy a Decay. The immenſe Variety too of the Objects which excite them, muſt neceſſarily occaſion their longer continuance. Accordingly we find, that ſuch Perſons as have once got a taſte of them, have uſually gone on without wearineſs to their Lives end in the purſuit of them;

them; and there have been many Instances given wherein they have continued to animate a Philosophical or Poetical Enthusiasm to extreme old Age: whereas, I believe, there can scarce be found one Example of the most lively and vigorous Rake that ever knock'd down Watchmen, or broke Windows, beyond fifty. Generally at that time, if they do not commence Converts to Reason and good Sense, they degenerate either into heavy dull Sots, or queer splenetick old Fellows, who can endure no body, nor no body endure them.

A WELL-TURN'D Imagination being of such importance in Life, it is useful to enquire into the properest Employments for making it so. I believe, the most part of my Readers will outrun me in this Point, and presently fix upon the pursuit of useful or elegant Studies, as the best Method either to form a Taste, or employ our leisure Moments with Satisfaction to ourselves, and without Injury to others. A Man who can retire from the World, to seek entertainment in his Closet, has a thousand Advantages which other People have no Idea of. He is Master of his own Company, and his own Pleasures; and can command either the one or the other, according to his present Circumstances, or Temper. All Nature is ready for his View, and all Ages of Mankind to appear at his Call. He can transport himself to the most distant Regions, and enjoy the best and politest

Company

Company that ever the World afforded. Things alſo appear to him in a different light from what they do to the unthinking part of the Species. He ſees more of their Beauties, and is every day diſcovering ſomething new to love, or to admire in them. Inanimate things have Reaſon and Diſcourſe in his Contemplation of them. A beautiful Landskip, a fine Picture, or a Statue, give him ſomething equivalent to the Pleaſure of Converſation. In a word, he acquires a kind of Property in every thing he ſees in the material Univerſe, and an Intereſt in every thing which has, or poſſibly can happen in the intellectual; and by that means participates in all the Bounties of Nature, and in all the proſperous Events of Mankind.

HERE, I am ſenſible, it will be objected, that the Difficulty ſtill recurs, and that a Taſte is previouſly requiſite to make Men employ themſelves in this kind of Studies, which are ſaid to be the Means for their acquiring a true Taſte. This is what indeed I cannot deny. Yet it does not in the leaſt invalidate any thing I have ſaid. For all Men have that Taſte originally, and ſuch a Senſe of Things as would naturally put them on the Purſuits I have mentioned, were it not in a great meaſure ſuppreſſed by inſpiring them early with Principles of Vanity and Selfiſhneſs, which render them inat-

inattentive to every thing without them, and make them confine all their Enjoyments within themſelves; which being a Violence done to Nature, muſt of neceſſity produce very violent and irregular Effects. Let our Affections have but their natural play, and it will not be ſo hard as is commonly imagined to direct them to thoſe good Purpoſes for which our kind Creator implanted them.

LET People therefore who have any Influence over others, be at the pains to awaken this Senſe in them, and chalk out to them ſuch Methods of employing their time as will furniſh Occaſions of gratifying it. They who are incapable of ſeverer Studies, may yet have Amuſements given them, which, if they do no more, may preſerve them from doing of Miſchief. The very reading of Romances, however dangerous to People of ſmall Fortunes, may have its uſe among the Rich and the Idle, both in ſoftning their Minds, and keeping them out of much worſe Occupations. At leaſt, I think, it will be granted me, that it were much better the *Beau Monde* were ridiculous in the romantick Notions of Love and Gallantry, which that kind of Learning produces, than in the modern Refinements of Debauchery, which they get without any Learning at all; that they exerted their Valour much oftner upon viſio-

visionary *Giants*, than living and mortal *Chairmen*; that they fell in love with more *Utopian* Queens, and ruined fewer *Hibernian* Spinsters; that they thought oftner of *Necromancers* and *Enchantments*, than *Cards* and *Dice*; and that they employed more time in the fantastick Business of *Castle-Building*, than reducing the *Mansion* and *Hall-Houses* of their Ancestors to the same etherial Existence.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

HIBERNICUS.

N° 68. *Saturday, July* 16, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas. HOR.

SIR,

FACTIONS and Parties in a State, or any other Society, are no doubt very pernicious, both in regard to the publick and the private Peace of all its Members in the ordinary Occurrences of Life; and therefore every wise and good Man will con-

contribute all in his power either to prevent thoſe Diſtempers from breaking out, or to heal and remove them where they have already appeared.

No greater Misfortune can poſſibly befal any People, than to be torn and rent in pieces by the Intrigues of deſigning and ſelf-ſeeking Men, or diſtracted with different Views of the fitteſt Means for promoting the publick Good, and compaſſing thoſe common Ends which Men propoſe by uniting together in Society. This Diſeaſe in a Body politick, like the Diſeaſe of the Spleen in the natural, is indeed frequently the effect of high Health, and a generous Conſtitution; but then it fruſtrates thoſe Advantages, and makes them that they neither are felt, nor can be improved. When Men feel no Eaſe, be their Bodies ever ſo ſound or vigorous in appearance, it is the ſame thing as if they were really ſick; and a State, however happy in the Frame of its Laws and Government, or great and powerful in reſpect of Territory, Inhabitants, or Riches, will ſtill be in a weak and languiſhing Condition, while it is blown up with inteſtine Commotions, and agitated with perpetual Paroxyſms and Convulſions within. The ſtrongeſt Conſtitution will at laſt be brought under by this means, and a general decay and lowneſs of Spirits ſucceed the unnatural Ferment. All the Parts will become enfeebled, and forget to perform their proper Functions.

Functions. *Imaginary Fears* too will ariſe, capable of producing equal Miſchief with real Maladies. At leaſt they will give continual occaſion for *Political Quacks* to be trying Experiments, which, like thoſe in Phyſick, are often the moſt dangerous Symptoms of the Diſeaſe.

HE muſt therefore have very little publick Spirit, or even Humanity, who wilfully either kindles or foments ſuch cruel Diſorders in his Country; or who from wantonneſs of Heart, or any views of Intereſt, can look on them with unconcern. He muſt be a ſtrange Fellow who can take delight in the Contentions of private Men; but to ſtretch that Delight to the Confuſions of our Country, carries with it the moſt frightful and ſhocking Idea that can poſſibly be imagined. It reſembles at leaſt, if it does not exceed, the barbarous Pleaſure which *Nero* took in ſeeing the Capital of his Empire in Flames, and *Imperially Fiddling* over the Conflagration.

BUT however inconſiſtent with Goodneſs and Virtue it is to take a pleaſure in the Diviſions of one's Country, or to be active in the promoting of them, we ought not to extend this ſo far as ſome do, who upon ſuch Occaſions give themſelves Airs of being intirely diſintereſted, and diſclaim all Attachment to any of the contending Parties in a State. Such Declarations are always ſuſpicious, and render the Men who make them

them, if they are Perſons of Conſideration and Importance, obnoxious on all hands to the Cenſure of being either lazy and indolent, or elſe artful and deſigning. It may therefore be of ſome uſe to enquire, how far an honeſt and wiſe Man in a time of publick Diſſenſions ought to embark in them, and take part in the Debates relating to them, ſo as to diſcover his Opinions and Inclinations for one Party or Principle more than another.

ALL violent Meaſures, and Acrimony either of Speech or Behaviour, are already out of the queſtion. The ſame Reaſon which makes it criminal to raiſe, or to cheriſh *Sedition* in a State, makes theſe ſo too, ſince they are the moſt effectual Means for widening a Breach, and perpetuating the publick Diſorders. Nor, on the other hand, is there any Reaſon that will juſtify an abſolute Indifference on ſuch Conjunctures, in particular Perſons, amidſt the Troubles and Confuſions of their Country.

IN all Contentions of Parties in a Nation it is evident, that tho both Sides may be blameable in ſome parts of their Conduct, and guilty of carrying things to unwarrantable Exceſſes; yet as to the main Points in diſpute the Right can be upon one ſide only, and every Man who thinks at all, will and muſt determine for himſelf on which of them it is, and be ſwayed, either by Inclination or the Views he has of things, to wiſh well

to

to that Side which he thinks to be in the right. The Queſtion then is, whether it be moſt agreeable to Honeſty and Virtue, for a Man publickly to declare for the Intereſt he apprehends to have Reaſon and Juſtice on its ſide, and act fairly and openly in the ſupport of it; or to conceal his Sentiments, and carry it fair with both Parties, in order to ſave his Power and Influence for ſome lucky Occaſion of doing greater Good: for if it be done purely upon Motives of private Intereſt, no body doubts its being highly diſhoneſt and immoral.

THO many wiſe and good Men have entertained a different Opinion, I cannot help thinking the latter way of proceeding extremely dangerous at leaſt, if not contrary to Honeſty and good Faith. The good Ends propoſed by it are commonly remote and uncertain, and the Ill of it, be that more or leſs, immediate to a Man's ſelf, and probably may affect the whole Society. There is a Pain at firſt to every virtuous Mind in diſguiſing itſelf, and appearing to others what it really is not. Actions done in ſuch a Diſguiſe are always accompanied with Uneaſineſs and Conſtraint. And the Fear of being diſcovered in our falſe Appearances, will be a perpetual Spring of Anxiety and Diſquietude. To which if we add the Diſtruſt and Jealouſy which muſt naturally ariſe in us, that others are playing the ſame *artful Game* with ourſelves, there can ſcarce

be imagined a more uncomfortable Situation than that of a Man acting under a Covert, and perſuading others into the belief of things contrary to his real Thoughts and Sentiments.

BUT if Men have got the maſtery of themſelves in this Point, and by *huckneying in the Ways of Men*, as *Shakeſpear* expreſſes it, have rendred themſelves callous, and inſenſible of the Pain of ſeeming what they are not; if they are grown dextrous at ſhifting of Scenes, and changing of Shapes, and can enjoy themſelves with Tranquillity in a Courſe of inſincere Management, and artful Compliances: If, I ſay, they can run theſe Lengths, they are in great hazard of going farther, and leaving their Virtue altogether behind them. If once People get into the Notion, that the publick Good is to be promoted by any means, and that nothing is unlawful which directly does ſo, they will be very apt to make Inferences in their own favour, and extend the Maxim to private Intereſt, which has a much ſtronger Draught with the generality of Mankind than any other Biaſs. And if this comes to be the caſe with Men generally eſteemed for their Wiſdom and Goodneſs, the ill Effects it muſt have on the Bulk of Mankind in rendring them treacherous and crafty in their Dealings, are but too obvious to need being pointed at.

BESIDES,

BESIDES, it is much to be queſtioned, whether a reſerved and oraculous Behaviour, and *Trimming* betwixt Parties in a divided State, be proper Means for gaining thoſe Ends, either publick or private, which Men generally propoſe by the uſe of them. For a Man to become eminently uſeful to the Publick, it is for the moſt part neceſſary to be popular; and to carry on a private Intereſt ſucceſsfully, there is no leſs need of great and powerful Friendſhips; and no Man can arrive at either without much Openneſs and Candor on the one hand, and great Intimacy and Confidence on the other, or at leaſt the Appearance of them. But if there be no more than Appearance in it, there is great danger of having the falſe Pretence diſcovered; and then the politick Gentleman becomes contemptible, and no longer in a capacity either of performing *glorious Enterprizes* for the Publick, or of making a conſiderable Intereſt for himſelf.

A MAN had need have great confidence in his own Abilities, nay be very ſure that he is cunninger than all he converſes with, before he takes upon him to guide them by his Cunning. For if there are others as cunning as himſelf, he may be foil'd with his own Weapons. And indeed this is what frequently happens; for none are more apt to be deceived themſelves than they who are continually endeavouring to delude others. I have known ſome People, who

had play'd all their Tricks ſo often over, that every body laughed at the repetition of them, and read all their Actions and Profeſſions backward as regularly and with as much eaſe, as, according to the vulgar Tradition, Witches are ſaid to do their Prayers. All theſe dark Counſels, and myſterious Ways of converſing with Mankind are only extempore Devices, which, like the *Back-Game* at *Tables*, will ſerve for a turn, till an Antagoniſt has learned them, and then they always become either uſeleſs or dangerous.

THESE Conſiderations ſerve to ſhew the Folly and ill Effects of a reſery'd, or a double Behaviour in the Intereſts and Debates of our Country, or Mankind. I will add farther, that both Friends and Enemies expect every Man to deal frankly and openly in ſuch Matters, and look upon him either as a mean-ſpirited Coward, or a falſe deſigning Hypocrite, who does otherwiſe. And ſure there can be no ſtronger Proof of any thing being our Duty, than that all Mankind concur in thinking it ſo. If we are engaged in a good Cauſe, and I fanſy no Man willingly eſpouſes what he thinks a bad one, what ſhould make us either aſhamed, or afraid of owning our Affection to it? Do we admire the rigid Virtue, and bluff Sincerity of the antient *Romans*, and yet not endeavour to imitate it? Or ſhall we extol the inflexible Integrity ſo remarkable in former Ages, and yet make Suppleneſs and Compliance the only

Teſt

Teſt of a wiſe and good Man in our own? This were to bely our Convictions in the groſſeſt and moſt criminal manner, and to make our whole Lives one continued Contradiction to our natural Sentiments.

IN ſhort, Veracity and Plain-dealing are amiable Qualities; Qualities we always expect in a Friend, and the want of which never fails to render an Enemy more odious. Without breaking in upon them, and uſing Diſſimulation in our whole Conduct, it is impoſſible for a Man who converſes at all in the World, to conceal his Sentiments about any Matter of Importance which happens to be agitated in it. And therefore none ſhould aim at a Qualification which cannot be attained without impairing their Virtue.

WHAT led me into this Train of Reflection, was an Obſervation I have frequently made on the backwardneſs of many Friends of our preſent legal and happy Conſtitution, to maintain the juſt and honourable Principles on which it is founded; either thro' a falſe Modeſty of not diſturbing Company, or a falſe Policy of gaining its Enemies by other Methods than Reaſon and Conviction. As the Principles of Liberty on which we are now happily eſtabliſhed, are the moſt manly and generous in the World, it is in the higheſt degree unmanly and ungenerous to neglect propagating them, or to decline their Defence when they are attacked; both which

are but too frequently done. This is Ingratitude to our Anceſtors, who left us the inеſtimable Privileges we enjoy; and Injuſtice to Poſterity, to whom we ought to tranſmit them. The Security of our Lives and Properties, the Power of commanding our own Buſineſs and Diverſions, and the Preſervation of the fundamental Right of Mankind freely to examine and debate upon all Matters either in Philoſophy or Religion, are the noble and bleſſed Effects of the Settlement we are under; and whoever is either afraid or aſhamed to appear in their behalf, richly deſerves to be deprived of them: and on the other hand, ſuch as dare not open their mouths againſt Tyranny and Bigotry, Perſecution and Prieſtcraft, no leſs juſtly merit to get a Trial of them.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

N° 69. *Saturday, July* 23, 1726.

To HIBERNICUS.

Γυναικὸς οὐδὲν χρῆμ' ἀνὴρ λαίζεται
Ἐσθλῆς ἄμεινον, οὐδὲ ῥίγιον κακῆς. SIMONIDES.

Of all things good or bad in human Life,
Nought is held worſe, nought better than a Wife.

SIR,

AS I am one of your conſtant Readers, I cannot but wonder that in a Paper intended for the Service of the Publick, you have not taken the leaſt notice of ſo agreeable, and I may ſay, ſo conſiderable a Part of the World, as that of the Fair Sex: which, like the richeſt Soil, the more it is ſubject to Weeds, the better it deſerves our moſt aſſiduous Culture.

THE Follies of the Fair ones, as Mr. *Addiſon* obſerves, are chiefly owing to the little pains taken by us in finding out proper Employments for them. Their Amuſements ſeem contrived for them, rather as they are Women, than as they are reaſonable Creatures; and are more adapted to the Sex than to the

Species. Their Toilet is their great Scene of Buſineſs; and the well adjuſting of their Hair, is reckoned a very good Morning's work: and if they make an Excurſion to a *Mercer's* or a *Toy-ſhop*, ſo great a Fatigue renders them unfit for any thing elſe the Day after.

THE Effect of this trifling Education, of which we ourſelves are the Cauſe, as it proves the Ruin of their Sex, ſo it proves, if not the Ruin, at leaſt the Plague of ours. It grieves me to think that one half of Humanity ſhould be entirely incapacitated for the Buſineſs of the World, which notwithſtanding never was and never will be managed without them.

FOR my part I freely own, I am not for a Wife after the Taſte of *Francis* Duke of *Britany*; who, upon a Treaty of Marriage between him and the Princeſs *Iſabella*, Daughter to the King of *Scotland*, being told, that ſhe was very homely bred, and without any manner of Learning, made anſwer, That he liked her the better for it, accounting it Learning ſufficient for a Woman to know how to diſtinguiſh between her Husband's Shirt and his Doublet. For on the contrary we find, that ſuch of their Sex, as breaking thro' the Prejudices of Education, apply themſelves to the improving their Studies, diſcover a Genius even in the nobleſt Productions of the Mind, no way inferior to thoſe of Men. I need not travel far for an Inſtance in the moſt delightful way, I mean in Poetry; where in ſpite of all the Diſadvantages they lie under, the

the Ladies ſhine with a certain Superiority of Lively and Expreſſive, peculiarly natural to them. *Lucan*, of all the antient Poets, is moſt admired for livelineſs of Expreſſion. His Turn upon the Invention of Letters, is a beautiful Example.

Phœnices primi, famæ ſi creditur, uſi
Manſuram rudibus vocem ſignare figuris.

WHICH without Paraphraſe, for the uſe of the mere *Engliſh* Reader, may be thus literally tranſlated.

This Art Phenicians (*if we credit Fame*)
Of painting fetter'd Sounds in antique Figures claim.

BREBÆUF, the *French* Tranſlator of this Author, obſerving the Beauty of this Paſſage, has taken larger Compaſs.

C'eſt de luy que nous vient cet art ingenieux
De peindre la parole & de parler aux yeux;
Et par les traites divers des figures tracees
Donner de la coûleur & du corps au penſees.

OUR *Engliſh* Tranſlator *Rowe* has followed his Example.

Phenicians *firſt, if antient Fame be true,*
The ſacred Myſtery of Letters knew;
They firſt by Sound, in various Lines deſign'd,
Expreſs'd the Meaning of the thinking Mind;
The power of Words by Figures rude convey'd,
And uſeful Science everlaſting made.

AND

AND lately Mrs. *Monk*, ſo well known by her Poetical Name, *Marinda.*

The noble Art from Cadmus *took its Riſe*
Of painting Words, and ſpeaking to the Eyes.
He firſt in wond'rous magick Fetters bound
The airy Voice, and ſtopt the flying Sound:
The various Figures by his Pencil wrought,
Gave Colour and a Body to the Thought.

WELL may the *Engliſh* and *French* Tranſlators yield to a Lady, who has excell'd, we may ſafely ſay, even *Lucan* himſelf.

IT is incredible to believe the Force of Education over our very Natures. We know not the Extent of a Female Genius, becauſe we put it not to the Trial.

Great Julius, *on the Mountains bred,*
A Flock perhaps, or Herd had led:
He, that the World ſubdu'd, had been
But the beſt Wreſtler on the Green.
'Tis Art and Knowledge which draw forth
The hidden Seeds of native Worth;
They blow thoſe Sparks, and make them riſe
Into ſuch Flames as touch the Skies.

IF then, according to *Waller*'s Rule, when we diſcover a Country Fellow who excels his Companions in theſe meaner Exerciſes, we ought to allow him the ſame Excellences, ſuppoſing he had applied himſelf to greater Matters; why ſhould we not grant the ſame Indulgence to the Ladies? Why

ſhould

ſhould we not imagine that Fancy capable of the *Paſtoral*, which diſtinguiſhes itſelf ſo elegantly in a Piece of *Cut-Paper*? Or even the *Epique*, that ſhews itſelf ſo variouſly in a *Needle-Production*?

OUR Treatment of the Fair, if we reflect, is barbarouſly ungenerous. We take all poſſible care to breed them up to Folly, and then upbraid them for it. We have hardly a great Poet among the *Engliſh* who has not diſtinguiſhed himſelf by ſaying ſomething remarkably bitter againſt poor Woman. I have made a little Collection of theſe Invectives: Tho I muſt pre-obſerve, that in a Diſpute, where Men are both Parties and Judges, it is no wonder if Women have not Juſtice done them. That, therefore, my fair Readers may be ſufficiently armed againſt this outrageous Proceeding, I leave them the Application of this Fable of *Arrianus*, as I find it tranſlated by Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange*.

'There was a Controverſy ſtarted between 'a Lion and a Man, which was the braver and 'ſtronger of the two. Why look you (ſays 'the Man after a long diſpute) we'll appeal 'to that Statue there; and ſo he ſhew'd him 'the Figure of a Man cut in Stone with a 'Lion under his feet. Well, ſays the Lion, 'if we had been brought up to Sculpture as 'you are, where you have one Lion under 'the Feet of a Man, you ſhould have twenty 'Men under the Paws of a Lion.'

I ſhall

I shall begin with the Invective of *Milton* in his *Paradise Lost.*

Out of my sight, thou Serpent, that Name best
Befits thee, with him leagu'd, thy self as false
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy Shape,
Like his, and Colour Serpentine, may show
Thy inward Fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee.—

Again,

——————Thy All is but a Show,
Rather than solid Virtue; all but a Rib,
Crooked by Nature, bent, as now appears,
More to the Part sinister from me drawn;
Well if thrown out, as Supernumerary,
To my just Number found. Oh! why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heav'n
With Spirits masculine, create this last,
This Novelty on Earth, this fair Defect
Of Nature, and not fill the World at once
With Men as Angels without Feminine,
Or find some other Way to generate
Mankind?

The next is of *Waller.*

Women are govern'd by a stubborn Fate;
Their Love's insuperable as their Hate:
No Merit their Aversion can remove,
No ill Requital can efface their Love.

If such a tender Poet as *Waller* could be so severe, what must we expect from the Rants of *Lee!*

——————By Heav'n 'twas ever thus
Where Women had to do. Therefore behold her

As

As a Gangreen to the State, and cut her off;
The Bane of Empire! and the Rot of Power!
Yet there I'll ſtay and fix my Imagination
On all their Miſchiefs, Murders, Maſſacres,
And Seas of Blood they've ſpilt in former Ages.
Woman no more, and when my Heart is goring,
Sound but the Name, the powerful Spell ſhall bind
Beyond Circean *or* Ægyptian *Charms:*
'Twill raiſe the loweſt Devils up in Swarms,
Unhinge the Globe, and put the World in Arms.
Woman, that dooms us all to one ſure Grave,
And faſter damns than Providence can ſave.

Conſtantine.

IF *Dryden* comes ſhort of *Lee* in his *Spaniſh* Fryer,

(Oh Virtue! Virtue! what art thou become,
That Men ſhould leave thee for that Toy, a Woman!
Made from the Droſs and Refuſe of a Man:
Heav'n took him ſleeping, when he made her too;
Had Man been waking, he had ne'er conſented.)

THIS of his *All for Love*, makes ample Reparation.

Oh! Woman, Woman, Woman! All the Gods
Have not ſuch Pow'r in doing Good to Man,
As you of doing Harm.

OTWAY and *Rowe* are in a kind of Rivalſhip of Satire upon this Occaſion. If this Invective of *Rowe* in his *Tamerlane*,

(Their Affectation, Pride, Ill-nature, Noiſe,
Proneneſs to change ev'n from the Toy that pleas'd them,
So gracious is their Idol, dear Variety,

That

That for another's Love they would forgo
An Angel's Form, and mingle with the Devil's.)

Yield not to that of *Otway* in his *Don Carlos*,

(Thou'rt Woman, a true Copy of the first,
In whom the Race of all Mankind was curst:
Your Sex by Beauty was to Heav'n ally'd,
But your great Lord the Devil taught you Pride:
He too an Angel, till he durst rebel,
And you are sure the Stars that with him fell:)

Neither does that of *Rowe* in his *Fair Penitent*,

(For they are false, luxurious in their Appetites,
And all the Heaven they hope for is Variety.
One Lover to another still succeeds;
Another, and another after that;
And the last Fool is welcome as the former;
Till having lov'd his Hour out, he gives place,
And mingles with the Herd that went before him.——
WITH such smooth Looks, and many a gentle Word,
The first fair she beguil'd her easy Lord:
Too blind with Love and Beauty to beware,
He fell unthinking in the fatal Snare;
Nor cou'd believe that such a Heav'nly Face
Had bargain'd with the Devil, to damn her wretched Race:)

Yield to this of *Otway* in his *Orphan*:

I'd leave the World for him that hates a Woman!
Woman, the Fountain of all human Frailty!
What mighty Ills have not been done by Woman?
Who was't betray'd the Capitol? A Woman.
Who lost Mark Anthony *the World? A Woman.*
Who was the Cause of a long Ten Year's War,

And laid at last old Troy *in Ashes? Woman;*
Destructive, damnable, deceitful Woman.
Woman to Man first as a Blessing giv'n,
When Innocence and Love were in their Prime,
Happy a-while in Paradise they lay,
But quickly Woman long'd to go astray;
Some foolish new Adventure needs must prove,
And the first Devil she saw, she chang'd her Love;
To his Temptations lewdly she inclin'd
Her Soul; and for an Apple damn'd Mankind.

MOST of these heavy Accusations you will find revers'd in the following Poem, written in defence of the fair Sex, a considerable time since; tho never before, for what I could find, committed to Print.

Man was a happy Favourite above,
When Heav'n endow'd him with the Pow'r to love:
His God ne'er thought him in a perfect State,
Till Woman made his Paradise compleat.
'Tis true, her Weakness cost him something dear;
Yet in his Fall more Weakness did appear.
For Eve *Excuses numberless abound;*
Not one for silly Adam *can be found.*
She, helpless, yielded to the stronger Pow'r,
The subtlest Serpent Hell had then in store:
He, tho he saw at stake eternal Life,
Was Fool enough to yield unto his Wife.
Nor do his Sons from his Example stray;
The Women promise, but the Men obey.
By them the World has ever since been led,
And cully'd Men content with Name of Head.
Our Wits by our Employments may appear;
Our Days of Labour, and our Nights of Care;
Fatigues of War, and Drudgeries of State,
Wisely endur'd to make our Women great!

All

All that is good in Life, for Life they chuſe;
We glean up all the Bad which they refuſe.
Suppoſe them in their Taſte not over-nice;
Say, is not want of Taſte our common Vice?
Suppoſe, in Women you no Faith can find;
Say, are not Men leſs faithful than the Wind?
No wonder that their Frailties go aſtray,
If ev'n our Wiſdoms lead them from their Way!
On our own Conduct chiefly hangs our Fate;
Neglect them, and our Title's in debate.
Not Heat, but Provocation fires their Blood:
Good were all Men, all Women wou'd be good
By Nature virtuous, virtuous as they're fair,
We make them vicious, vicious when they are.
Laws unobſerv'd by us, ſhall they obſerve?
At worſt they ſerve us, but as them we ſerve.
Could Man but once reſolve to ſin no more,
Woman wou'd ſoon loſt Innocence reſtore.
Woman! moſt happy Pledge of Heaven's Good-will!
Woman! moſt perfect Product of its Skill!
Woman! that all our pleaſant Hours employs!
Woman! the Centre of all earthly Joys!
AND yet could I be all ſhe is or can,
I would not ceaſe to be that Creature Man.
Man as I am, ſo Man I ſtill wou'd reſt;
I wou'd be Man, to be by Woman bleſt.

N° 70. *Saturday, July* 30, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Falſus honor juvat, & mendax infamia terret. HOR.

SIR,

OTHERS *faſhion Men,* ſays *Montaigne, I repreſent them.* There is certainly no Error more common among Writers on Morality than this which *Montaigne* takes notice of, and which, notwithſtanding all his boaſting, he was not altogether free from himſelf. It is laid down as a Rule, that the beſt way to judge of other Men is to look into our own Boſoms, and draw from thence the Picture of the whole Species. Hence it comes to paſs, that the moſt part of Diſcourſes on Mankind are either wholly Satire, or Panegyric. The vitious and the openly abandoned imagine the reſt of the World as bad as themſelves, only that they conceal their Vices with greater Caution, or thro' Fear are more temperate in the gratification of them. Selfiſh and deſigning Perſons think Intereſt the ſole Motive to Action in all Men, and all Appearances of Generoſity and Good-will to be mere Artifice and

Hypocriſy. And on the other hand, Men of good Intentions, who love Honeſty and Integrity, and abhor all under-hand and treacherous Dealings, are apt to believe, that the ſame good and noble Diſpoſition runs thro' the whole Species, with a very few exceptions to ſome irregular Minds, which ſeem to have fallen away from Humanity, and given a wrong Direction to the firſt and genuine Motions of Nature.

WITHOUT taking upon me to determine wherein lies the Exceſs of any or of all theſe different Opinions concerning Mankind, I think I may freely aſſert, that if we take the World as we find it, it will be pretty difficult to make any one of them ſo univerſal, as to ſolve by it all the Appearances to be met with in the progreſs of Life. The laſt of them, as it is certainly the nobleſt and moſt amiable Conception of human Nature, ſo it bids faireſt for being the true one, where Men have not been very early debauched either by ill Education, or ill Example. And tho it ſhould really prove a miſtaken Notion, yet would there be an advantage to Mankind in believing it; ſince nothing can have more influence to make Men act honeſtly and virtuouſly themſelves, than a perfect confidence in the Honeſty and Virtue of thoſe they have any dealings with; as, on the contrary, that Man's Virtue will be much ſuſpected, who has entertained ſtrong ſuſpicions either of particular Perſons, or of hu-

man Nature in general. This hinders not however, but that we may conſiſtently enough lay open any prevailing Humour or Practice in Mankind, which either really or ſeemingly contradicts the Principles by which Men are uſually determined to Action.

ONE of the moſt notorious Inſtances hereof, is that old Obſervation, That the greateſt part of Men had rather be reckoned *Knaves* than *Fools*; and are leſs troubled at having their *Virtue* called in queſtion, than their *Underſtanding*. And as this is evidently preferring Abilities to that which only can render them valuable, Men are very ready to infer from it the weakneſs of human Virtue in general. It may therefore be neither a diſagreeable nor unprofitable Speculation, to inquire how far the Obſervation is true, and what Effects ſuch a Temper may produce in the Conduct of Life.

IT muſt be owned, that the Behaviour of a great many Men juſtifies but too much the ill-natur'd Cenſure of Mankind's affecting rather a ſplendid than an honeſt Reputation, and chuſing a Good which terminates in a Man's ſelf, before one which extends its Influence to others. We meet with Perſons every day, who are much more aſhamed to be found out in an ill-concerted Deſign, or a Blunder in Converſation, than to be detected in a Series of cunning and indirect, but ſucceſsful Management: Nay, they will go farther, and after having carried their point,

make their boasts of the several Artifices and Stratagems they made use of for their purpose, not omitting their Dexterity in deceiving, and imposing upon the Weakness of other People, and by that means playing them one against another. All your *Whifflers*, and *low Politicians*, make a great merit of their Skill in this kind of Game. They have not strength of Genius enough to go thro' a Business in the common and direct Road; and so are compelled to strike into By-paths and blind Alleys of their own, disguising all they do under the mask of prudent Conduct and profound Policy; which, by an Error very natural to weak Minds, they imagine to be nothing but working under ground. With such Men therefore it is no wonder that the Reputation of Wisdom and Abilities should bear a greater price than that of Honesty and plain Dealing; since Men are always most jealous about that to which they have the weakest pretensions, and often bestir themselves most vigorously in that part of their Character wherein they are conscious of the greatest Deficiency. At least, I am confident, this will not appear improbable to any one who considers, that Cowards generally make the greatest Bullies; and that no Women put on greater Airs of Distance and Modesty, than those who in private can permit the nearest and most indecent Familiarities.

BUT with regard to the Bulk of Mankind, the Obſervation, that Men had rather be reckoned *Knaves* than *Fools*, muſt be limited a good deal, before it can be received for true. If by it we mean, that Men had rather be reputed intirely void of all Virtue and Goodneſs, and wholly bent upon Wickedneſs and Miſchief, than either partially, or even totally deficient in Wiſdom and Underſtanding, I am perſuaded, there are few, if any, ſuch Monſters to be found in the human Species. For as all our Happineſs depends on our loving, and being beloved by ſome Perſons in the World, which muſt always ſuppoſe ſome degree of Virtue and Honeſty in us, either real or apprehended, it is impoſſible we ſhould ever give the preference to an Opinion concerning us, which would draw on us a general Diſeſteem, and Hatred too, before one which could only expoſe us to Diſeſteem, but at the ſame time entitled us to Compaſſion. But that Men ſhould prefer being looked upon as artful and inſincere in ſome particulars of their Management, rather than remarkably weak and inſufficient in the whole, is no doubt very common and very natural. And the Reaſon hereof is extremely obvious. A natural want of Judgment, and weakneſs of Underſtanding, can never be remedied in any length of Time, or by the moſt diligent Application to the Means of Improvement; whereas a vitious Temper, or an ill Habit, contracted

thro' the prevailing Power of Cuſtom, and Complaiſance to the common Ways of the World, may in time be removed by the exerciſe of right Reaſon, and a ſound Judgment. And certain it is, that the Senſe of any incurable Defect, and conſequently the imputation of it too, is more painful and grievous than that of ſuch as are otherwiſe. It is juſt with the Imperfections of the Mind as with thoſe of the Body; ſuch as are incapable of being ever mended, give the Owner the ſharpeſt Affliction, when taken notice of.

IT is however a weakneſs, and a misfortune, to be in any degree more fond of the Reputation of great Wiſdom, and a good Underſtanding, than of generous Minds and benevolent Affections. It is a ſign that we are more ambitious of ſwayiug Men by Authority than Good-will; and would rather gain our Point by dint of Abilities, than be indebted to the Generoſity and Kindneſs of others. When we come to prize intellectual rather than moral Qualities, it is highly probable we ſhall become more ſollicitous to exert a great Capacity, or a convenient Pliableneſs to Occaſions, than an overflowing Humanity, or an uncorrupted and tenacious Honeſty. We ſhall look too much inwards, to intereſt ourſelves as heartily as we ought in the Concerns of others; and be in danger of making our Pride and Vanity ſit uppermoſt in every Action of our Lives. For the Conceit

ceit of Wiſdom generally has that effect, while the Conſciouſneſs of Virtue always inſpires Humility and Moderation.

THERE is great danger too of our Innocence, when we deſire rather to be thought able than good Men. A Mind of this Caſt will be perpetually carrying on Schemes, purely for the ſake of ſetting to ſhow its Perfections, and be reſtleſs in every ſituation of Life. And certainly ſuch a Diſpoſition, if not intirely deſtructive, muſt at leaſt be very dangerous to Virtue. Nor is it unlikely, that in ſuch circumſtances Men will be too full of their own Views, to tie themſelves down to the eſtabliſhed Rules of Juſtice and Equity in their proceedings; and will conſult rather the Expediency than Lawfulneſs of the Means for obtaining their Ends. They will be apt to imagine the direct and honeſt Road of Management too much beaten and expoſed, to be the fitteſt for their purpoſe; and ſo endeavour to find out more ſecret and ſecure Ways of arriving at it. The greateſt part of our noted Politicians have given remarkable Inſtances of this; and tarniſhed many illuſtrious and great Actions for the Service of their Country, by the baſe and diſhonourable Arts they made uſe of in doing them. And to this day the famed School of *Loyola* makes it its chiefeſt Care to inſtil the ſame ſort of Maxims into the Minds of its Diſciples. In ſhort, when Men are got into the Opinion of Wiſdom being the moſt laudable Quality,

and at the ſame time think they are fully poſſeſſed of it, they look on themſelves as little Gods upon Earth, who can govern the World much better than it can be by any Rules which the Author of Nature has given us, and conſequently are in the faireſt diſpoſition poſſible to eſtabliſh Tyranny, either civil or eccleſiaſtical, whenever they have Power and Opportunity.

I DO not ſay, that theſe are the neceſſary Conſequences of making ſuch a wrong Eſtimate in the Value of Abilities and Goodneſs; but I am ſure, they are very common Effects of it, and ought to be frequently reflected on, to hinder us from ſwelling in our own Conceit, by ſhewing us, that we are then moſt in danger of being fooliſh, when we make the ſtrongeſt Efforts to diſplay our Wiſdom. For certainly there can be no greater Folly in the World than to obliterate our Senſe of thoſe fair and comely Ideas of Innocence and Goodneſs, which Nature has implanted in us, and are the principal Means both of our own Happineſs and Uſefulneſs to Mankind; yet this is what hardly can be avoided, when the Faculties of the Underſtanding become more the Object of our Eſteem and Admiration, than the Charms of a native and unaffected Virtue.

I am, SIR, yours, &c.

HIBERNICUS.

N° 71. *Saturday, Auguſt 6, 1726.*

To HIBERNICUS.

Quædam tempora eripiuntur nobis, quædam ſubducuntur, quædam effluunt. Turpiſſima tamen eſt jactura, quæ per negligentiam venit; & ſi volueris attendere, magna vitæ pars elabitur male agentibus, maxima nihil agentibus, tota aliud agentibus. SEN.

SIR,

IT has been obſerved, that tho Men complain of the ſhortneſs of Life, they live as if they were never to die. This is but too viſible from the many Contrivances and Devices they are daily finding out to relieve themſelves from the intolerable Burden of idle Time which lies ſo heavy upon their hands, and which they can find no other way to get rid of, than by miſ-ſpending it. But tho the Methods of miſ-ſpending it are almoſt innumerable, yet, in my opinion, there is none more pernicious and univerſal than the Practice of *Gaming*. And therefore I hope, the due Conſideration of the many Inconveniences and ill Effects attending it, will not only ſuperſede the Neceſſity of an Apology for endeavouring to expoſe it, but even excuſe

cuſe the want of ſuitable Abilities in him who does it, on account of the goodneſs of his Intention.

BEING ſenſible, that the Deſign of your Paper is the Reformation of Abuſes, it is a good while ſince I formed a Reſolution to put you in mind of this. The intervention however of other Buſineſs hindered me from doing ſo, till the other Night, ſeeing two intimate Friends quarrel at *Cards* about a Trifle, ſet me again upon it. And as I think it would be a piece of acceptable Service to your Country, if by your means any who are addicted to it could be argued out of a Cuſtom ſo incapable of producing any good Effects, and ſo generally attended with ill ones, I think you ought not to decline ſo neceſſary and important a Duty.

GAMING is ſaid to find a Man a *Bubble*, and make him a *Sharper*. And indeed the Reflection muſt in the general be allowed to be juſt. Young Men left in the poſſeſſion of conſiderable Fortunes, are firſt drawn in by *Rooks* and *Sharpers* to play high; and being unexperienced in the World, are never made ſenſible of their Folly till they are ſtript of all; and, which is worſe than the loſs of all, have perhaps acquired ſuch Habits of Idleneſs and Luxury, as can never be worn off. By this time, it may be, they are become pretty expert *Gameſters*; and being made Maſters of the *Science* which undid them, endeavour to lick themſelves whole by

it,

it, and employ it to the Ruin of others. This is the utmoſt a thorow-pac'd *Gameſter* can propoſe; and a very ſorry Advantage indeed, when rightly conſidered. For theſe Perſons, well knowing that they muſt have their run of ill Luck as well as good, take no thought but to ſquander away in extravagance what they acquired by Idleneſs, and ſo are rather the worſe than the better for their Gains. Or if any of them ſhould become ſuch dextrous Practitioners as to ſecure themſelves of general Succeſs, and at the ſame time have Wiſdom enough to hoard up their Winnings; yet as the former can never be done without palpable Injuſtice and Iniquity, the Wages of it will prove but a poor Recompenſe for the loſs of that Integrity and Innocence, the Reflection of which is one of the higheſt Enjoyments of an intelligent Being.

How pernicious to Civil Society this Practice has been looked upon by wiſe Men, is very evident from the Laws which have been made againſt it. That great Lover of Mankind, King *William*, who ſaved theſe Nations from the greateſt Evils which could fall on a free People, did not however think this below his notice. That ſame Wiſdom and Foreſight which laid the Foundation of our preſent happy Settlement, procured us alſo an *Act againſt Exceſſive Gaming*. This was then thought a very uſeful and good Law; how comes it then, that it is not put in force, or rather is totally neglected? The only

only Reaſon I can find for it is a falſe Notion, which reckons it diſhonourable to take the advantage of the Law, in refuſing to pay Debts contracted on this ſcore. But I muſt ask ſuch Men, what it is they mean by *Honourable?* Both Reaſon, and the Laws of the Land declare, That nothing which we legally poſſeſs ought to be taken from us, without a valuable Conſideration. Where then is the Diſhonour of refuſing to perform a Contract the Law declares to be unjuſt, unleſs it be honourable to do a thing both unreaſonable and unlawful? Whoever reduces himſelf or his Family to Poverty by fulfilling an Obligation of this ſort, and ſuch things frequently happen, will find very little Satisfaction, or Credit either, in being called *Honourable*, by a Raſcal who has been the Cauſe of his Ruin. I can't therefore but think it the indiſpenſible Duty of any one in ſuch unhappy Circumſtances, to take the advantage the Law allows him, provided he follows this evil Practice no longer: for unleſs he does ſo, he is ſelf-condemned, and ſo cannot in Reaſon or Equity demand the Benefit of the Law. But if he has the Virtue intirely to forſake the Practice, he may boldly perſiſt in refuſing to perform a wicked Bargain, without fearing the leaſt Cenſure from Men of real Worth and Underſtanding. And if ſuch Men approve the Action, it is of ſmall moment what others think or ſay about it.

BUT beſides the ill Effects this Cuſtom may, and frequently has upon the Fortunes and Eſtates of thoſe who have unhappily given themſelves up to it, the pernicious influence it has on their Minds, affords yet ſtronger Reaſons againſt it. I have frequently obſerv'd People at Play to cheat, lye, ſwear, and throw themſelves into Convulſions of Paſſion, little different from Madneſs, who, I believe, at another time would not have been guilty of ſuch Extravagances on any Conſideration whatſoever. During the dependence of a Game, how is the Mind kept on the Rack, and how ready to break out into a Flame upon the ſmalleſt diſappointment? And how many fatal Diſputes have ariſen upon ſuch occaſions, I need not mention; ſince I fanſy, there are few who cannot recollect Inſtances of People who have imbrued their hands in blood, in the deciſion of a Controverſy of this kind. Certain it is, that both Anger and Avarice become habitual to ſuch as make a conſtant practice of Gaming; and by this means Benevolence, the foundation of all Virtue, grows every day weaker and weaker, till by degrees the Tone of the Affections is intirely loſt, and the Mind rendered inſenſible of thoſe ſecret Motions which excite Men to the doing of virtuous and laudable Actions.

ALLOWING however that Gaming ſhould not produce the fatal Conſequences I have mention'd, and it muſt be by a piece of extraordinary

traordinary good luck if it does not; yet the loſs of Time it neceſſarily occaſions, is an unanſwerable Argument againſt it. When Men do not all the Good they can, they are certainly accountable for their Miſimprovement. And this is really the Caſe of all exceſſive Gameſters; for they both neglect the Means of Improvement, and loſe the Opportunities of doing Good. I have known ſeveral, who, tho they ſcarce knew any thing elſe, could play at all kind of Games with the greateſt eaſe and dexterity imaginable, and who, I am confident, with the ſame Application and Expence, might have render'd themſelves eminent in ſome of the moſt uſeful and honourable Profeſſions in Life. Surely ſuch Men have very ſeldom, if ever reflected at all, or been in a diſpoſition for examining themſelves on thoſe important Queſtions recommended to the Conſideration of Mankind by a * late celebrated and noble Author: *What am I? where am I? what have I to do here?* They have never inquired what Relation they ſtand in with regard to the ſeveral Beings about them, nor what are the Duties they owe them; and ſo have never done any Good, unleſs it were by accident; it being impoſſible it could be by Intention, which is ever the effect of Deliberation and Reflection.

* *Lord* Shaftesbury.

FOR

FOR this reaſon the Apology of thoſe who play only for Diverſion, as they term it, ought not to be admitted. They do not indeed commit ſuch actual Miſchief as the Gameſters for Money do; but at the ſame time they are criminal, in not doing the Good they ought to do. This kind of Gaming is uſually the Winter-Evening's Entertainment in a Family, wherein the fair Sex are principally concern'd. I remember, you remark'd in one of your Papers ſome time ago, that in the days of yore the common Title for unmarried Ladies was *Spinſters*, on account of their uſual manner of being employ'd; and you complain, that the *Tea-Table* has uſurp'd the place of their former laudable Occupations. But believe me, Sir, *Tea*, and *Scandal*, and *China*, and all the other Appurtenances of that part of Luxury, are nothing ſo pernicious as a Pack of Cards, if once it is become the favourite Amuſement of the Fair. From that time forward, not only the Evening, but the greater part of the Night too muſt be dedicated to the dear Diverſion; and the Fair one's Eyes muſt never behold the Sun till he be advanc'd to the Meridian; at which time, what with the Fatigue of the Night, and the Sloth of the Morning, the amiable *Slattern* cannot chuſe but make a moſt beautiful Appearance in the Eyes of a Lover, or a Huſband.

As

As it is of the higheſt Importance, that the faireſt and moſt powerful part of Mankind ſhould be rightly directed in their purſuits of Pleaſure, I think it incumbent on you to warn them againſt this manner of beſtowing their Time, which has ſo viſible a tendency to impair the Charms both of their Minds and Bodies. For the firſt, it is evident there can be nothing more unbecoming the Sex, than to be equally fond of *Mattadores* as of Children; to long as much for an *Ace* of *Spades* as the Company of a Friend; to ſet up the *Knave* of *Diamonds* as a Rival to a Man of Senſe and Merit, and which is more, that has Fleſh and Blood; and to receive *Pam* into their Hand with the ſame Pleaſure that they ought to give their Hand to the Man they love. And what effect Gaming has upon their Looks, is obvious to any one who conſiders how much theſe depend on the prevalence of the Paſſions within, which, in this Caſe being alternate Triumph and Diſappointment, Inſult and Rage, muſt needs exhibit a moſt frightful complicated Uglineſs, and caſt out of the Countenance every thing lovely and attractive. A Gentleman of my Acquaintance was ſo ſenſible of this, that after having entertain'd a long Paſſion for a Female Gameſter, he was at length intirely cured of it, upon ſeeing her loſe a Game at *Cribbige*; an Inſtance I choſe to leave with thoſe Ladies, who would be much leſs apprehenſive of the

Danger

Danger of ruining a Husband, than of the Fear of never getting one.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

J. R.

N° 72. *Saturday, Auguſt* 13, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Ingratus eſt. Non mihi fecit injuriam ſed ſibi: ego beneficio meo, cum darem, uſus ſum. Nec ideo pigrius dabo, ſed diligentius. Quod in hoc perdidi, ab aliis recipiam. Sed huic ipſi beneficium dabo iterum, & tanquam bonus agricola, curâ cultuque ſterilitatem ſoli vincam. SEN.

SIR,

WRITERS on Morality are very frequently guilty of debaſing Human Nature, while they endeavour to amend it. They draw a frightful Picture of Mankind, and then call upon them to correct the Draught; defeating their own Counſel, by declaring it impoſſible to be followed. For if indeed the Mind of Man be ſo intirely deformed and corrupted as it is uſually repreſented, all Attempts to reſtore and make it better, will not only be ineffectual, but vain and impertinent.

tinent. Nor is it conceivable, how a Diſpoſition can be mended, or render'd capable of any thing truly good or generous, wherein no good Principles have ever exiſted, but the whole Frame has been originally wicked and perverſe; which certainly is the Suppoſition of thoſe Gentlemen who make Self-Love the Source and Center of all human Actions.

AGREEABLE hereunto it is no wonder to hear the noble Virtue of *Gratitude* talked of in ſuch a manner, as if there were no ſuch thing in Nature. Mr. *Hobbes*, ſpeaking of the manner how we are affected upon receiving of Benefits, makes us the moſt unworthy and deſpicable Set of Beings that can poſſibly be imagined. 'To have received 'from one, *ſays he*, to whom we think our'ſelves equal, greater Benefits than there is 'hope to requite, diſpoſeth to counterfeit 'Love, but really ſecret Hate; and puts a 'Man into the Eſtate of a deſperate Debtor, 'that in declining the ſight of his Creditor, 'tacitly wiſhes him there, where he might 'never ſee him more.' If this Doctrine be true, I do not ſee how it is poſſible to perſuade Men in ſuch Circumſtances, to be grateful to their Benefactors at all. For as the Poſition is laid down without any limitations, there can be no ſuch thing as any ſenſe of Gratitude, and conſequently all Arguments drawn from the Beauty and Comelineſs of that Quality muſt be ridiculous as well as fruitleſs. But Providence has indeed dealt

dealt more bountifully with us; and the Applauſes which every Man inwardly beſtows, not only without deſign, but even in ſpite of himſelf, upon a grateful Perſon or Action, ſufficiently prove, that there is nothing wanting within to excite us to Gratitude whenever there is occaſion; and that whenever we diſcover the contrary Diſpoſition, it muſt be owing to other Cauſes, and not to any original Error in the Frame and Conſtitution of our Nature.

IT muſt be owned however, that the Conduct of the greater part of Men in the common Occurrences of Life, gives but too fair a handle for making ſuch Reflections, ſo derogatory to the whole Species. Wherever Avarice, Ambition, or Senſuality have taken deep root in the Heart, they uſually ſhoot up to ſuch a prodigious Growth, as leaves no room for the Seeds of Good-Nature and Humanity to ſpread equally; and the whole Powers of the Mind being employed in cheriſhing one favourite Inclination, the others are neglected; and the Heat of the Imagination being waſted in other Purſuits, they are ſuffered to die away from the Breaſt, merely for want of that Culture which is neceſſary for keeping any Affection alive and active in us. Were it not for admitting foreign Deſires into our Souls, and gratifying over-much our natural Inclinations to Pleaſure, we ſhould certainly find, that the benevolent Principle prevails too powerfully

in us, not to diſpoſe us to the practice of every Duty, and to the exerciſe of every Virtue, if we attend to its Impulſes, and are not diverted by intenſe Purſuits after Wealth or Power; which tho we may be at firſt engaged in from a laudable Intention of employing the Advantages they afford us for the Good of others, yet very often the keenneſs with which we purſue them makes us miſtake them for real Goods, and forget the generous Ends we had in view when we firſt began the Chaſe. We ſhould then have no diſpute in our Breaſts, whether the Dictates of Humanity or Self-Love had the greater Influence over us; whether Juſtice were to be done to all Men, even at our own expence; whether we ought to ſacrifice our own Eaſe and Advantage for the ſake of a Friend, our Country, or Mankind; whether Conſiderations of Pity and Compaſſion towards the Sufferings of others, ought to take place of a Regard to our own Quiet and Indolence; and whether it be ſuch a Slavery to lie under Obligations to others, as to render *Gratitude* a thing altogether impoſſible. And in this laſt, I believe, it will be always found true, what *Milton* puts into the mouth of the firſt *ungrateful* Perſon of whoſe Being we have any account,

A grateful Mind
By owing owes not, but ſtill pays, at once
Indebted and diſcharged; what Burden then?

EVERY

EVERY Inſtance of *Ingratitude* we hear or read of is ſhocking and offenſive to human Nature; and the more ſo, as the ungrateful Perſon appears to have been under the greater Obligations. But this is acting very inconſiſtently with our ſelves, if Mr. *Hobbes*'s Principle be true, that all Obligations are a Burden; and the greater they are, occaſion the greater Hatred of the Perſon to whom we are indebted. For how is it poſſible we ſhould always ſee a Deformity in the *Ingratitude* of others, even when we our ſelves are no ways injured by it, and yet be conſtantly guilty of it, whenever we become highly obliged? In Caſes of this nature the ſureſt way of arguing is appealing to the common Senſe of Mankind; and if that common Senſe conſtantly joins Ideas of Deformity and Turpitude to any Quality or Action, 'tis the ſureſt Teſt of its ſpringing from an Irregularity of Affection, and being contrary to the firſt and genuine Motions of Nature. Now it is certain, that there is not one Quality in the whole Catalogue of human Vices which ſtirs up our Horror and Indignation more than the Sin of *Ingratitude*. We ſtart at any Inſtances given of it in others; and eſteem the Imputation of it the greateſt Indignity can be put on ourſelves.

SOME have been of opinion, that the beſt way to cure any Diſeaſe of the Mind is, either by reading, or otherwiſe, to recollect

as many Inſtances as we can of the ſame Diſorder in others. It has been recommended, to ſooth our Affliction, that we ſhould have recourſe to Inſtances of Calamities and Sufferings, and to figure to ourſelves Human Nature in its greateſt Diſtreſſes. Whether this be ſo or no, it is certain, that the Repreſentation of great Crimes and Villanies, ſet in a proper Light, has uſually a good Effect upon Minds which have not, by a long Courſe of Wickedneſs, determined themſelves againſt every thing manly and virtuous, and put themſelves beyond the poſſibility of Amendment. On this account one of my Correſpondents has been very urgent with me to entertain my Readers with the following Story, to fortify their Hatred of the Crime on which it is raiſed. I ſhall give it, as near as I can, in his own words, without pretending to aſſure my Readers, that none of them have ſeen it elſewhere.

'CHremes had acquired immenſe Riches
'by Uſury. The greatneſs of his Stores
'did not however extinguiſh the deſire of
'increaſing them, or abate any thing of the
'Stingineſs of his Temper. For this reaſon
'he embraced with abundance of Joy an
'Invitation made him by a Gentleman, who
'was ſo unhappy as to be one of his Cuſto-
'mers, to reſide with him a Month or two
'in the Country at free coſt. It gave him
'no ſmall pleaſure to reflect, that during his
'abode

'abode there, not only the Stream which 'filled his Coffers ſhould be kept perpetually 'flowing, but the Breach occaſioned by his 'neceſſary Expences for ſo long time ſhould 'be damm'd up.

'IN the Neighbourhood of the Gentleman 'who had given him this Invitation, lived 'the noble and generous *Mitio.* His patri-'monial Eſtate had been ruined in his Youth 'by a Courſe of long and faithful Services to 'his Prince and Country. What he now en-'joy'd was by the Bounty of his Prince, who 'in conſideration of his Services and Suffer-'ings, had given him Lands of a conſiderable 'Value, at a Rent little more than nominal. 'He held them however only during Plea-'ſure; but being of a Diſpoſition eaſily ſa-'tisfied, he would not be at the trouble of 'the neceſſary Sollicitations to render his 'Tenure more certain and durable. He was 'now of an Age when he ought to have 'experienced no more the Revolutions of 'Fortune; and therefore was anxious about 'nothing but to poſſeſs his Soul in that Peace 'and Tranquillity which Retirement, aſſiſted 'by the Reflection of a well-ſpent Life, does 'naturally diſpoſe a Man to enjoy.

'IN this manner lived *Mitio*, when one 'day riding about his Grounds, he happened 'to find the miſerable *Chremes*, who as he 'was upon his Journey to the Gentleman's 'Houſe before-mention'd, had been attack'd 'by a Gang of Robbers, who not only took

'from him what Money he had, but deſpe-
'rately wounded him in ſeveral places, and
'left him weltring in his Blood, *Mitio* ſee-
'ing him in that unhappy Condition, was
'moved with all thoſe tender Sentiments
'which delicate Minds conceive upon ſuch
'occaſions. He had him carried to his Houſe;
'and committing him to the care of skilful
'Surgeons, would not let him be removed,
'till he was intirely recovered of his Wounds.

'As ſoon as *Chremes* had recovered ſo
'well as to be able to walk a little abroad,
'he became exceedingly delighted with his
'Benefactor's Place of Reſidence, which in-
'deed was not only extremely indebted to
'Nature for a moſt agreeable Situation, but
'had been improved by its Owner to the
'higheſt advantage, and adorn'd with all the
'Beauties which Art is capable of beſtowing.
'*Chremes* very quickly underſtood the eaſy
'Terms upon which *Mitio* enjoyed his
'Eſtate, and alſo the Precarioufneſs of the
'Tenure; and found both ſo ſuitable to his
'Inclinations, that he formed, without much
'difficulty, the Reſolution to make up the
'Loſs he had ſuſtained by the Robbers, in
'the ampleſt manner he could deviſe.

'FULL of this Deſign, he ſtraight went
'to Court, and found means to inſinuate
'himſelf into the acquaintance of People in
'Power, and repreſented with all the Ad-
'dreſs he was maſter of, that *Mitio* had
'ſurprized the Crown into a moſt unequal
'Bargain,

'Bargain, and held his Lands at ſuch an 'Undervalue, that they ought to be reſu-'med as an *Exorbitant Grant*. And to 'ſtrengthen the Argument, he ſpoke of him 'as a Man ſo devoted to his Pleaſures, that 'he had no Title to live in ſuch Magnifi-'cence and Luxury on the Goods of the 'Publick. So that to relieve it from ſuch 'a Burden, he was willing to take the Lands 'himſelf, at double the preſent Rent, and to 'pay a large Fine into the Exchequer be-'ſides. Theſe Reaſons, aſſiſted perhaps by 'others more ſecret and powerful, had their 'effect; and he obtained in due form a 'Revocation of *Mitio*'s former Grant, and 'a new one in his own favour.

'*MITIO*, to be ſure, was thunder-ſtruck 'at the News. However, not to be want-'ing to himſelf, he makes his Applications 'to the Great, repreſenting the Hardneſs of 'his Caſe. Injuſtice cannot always prevail. 'His Complaints, after long waiting, at 'length reach'd the Royal Ear. The Mo-'narch, tho veſted with abſolute Power, 'happens to be a Friend to Virtue. He hears 'the whole Cauſe, and aſtoniſhed at the 'monſtrous Ingratitude of *Chremes*, dooms 'him to perpetual Baniſhment, and his 'Goods to be confiſcated, one half to the 'uſe of the Crown, and the other to the 'generous Perſon who had been ſo unwor-'thily treated.

'THIS

'THIS Sentence, however juſt, gives '*Mitio* no Sentiments but thoſe of Grief, 'and Compaſſion for the Barbarian who 'had attempted his Ruin. He begs, and 'with difficulty obtains the Sentence of 'Baniſhment to be remitted. Not ſatisfied 'with this, he reſtores the Wretch that part 'of his Eſtate which fell to his ſhare, with-'out dropping the leaſt expreſſion that was 'grating, or could any way pall the Be-'nefit received. Then, full of that Con-'tentment which is the Reward of the 'Virtuous, did the generous *Mitio* return 'to his former Retirement.'

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

N° 73. *Saturday, Auguſt* 20, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Quod non imber edax, non aquilo impotens
Poſſit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum ſeries, & fuga temporum. HOR.

SIR,

I HAVE already taken notice, more than once during the Courſe of theſe Papers, that we in this Country, however ſenſible of the Hardſhips we endure, do not exert our ſelves ſufficiently, nor take the proper Methods to get free of them. We are ſo fond of laying the blame of them on others, that we neglect the Remedies which lie in our own power. Our Negligence in this Point appears no where more viſible, than in the little care we take for the advancement of *Learning* among us. For however fond we may be of ſatisfying our own private Curioſity, and improving our Minds, yet thoſe of us who are given to Reading and Study, ſeem little ſollicitous to improve *Literature* into a national Advantage, which it certainly

ly is capable of being made, as well as a private Amuſement, or perſonal Accompliſhment.

IT would be a very needleſs thing to go about to prove that the Encouragement of Learning in a State is both uſeful and politick; or that all wiſe Nations, and well-conſtituted Governments have always made a Practice of ſo doing. The Rewards which in antient Times were ſo liberally beſtowed upon the Inventors and Improvers of any uſeful Art, are a proof of the laſt; as the conſequent Greatneſs and Power of thoſe States where Learning has flouriſhed, is a Demonſtration of the former.

IF we regard the Influence, which uſeful, or even curious Knowledge has upon the Minds and Manners of Men, no Society can have a greater Intereſt in any thing than to encourage and cultivate it. It is this which raiſes Men above the World, and the common Maxims purſued by People of ſmall Genius, and contracted Minds. From hence we draw generous Principles, and juſt and honourable Rules of Living; and are more quickly touched with a Senſe of Fame and Honour, than we otherwiſe ſhould be; which is certainly a much more powerful, as well as nobler Motive to Action than any of thoſe by which the Bulk of Mankind are commonly animated. The Exertion of all the great and noble Qualities of Men, either intellectual or moral, has been in a great meaſure owing to

it.

it. The Enthuſiaſm of Poets, the Speculations and Diſcoveries of Philoſophers, the Inſtitutions of wiſe and good Lawgivers, and the glorious Actions of publick-ſpirited Heroes, the deſtroyers of Tyrants and deliverers of Nations, have been all either inſpired by it, or received great Aſſiſtance from it. And thus as the Senſe of Honour frequently inſpires Men with the Love of *Learning*, and excites them to the purſuit of it, *Learning* returns the Benefit, by ſtrengthning in us the ſenſe of Honour, and pointing out to us the Paths wherein true Honour is likelieſt to be found; and both together form a Capacity in Men of the moſt extenſive Uſefulneſs either to their Country or Mankind.

FROM this Account of the Advantages of *Learning* to Society, my *Country-men* would have juſt reaſon to take it ill of me, if I charged them with the intire neglect of ſo noble and uſeful an Accompliſhment. I am convinced, that ſuch a Cenſure would be very untrue; and that on the contrary, there are many noble and excellent Spirits among us, who, next to the Service they immediately owe the Publick by acting for its Intereſt, make it the chief Buſineſs and Pleaſure of their Lives to ſtore their Minds with uſeful Knowledge, and employ their leiſure hours with thinking over the beautiful Sentiments, or peruſing the illuſtrious Actions of the Wiſe and Good among Mankind in all Ages. In all this, I believe, that in proportion to our

Numbers, we do not come ſhort of moſt of our Neighbours. But there are ſome of the Advantages of *Learning* which are abſolutely neceſſary to the Culture and Propagation of it, about which, it muſt be owned, we have not been ſo careful as we ought; at leaſt to improve them ſo as to give ourſelves an equal ſhare in the external Benefits of them with the reſt of Mankind. Some of our Neighbours, the *Hollanders* in particular, have made *Learning* not only the Cauſe, but the Matter of great national Advantages to them, by making it a Branch of the Commerce, as well as of the Improvement of their Subjects. Vaſt Sums of Money are yearly drawn into their Provinces, not for the purchaſe of their own Learning only, but by mere manufacturing that of their Neighbours. And it is certain, that we in this Nation might render *Learning* the ſame way, tho not equally, beneficial to our Country, did we conſider it in the Light of an Article in Trade, and a Means of increaſing the Riches of a Nation, and not merely as an Improvement for Gentlemen and Scholars, and what has a tendency to promote the publick Good, by enlarging the Underſtanding, and bettering the Minds of its Members; which laſt, tho indeed the principal Uſe of *Learning*, ought not however ſo intirely to take up our thoughts, as to exclude whatever Advantages we may occaſionally receive from it otherwiſe.

As things have been managed among us, we ſeem to have been blind to all Conſiderations of this ſort, till very lately. The uſeful *Art of* PRINTING, which is now become the principal *Handmaid of Learning*, and about which moſt of the neighbouring Nations have been in a conſtant Emulation, has been ſo little encouraged by us, that it is only within theſe few Years our Ambition in that matter has extended beyond half a Sheet. The *Muſes* could ſcarce get clean Linen among us; and in a literal Senſe, wanted *Rags* to cover their Nakedneſs. The Productions of many a young Poet have been ſtifled in the Birth, out of a modeſt Fear leſt they ſhould appear in the Equipage of a *Ballad*. And moſt part of them, when they came abroad into the World, have periſhed in their Infancy, and found a *Winding-Sheet* in their *Swadling-Clouts*.

OUR Negligence about this uſeful Art is an Evidence both of our want of *Taſte*, and of a due regard to the Intereſt of our Country. Nothing can be a ſtronger Proof of Barbarity than to be indifferent in a Matter of ſuch great conſequence, in giving ſo quick a Progreſs to *Literature*, and making *Learning* and *good Senſe* a much eaſier and more univerſal Attainment than in former Ages. Since the Invention of *Printing*, the Writings and Monuments of every Age are much more ſafe againſt the Injuries of Time, than when they were only committed to a few Manuſcripts.

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The Deſtruction of a ſingle Library in thoſe Days was a Loſs to be lamented by the whole World to the end of Time; whereas ſuch an Accident now would be little more than a Misfortune to the Owner. In ſhort, the *Learning*, the *Wit*, and the *Politeneſs* both of antient and modern Times are by this means much better ſecured from periſhing than by monumental Tables and Inſcriptions; and Men may promiſe themſelves Immortality on account of their laudable Actions with much greater Certainty, than from *Statues* and *triumphal Arches.*

THE Argument in point of Intereſt is no leſs evident, as it is an Art, which conſumes a great quantity of our own Manufactures, employs conſiderable Numbers of neceſſitous Perſons, both in a liberal and mechanic Capacity, and ſaves among a People vaſt Sums of Money, which otherwiſe muſt be expended abroad in purchaſing what no Nation ought to want, and no wiſe Nation will want. And beſides what may be ſaved this way by reprinting the Writings of Foreigners, the Productions of the Natives become clear Gains to the Publick on the Ballance of Trade, as by the other Method they are only a Loſs to it.

I AM glad I can felicitate my Country on the Progreſs this Art of late years has made among us, by the Skill and Induſtry of thoſe employed in it. We have fallen into the way of reprinting ſeveral valuable Books, which

which we formerly uſed to pay great Rates for from abroad; and have given Editions of ſome of the Claſſicks, which deſerve great Commendation. I have juſt now in my hands a Pocket Edition of the Author, from whence I have taken the *Motto* of this Paper, done here about five Years ago, which, in my opinion, is preferable to any of the Kind we have had ſince the Days of *Elzevir*, either as to Beauty or Correctneſs. But it is not ſufficient that we have good Artiſts, unleſs we give them ſuitable Encouragement. For tho it is a long time ſince that Edition came out, and tho the Impreſſion was not very large, I have reaſon to believe there yet continue many of them unſold; which is the greater Shame in a City where there is a celebrated Univerſity, beſides ſeveral publick Schools. And I am well informed, that even our boldeſt Undertakers will not venture on an Edition of a Book of any Expence, however valuable, without firſt ſecuring themſelves againſt Loſs, by doing it in the way of Subſcription.

WE have an Inſtance of this juſt now in the Propoſals given out for reprinting Mr. *Townſend*'s Tranſlation of *De Solis*'s Hiſtory of the Conqueſt of *Mexico*; a Book, which, one would think, might turn to Account, without any ſuch Precaution. However, ſince that is found neceſſary, I hope the Undertakers will not be diſappointed in their own way; eſpecially ſince it is a Work ſo

very entertaining and uſeful. For beſides one of the moſt amazing Revolutions that is perhaps to be met with in all Hiſtory, the Deſcription of a rude and barbarous People, both under a State of Tyranny and Liberty, is of great uſe to let us ſee what human Nature is, diveſted of all thoſe Arts and Policies, which are the Effects of natural and moral Science. Neither is it unprofitable to obſerve upon the Conduct of the *Spaniards*, who made themſelves Maſters of that unhappy People, how Men out of a blind enthuſiaſtick Zeal for the Honour of God, and the Propagation of Religion, may be drawn in to commit the moſt horrible Acts of Injuſtice and Violence; to become the moſt execrable Villains, in order to promote Righteouſneſs; and to lay waſte God's Creation, under the notion of enlarging his Empire. And at the ſame time, how muſt it raiſe the Indignation of every virtuous and honeſt Mind, to ſee an ungodly Corporation of *Prieſts* ſanctifying their inſatiable Avarice, and unbridled Luſt of Power, with the pure and peaceable Name of Chriſtianity, and perverting God's Commandments, to inſpire Men with the Temper of the Devil? All this, together with the ſurprizing Turns and Incidents of the Story, render it a Work well worth the peruſal of every Man who propoſes to himſelf either Pleaſure or Profit by his reading.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

HIBERNICUS.

N° 74. *Saturday, Auguſt* 27, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Sed hoc ipſum amantis eſt, non onerare eum laudibus.
PLIN.

SIR,

PANEGYRIC is the Species of Writing, of all others, wherein feweſt have been obſerved to excel. Some imagine, that this proceeds from a Deficiency of Matter, the Number of thoſe who truly deſerve Praiſe among Men having been in all Ages very inconſiderable; and where Praiſe is not juſt, it is impoſſible it ſhould ever be graceful. Others again aſcribe it to a certain Stinginess of Mankind in beſtowing upon others what all are ſo fond of themſelves, by which means our Praiſes ſeem rather extorted from us, than conferred. Nor are there wanting ſome, who are poſitive, that it is the Effect of a prevailing ignorance of true Worth, and the want of a juſt Standard whereby to judge of the intrinſic Goodneſs of thoſe Qualities or Actions for which Men are uſually praiſed.

IT would be rather curious than uſeful to inquire how far any, or every of theſe Circumſtances concurred in making it ſo great a difficulty to give Praiſe with decency and propriety. I ſhall only obſerve, that none of the three Cauſes aſſigned do any great honour to Mankind, or make it much for the Intereſt of Virtue, that they ſhould be believed to have ſo great an Influence. For as the Love of Praiſe is one of the moſt powerful Incentives to the exerciſe of Virtue, it muſt needs ſlacken our Endeavours in the purſuit of it, if we reflect on all Praiſe as either falſely, inſincerely, or ignorantly given; one or other of which muſt be the Effect of laying down any of theſe Obſervations as a general Principle. It is therefore much the ſafer way to look out for more particular Reaſons of a thing which may be ſo well accounted for, without faſtning upon Maxims derogatory to the Honour of Human Nature, and injurious to Virtue, becauſe the Obſervations on which they are built have been found true in ſome Inſtances. And I am perſuaded, that by this Method, we ſhall find the matter much leſs owing to any Infirmity or Defect in the Nature of Men, than to vitious Cuſtoms and corrupt Notions introduced by Men of greater Power than Virtue, not only without, but againſt the concurrent Senſe of Mankind.

THUS in the early Ages of the World, the Sons of Oppreſſion and Violence, who had an inſatiable Luſt after Power and Dominion,

nion, made it their buſineſs to encourage moſt thoſe Qualities in Men which were fitteſt to ſupport it, and implied Ability rather than Virtue. Men of ſmall Thought and Reflection, ſuch as we may ſuppoſe the Subjects of the firſt Tyrants to have been, and ſuch as Men are generally found to this day in all Countries where Slavery is in faſhion, obſerving how Rewards were uſually diſpenſed, began to conceive the higheſt Eſteem for thoſe Qualities and Actions which entitled the Owners to the moſt liberal Recompences, and to imagine Merit where-ever they ſaw Favour. Hence it came to paſs, that Valour, and even bodily Strength, commenced reputable Qualities, and were reckoned the principal Ingredients in the Compoſition of a Hero. A great part of the Hiſtory of Mankind is nothing elſe but a Recital of the Exertion of theſe two Qualities, and of the terrible Exploits performed by one Villain after another, under the names of Heroes and Conquerors. Theſe People had their Flatterers; and there being nothing elſe to commend in them, their Victories and barbarous Triumphs became the only Topics of Praiſe. This continued a long time; and both Poets and Orators are ſo full of it, that they have given Mankind a Surfeit, and made it and themſelves contemptible, by inſiſting ſo long, and ſo often, on Qualities which do not differ enough in the ſeveral Poſſeſſors of them, to make that Diſtinction of Character among

them which is the Life and Soul of *Panegyric*. And beſides, as thoſe Qualities have done much more hurt than good among Mankind, it is no wonder, that in celebrating of them, Authors have failed of raiſing the Admiration and Attention of their Readers to the Height they intended, and render'd Praiſe itſelf ſuſpicious, which for ſo many Ages had been proſtituted to ſuch unworthy Purpoſes.

THIS ſingle Inſtance is more than ſufficient to ſhew, that falſe Praiſe may be given in compliance with Cuſtom, contrary to the Dictates of Nature and Reaſon; and conſequently, that Mankind in general ought not to be charged with a Fault which had its riſe from a perverted Senſe of things, and which inſtead of being an Argument that Men either cannot, or will not praiſe juſtly, is a direct Proof, that we naturally ſcorn and deteſt all kind of Praiſe which is unjuſt. And thoſe Gentlemen who take a handle from ſuch Inſtances to accuſe Mankind of generally making wrong Judgments, act very inconſiſtently, not to ſay impertinently, in appealing to the Judgment of Mankind, to prove themſelves in the right.

THE natural Equality of Mankind is the true Reaſon why Panegyric ſeems to moſt Men a dry and lifeleſs kind of Writing. Intellectual or Moral Qualities are the only things which are truly laudable: and in theſe the Preheminence of one Man over another is, generally ſpeaking, ſo very little, that the

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Superiority is not always visible enough, to exalt the Mind of a Reader beyond himself in the Encomiums on the Wisdom or Goodness of another Man. Every one is apt to imagine himself sufficiently wise, and whatever share of Goodness he has he is perfectly assured of; and so upon hearing the Virtue or Understanding of others cried up at an extraordinary rate, is ready to ask within himself, what is there in all this, which I or any Man else is not capable of? Or why should any Man be celebrated for Qualities I am as much master of as he, unless there be Merit in the having of greater Opportunities to exert them? This is a very frequent and natural Reflection in the minds of most Men of ordinary Understanding and common Honesty; they feel within themselves the same Dispositions they hear so highly commended in others, and are consequently surprized to find them looked on as uncommon and extraordinary, which is the Light that Panegyric usually endeavours to set them in. In short, it is the business of Panegyric to make every thing appear admirable; and the most that a wise and virtuous Man can do, is to approve in others what he is conscious of, and well-pleased with in himself.

BUT whatever may be the Cause why Men dislike *Panegyric*, there are many Reasons why far the greater part of *Panegyrics* have proved displeasing. Men are not so apt to take offence at the praising of others, as those

who have done it have been to give it, by the wrong Methods they have fallen upon in ſetting out the Merits of thoſe whom they endeavoured to commend; to animadvert on a few of which, ſhall be the buſineſs of the remaining part of this Paper.

THE firſt Error in praiſing is doing it in an undiſtinguiſhed manner, and in the lump; as when we celebrate a Man for Qualities which Multitudes poſſeſs in common with him, without deſcribing the particular manner in which thoſe Qualities ſit upon him. Praiſe of this ſort is perfectly childiſh, and means nothing, being the Picture not of a Perſon, but of a Species. It is not enough to call a Man wiſe, good and virtuous, unleſs at the ſame time we give ſuch Marks of his Wiſdom, Goodneſs and Virtue, as to diſcover the difference betwixt him and all other Men of the ſame Character. To do this requires a great Genius, improved and heighten'd by much Knowledge of the World, and frequent and accurate Obſervations on Mankind. And as the great Nicety of the Art lies in hitting thoſe peculiar Graces, and nameleſs Excellences in a Character, which are apt to eſcape the Obſervation of an ordinary Eye, unleſs a Man be very ſure of his own Abilities this way, he had much better be ſilent, than attempt to praiſe any Man; ſince inſtead of paying him a Compliment, he does him a real Injury.

A SECOND Error in Praiſe is the Exceſs of it. There is great danger that we ſhall not keep to Characters juſtly, when we endeavour to raiſe them high; and the greater they are ſhewn, the Diſproportions, where there are any, as there are few or no Characters in Life but what have ſome, will become the more viſible. Beſides, by praiſing a Man much, we put him in the ſtate of a Debtor to his Reputation, and expoſe him to perpetual Demands on the Credit of it; which may create a kind of uneaſineſs in him, and make him bear his Qualities with leſs grace than he did formerly, if it does not ſometime or other throw him into the condition of a Bankrupt. For this reaſon we ſhall find, that diſcreet Friends are always extremely cautious in their Commendations of each other, and talk on that Subject with much the ſame diffidence and modeſty as when they ſpeak of themſelves. And indeed there is nothing more amiable and graceful in Converſation, than to hear one ſpeak of the Man he is known to love with Temper, and without that Emotion which I have known ſome People in upon ſuch occaſions, who have afterwards lived in a ſtate of perfect Indifference and Eſtrangement with the Perſons they uſed formerly to praiſe to a degree of Extravagance and Wantonneſs.

THE laſt, and perhaps the greateſt Defect of *Panegyric* is, that it has been too often beſtowed upon Perſons during their own Life-time, who have lived to contradict by their after-Actions the Encomiums of their Admirers. This is what has given a ſtrong Prejudice againſt all Praiſes offered to Men above ground, and who have not the Seal of a Tomb-ſtone affixed to their Character. While a Man is alive, he is in a poſſibility of degenerating from Wiſdom and Virtue, and others of retracting their good Opinion of him. And this is what has happened ſo often, that we have great reaſon to be jealous of its doing ſo again. As no Man can be reckoned happy or miſerable, ſo neither can he be pronounced virtuous or vitious, till we ſee what becomes of him in the end. In ſhort, Human Life is a *Drama*; we cannot judge of the Performance, till Death has finiſhed the *Cataſtrophe*, cloſed the Scene, and let down the Curtain.

IN my opinion, there is no Praiſe juſt or true, which is not the effect of Gratitude for Benefits done either to Mankind, or ourſelves. And the more particularly we ſpecify thoſe Benefits, ſo much the better; the beſt way of painting Men being to deſcribe their Actions, and leave others to judge of the Qualities from whence they had their riſe. On this account, among the many Compliments I receive from my Readers, I am always beſt pleaſed with thoſe which

which import particular Thanks for ſome Good my Papers either have, or they imagine them to have done them; and prefer them much to any general Encomiums on my Abilities, which can only flatter my Vanity and Conceit. I have much pleaſure in the Letter of an eminent Smoaker at the *Anne Coffee-Houſe*, who aſſures me, that his Tobacco always reliſhes beſt, when he lights his Pipe with one of my Papers. Another, who likes *Scotch* Snuff, but finds it a little too ſtrong for him, tells me, he receives great benefit by laying it a Day or two in the *Journal*, by which means it becomes ſoft, and mild enough for his uſe. And I am informed, that ſeveral Cookmaids ſhower down their Bleſſings upon me, for furniſhing them with ſo notable an Inſtrument for ſingeing a *Turkey*. But what I am moſt proud of, is to hear, that great numbers of a late Paper of mine upon *Ingratitude* were on *Monday* Night laſt made up into Crackers, and played off by the good People of St. *Patrick-ſtreet*, in the midſt of their Rejoicings on the Arrival of the reverend Dean *Swift* from *England*; by which means they became an Inſtance of that very Virtue they were written to inculcate, and promoted Gratitude in a double Capacity.

THE mention of this ingenious Gentleman, ſeems to open a large Field for the prolonging this Paper. But the Subject I have

have been upon, forbids me to ſay what the Occaſion naturally ſuggeſts; and ſo I ſhall leave it to my Countrymen to recollect what Obligations they lie under to him, the Memory of which will be a much better and truer Panegyric than any that Words can beſtow; great Reſentments of every kind being always beſt expreſſed by the Eloquence of Silence.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

HIBERNICUS.

N° 75. *Saturday, September* 3, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

——*Signata Volumina.*—— HOR.

SIR,

BISHOP *Sprat*, whoſe Obſervations are for the moſt part very curious and uncommon, has ſomewhere a Reflection I have often heard much commended, but in my opinion very unjuſtly; ſince if all the World had been of his mind, we ſhould never have ſeen ſome of the beſt and uſefulleſt

uſefulleſt Writings which Antiquity has handed down to us. He gives it as his poſitive Judgment, 'That if the private Letters of 'Friends be written in the manner they 'ought, they will be fit for no body's pe-'ruſal but theirs to whom they are directed;' and therefore concludes, 'That all ſuch 'Monuments of the friendly and intimate 'Correſpondences of great Men with their 'Contemporaries, inſtead of being publiſh-'ed, ought to be carefully ſuppreſſed.' For my part, I ſhould much rather imagine, that the principal Reaſon why we diſlike a great many ſuch Letters which have been already publiſhed, is becauſe they are not written as they ſhould have been, and were as little fit for the Perſon's peruſal to whom they were ſent, as they are now for that of the Publick.

CICERO is allowed by every body to be, if not the greateſt, at leaſt one of the greateſt Men of Antiquity, who have made a Figure in the Commonwealth of Learning. His Writings on Subjects both of Philoſophy and Eloquence have been the Admiration and Delight of all the ſucceeding Ages; and to this day are univerſally eſteemed among the moſt perfect Models, not only of a perſpicuous Style, and beautiful Expreſſion, but of juſt Thinking and exact Reaſoning. Yet none of the Writings of this extraordinary Perſon are more entertaining or inſtructive than his *Familiar Epiſtles*. They give us

a much clearer Inſight of the Man and his Sentiments, than we meet with in his premeditated and more elaborate Performances; and we are no leſs pleaſed to behold him in the Character of a *Brother*, a *Husband*, or a *Friend*, than in the more illuſtrious Appearances of a *Magiſtrate*, an *Orator*, or a *Philoſopher*. Far more will be touched with his Affection for his Brother *Q. Cicero*, his Tenderneſs and Complaiſance for *Terentia*, and his inviolable Friendſhip to *Atticus*, than are capable of examining his Diſcourſes on *Philoſophical Subjects*, or of being affected with that Storm of Eloquence which was uſed to aſtoniſh the *Roman* People, and is even ſaid to have made the great *Cæſar* tremble.

NOR are theſe *Epiſtles* leſs valuable on other accounts, as they contain ſome of the beſt Memoirs extant of that buſy Age, which produced ſo many and ſuch ſurprizing Revolutions in the *Roman* Commonwealth; and let us ſee much farther into the ſecret Springs and Cauſes of them, and the Characters both of Perſons and Parties, than without them we ſhould poſſibly do. Even thoſe little Out-breakings of Vanity and Affectation which we meet with in them, have their Pleaſure and Uſe, in diſcovering the Defects and Infirmities moſt incident to great Minds, if indeed they deſerve that Name, and are not rather the neceſſary Reſult of inward Greatneſs, and exalted Virtue.

ALL

ALL theſe Circumſtances concurring, have render'd this part of that great Man's Writings no leſs honorary to his Name, among all Lovers of Learning and Humanity, than thoſe which ſeem to have coſt him the greateſt Pains and Induſtry in the Production. This ſingle Inſtance therefore is ſufficient to ſhew how little foundation there is for the bold Aſſertion of the reverend Prelate I have been ſpeaking of; and gives juſt reaſon to believe, that he either very much forgot himſelf when he advanced it, or elſe did not intend it ſo generally as his Words ſeem to import. For as it would be the height of preſumption to paſs cenſure on *Cicero*'s Epiſtles as not written in the manner they ſhould be; ſo I fanſy, no one would willingly take upon him to declare them unfit for the peruſal of others, after having received ſuch a Sanction to their Worth and Uſefulneſs from the united Suffrages of ſo many ſucceeding Ages.

WE are alſo indebted to many other great Men, both antient and modern, for Writings of the ſame kind, which have been juſtly admired, and will continue to be ſo, as long as Mankind have any regard left for *Good Senſe* or *Politeneſs*. Nor can we conceive what there is in the Nature of this Species of Writing, which ſhould prevent its being as entertaining and uſeful as any other; unleſs we either imagine, that Friends ought not to converſe together about any thing which

which concerns Mankind, or that it is unfit for Mankind to know any thing of the Intimacies and Endearments of Friendſhip, farther than what Inſtinct, and every Man's own private Experience may inform him. And at this rate, no Man can cultivate a generous Commerce with his Friends, without impairing his publick Uſefulneſs; nor become publickly uſeful, without failing in the Regards he owes to his Friends. Both which are Suppoſitions ſo diſhonourable to Mankind, and prejudicial to Virtue, that we ought to be extremely cautious of advancing any thing which may ſeem to infer them.

IT is very true, that the World has ſeen a great many Volumes of the Epiſtolary kind of Writing, which are juſtly exceptionable, and have prejudiced Men much againſt Publications of that ſort. Our Neighbours the *French* have glutted the Market with this Ware, and have generally provided it with ſuch poor Stuff, that People of Senſe are grown ſhy of having any thing to ſay to it. Out of a too great Fondneſs for their own Compoſures, they have trifled with the Publick, and vainly imagined, that Mankind would be pleaſed with the peruſal of their *Gallantries*, and inſipid Compliments, without any thing to recommend them but a little Delicacy of Turn, and an empty Politeneſs of Expreſſion. The Humour proved infectious; and in imitation of them, ſeveral

Authors

Authors of other Nations thought themſelves concerned to publiſh to the World all the inſignificant *Tattle* and gay *Impertinences* that ever paſſed betwixt them and any of their Friends; and by this means rendered the Practice of publiſhing *Epiſtolary* Writings ridiculous and contemptible.

THE truth is, moſt People have entertained very wrong Notions of this matter, both as to the Subjects to be written upon, and the Manner of doing it. It is pretty generally thought, that private Buſineſs, or Compliments, are the only Subjects proper for *Familiar Letters*; and the former of theſe being of no uſe but to the Perſons immediately concerned, and the latter of none at all, from hence occaſion has been taken to regard the Species of Writing itſelf, as of no other importance, than as an Inſtrument to carry on the Affairs, or Diverſions of Men in common Life.

NEITHER have the Miſtakes been leſs conſiderable as to the Manner in which familiar Letters ought to be written. As to Letters of Buſineſs, it has been laid down as a Principle, that no Care at all is neceſſary in the Compoſition of them. For Buſineſs, ſay they, will ſpeak for itſelf, and ſave a Man the labour of ſtudying how to expreſs himſelf. This is ſomething akin to certain complaiſant Texts I have heard of, which prevent the pains of the *Parſon* in *ſplitting* them, and with much Civility *fall aſunder*.

or *divide* themſelves. And this has prevailed ſo far, that to avoid all ſuperfluous Words and Phraſes, a great many People write their Letters without either Senſe or Grammar, and in a manner which would be perfectly unintelligible, if the Perſons to whom they are ſent did not underſtand ſomething of the Buſineſs beforehand. Thus Lazineſs is call'd in to the aſſiſtance of Ignorance, and Ignorance in return contrives a moſt abſurd and ridiculous Excuſe for Lazineſs.

CARE and Exactneſs of Writing therefore are reſerved for Letters of Compliment, wherein the ingenious Penmen are to diſplay their own bright Parts, in ſetting forth the Praiſes of their Correſpondents. The meaning of this is, that Matters of conſequence require little or no pains, but Trifling a great deal. And it may perhaps be true, that to trifle is a Task much more laborious, than to be in earneſt; at leaſt one would be apt to think ſo, who has ſeen what ſtrained Thoughts, and far-fetch'd Expreſſions the greater part of our Letters of Compliment are made up of, and what a perpetual endeavour there is to excel, in ſaying things which loſe all their Beauty and Grace, when they are ſaid any otherwiſe than in a ſimple and unaffected manner. Some are ſo beſotted with this enormous way of Writing, that they imagine they have never ſaid enough, till they have ſaid every thing, and diſcovered the utmoſt extent of their Wit and Learning in the

the compaſs of a Letter. I remember once at the Univerſity two profound Scholars, who were very humble Admirers of each other, and uſed to carry on a Correſpondence in the perfect Sublimity of Fuſtian. Their Compliments always came in Cluſters, or rather cas'd one within another, like a Neſt of *Dutch* Boxes. One of them is ſo remarkable, that I ſhall never forget it. 'You are 'wrapt about, ſays the elegant Writer, with 'a Train of Qualifications that are every 'way ſuitable, and harmoniouſly adapted 'for finiſhing that Structure that is endowed 'with a Capacity for performing the Offices 'of a good Comerade.' It is highly probable this worthy Sentence coſt the Author of it more Study, than would have ſerved a Man of plain good Senſe to have wrote a whole Letter upon the moſt important Buſineſs.

SINCE then, neither private Buſineſs, nor mere Compliments, are capable of making Letters at once entertaining and uſeful, it may be inquired, what are the proper Subjects for that purpoſe. To this a ſhort Anſwer is ſufficient. Whatever Subjects are capable of being render'd agreeable and uſeful in Converſation among Friends, may be made the Subjects of Epiſtolary Converſation; that is, whatever employs the Thoughts of Men of Senſe and Reflection. A friendly Commerce of this kind, if conducted with Judgment and Spirit, will ne-

ver reflect any diſhonour on the Men who maintain it, by its Publication, or be unfit to be communicated to more People than thoſe who are particularly concerned in it. But as there is a good deal of Art requiſite to the right management of ſuch a Correſpondence, and as a great many Perſons, otherwiſe of good Senſe, have formed to themſelves a very corrupt Taſte of this Matter, and entertained wrong Notions about it, it might not perhaps be unuſeful to talk more fully concerning it. But this may be the Subject of ſome future Paper.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

N° 76. *Saturday, September* 10, 1726.

To HIBERNICUS.

Riſum teneatis Amici. HOR.

SIR,

I HAVE read (with ſome concern but no ſurprize) the Account you have given of the Fate of your *weekly Papers*, in that of the 27th of *Auguſt* laſt. And tho ſome of your Readers may think it ſtrange, that Writings intended to improve and refine the Manners and Taſte of Mankind, ſhould be employed to ſuch vile purpoſes as to *light a Pipe, to lap up Snuff*, or to *ſinge Poultry*, their Wonder will ſoon ceaſe, if they but conſider, that the End and Scope of your Performances is the true and only Occaſion of their fatal Deſtiny.

FOR, give me leave to tell you, that you have all along appeared too zealous an aſſertor of *Reaſon*, and what is (by miſtake) called *Common Senſe*. You ſeem, by your Writings, to converſe too much with Lord *Shaftesbury*, the *Spectator*, *Woollaſton*, *Hutcheſon*, and ſuch other *dull Rationaliſts*, whoſe

insipid Works tend continually to run counter to, and shock the most received and agreeable Notions of Pleasure and sensual Enjoyment. Nay, have you not been so rash and indiscreet, as to undertake a Confutation of that formidable Treatise, *The Fable of the Bees*? A Book of such universal Use, and calculated for no less notable an End than that of furnishing all the *pretty Fellows* of the Age with *political* and *philosophical Reasons* for every thing they do. What have you gained by your *Criticism?* The Book, after two Editions, is almost out of print; so that, it is to be hoped, the Publick will soon be edified with a Third one improved and enlarged; which must convince you, that if you could resolve to fall into that admirable Author's way of thinking and writing, you would soon be able to enhance the Price of your Productions by the great number of new Disciples you would get. Believe me, *Sir*, there is nothing like being *with the Majority*. I have often known that Argument to be of great prevalency in Assemblies look'd upon as *Awful*; therefore why it should not be so with you, I cannot tell. If you go on in your old beaten Road, 'tis true, you'll have some few *grave* and *supercilious Moralists* on your side; but if you cast away that impertinent contradicting faculty, *Reason*, and find out Arguments to countenance and support those Actions which proceed from *Custom*, *Education*, and such other Sources which some

ſome of your Friends fooliſhly call *Prejudices*, you will have, at leaſt, three fourths of the World your humble Admirers.

BUT perhaps you will think it injurious to Mankind, to treat them after the manner I preſcribe, and that ſuch Admonitions as tend to improve them with exalted Notions of *Virtue* and *moral Duties*, are more ſuitable to Creatures endowed with rational Souls, than all the Excuſes we can furniſh them with in defence of the Follies and Exceſſes of unruly Paſſions and irregular Appetites. If theſe be your Sentiments, I beg you would conſider that you are ſtill with the *Minority*, and conſequently your *weekly Labours* can never proſper. But to cure you, if poſſible, of your Error, I muſt bring you better acquainted than you ſeem to be with your Fellow-Mortals, and inform you that I have ſeveral invincible Arguments in ſtore to explode the Principle you ſeem to lay ſo much ſtreſs upon, namely, *That the major part of Mankind are endued with rational Souls.* This, at leaſt, I am ſure I can prove, that if the greater Number of Men are ſo unreaſonable as to think they have *ſuch Souls*, they ought, in all conſcience, to be aſhamed to own it.

BUT as the Expoſition of this Doctrine cannot well be contained in the Bounds of one Letter, I ſhall only lay it open in this, and reſerve for a following one what ſhall be neceſſary to put it in its full Light. The firſt thing therefore I ſhall begin with, will be to give

you a *Mechanical Eſſay on the Operations of the Mind*, and endeavour to evidence the Uniformity of Nature, in that particular, in almoſt the whole Creation.

PLATO having defined *Man* an *Animal with two Feet walking in an erect Poſture*; that dirty Fellow *Diogenes* took a Cock, and threw him among the Auditors, crying out, *Here is* Plato's *Man.* Our Philoſopher finding his Definition incompleat, added *without Feathers*; whereupon the *Cynick* took up the Cock, pick'd him, and, throwing him down again, with a ſcornful ſmile, repeated, *Here is* Plato's *Man.* I confeſs that, notwithſtanding the great veneration I have for the DIVINE PLATO (to whom Chriſtianity itſelf is ſo deeply indebted) his Definition of Man was defective, and he ought to have added *his Faculty of Speaking.* And I maintain that, with this Addition, the Definition is compleat, and a much better one than that which would make us believe that Man is a *rational Creature.* Nothing but an ill-grounded Pride has given riſe to this Idea, which does not become the fourth Part of Mankind; but that of *Plato* newly *Reviſed*, *Enlarged*, and *Amended*, is applicable to moſt part of the Human Race.

You will peradventure imagine that I intend to diſparage my Neighbours, by thus diſtinguiſhing them from *Brutes*, only by their *exterior Figure* and *articulate Sounds.* Therefore I muſt beg the favour of your Patience

tience till I have proved my *Hypotheſis*, which will very much tend to the Honour and Dignity of my Fellow-Creatures; as, on the other hand, if that of your Brethren, *the modern Moraliſts*, were true, it muſt of neceſſity, as I have already hinted, bring moſt Men under the greateſt ſhame and confuſion.

FIRST then I lay down, as an undeniable Truth, that we have in common with other Animals *a certain Machine* of a curious and exquiſite Workmanſhip, the principal Springs whereof are *Imagination* and *Memory*. If we carefully examine this *Machine*, we ſhall find it exactly the ſame in Men and Beaſts, every thing being done in both in a manner merely *paſſive* and *neceſſary*. To be convinced of this, let us but conſider that all outward Objects do, by the exterior Organs of Senſation, ſend into the Brain *certain Images*, which meeting with the animal Spirits *aptly diſpoſed*, excite in the *Machine* ſome determined Motion or other. The *Machine* itſelf is incapable of any Choice, but is always actuated by the ſtrongeſt Impreſſion, which generally depends on the Diſpoſition it is in at the very Inſtant it receives it.

To make this more obvious, ſuppoſe a Man ſhould take a Stick in one hand and threaten a Dog with it, and in the other a piece of Bread and offer it to him. If the Beaſt be hungry, he will go to the piece of Bread; if Fear be predominant, *the Machine* will

will run away. In like manner, if you place a young Woman between two Men, one of them well limb'd and very handſome, but meanly clad; the other of indifferent Stature and Features, but dreſſed in Scarlet embroidered with Gold: If ſhe has any Inclination to *Beauty* and *Symmetry*, ſhe will turn to the handſome Fellow; but if ſhe be rather affected with *Show* and *Gaudineſs*, the *Machine* will immediately ſmile at the *fine Coat*. Thus far *Imagination*.

I NOW proceed to *Memory*, which is nothing but the ſame *Imagination* acting without the aſſiſtance of exterior Objects. To explain this, we muſt conſider that the firſt *Image* which an outward Object imprints on our Brain is very ſlight; it reſembles a thin Vapour which dwindles into nothing, without leaving the leaſt track after it. But if the ſame Object ſucceſſively offers itſelf ſeveral times, the *Image* it occaſions thereby increaſes and ſtrengthens itſelf by degrees, till at laſt it acquires ſuch a conſiſtency (if I may ſo call it) as makes it ſubſiſt as long as the *Machine* itſelf. A Stock of *Images* having been thus acquired, they each have their reſpective little *Cell* or *Lodge*, where they go and hide. Yet we muſt not ſuppoſe that they are continually in their Retirement; they would become uſeleſs if they were ſo. But on the contrary, great Numbers of them are always going to and fro; and if one of them chances to go by the *Cell* or *Lodge* of another

another which has the leaſt real or imaginary conformity with it, out pops the retired *Image*, and immediately joins the wandering one. This never ſo obviouſly happens, as when a *new Image* is introduced into the Brain, who as ſoon as he appears, occaſions great Commotions among all the *old Inhabitants*, who either have, or think they have, any reſemblance or relation to the *new Comers*.

NOW, according to my ſuppoſition, there being no *active intelligent Being*, who, by his Preſence and Superintendency, governs and directs the Courſe of thoſe *vagabond Images*, every thing in the Brain reſembles the *fortuitous concourſe of Atoms*. Two *Images* meet, and unite to each other; theſe two meeting with a third, it unites to them in the ſame manner: and this Meeting and Union continuing for ſome time, at laſt occaſions a moſt monſtrous Aggregation, very like the *Chaos* of the Poet, where

Frigida cum calidis pugnant, humentia ſiccis,

Theſe united *Images* do ſometimes ſeparate from each other with the ſame facility they had joined, juſt like the faſhionable way of marrying among the Quality; at other times, they maintain themſelves in their Union, like poor Folks, without ever getting aſunder; eſpecially when this Union is the Effect of *Chance*, but more particularly when one Ani-

mal has thruſt *a whole Train of Images linked together* into the Brain of another. In this laſt Caſe one *Image* of this ſort never appears without its whole Retinue; and if a ſtraggling one, in its progreſs thro' the Brain, chances to ſtrike any of *this Chain*, all the others will appear, and chime to the laſt link. Theſe ſorts of *Chains* are what we call *Habits*; the *Temper* and *Paſſions* ſtrengthen them, and they, in grateful return, ſtrengthen the Temper and Paſſions.

HAVING thus explained the *Mechaniſm of the Brain*, the laſt thing which remains for me to do, is to prove, that there is nothing more in the *Brain* of the greateſt part of *Men* than in that of other *Animals*; and that whatever difference there may ſeem to be, it only conſiſts in ſome degrees of *Sprightlineſs* and *Vivacity*, more or leſs.

MENS Imagination is generally warmer than that of Beaſts, who alſo differ from each other as well with reſpect to their ſeveral *Species*, as to the different *Individuals* of the ſame kind.

BUT from whence (ſay you) ſhall we conclude, that beſides *Imagination* and *Memory*, the Men we are talking of are not endowed with a *Principle of Action* which is both *intelligent* and *free*?

GIVE me leave in my turn to ask you, upon what grounds you frame the like Judgment of Beaſts?

You will certainly anſwer me, that 'tis upon their Actions. Very well; and as to Men, it is from their *Diſcourſes* and *Actions* I deduce and prove my Opinion of them: and perhaps by this way of judging we do the poor Beaſts a great deal of wrong; for we only ſee what they do, and but gueſs at the Principle from whence their Actions flow, and who knows if our Conjectures about it be not falſe?

IF a Dog, or any other Animal, could explain the Motives whereby he is determined to act, we ſhould perhaps diſcover in them deep Thoughts, ſolid Reaſoning, and a great deal of Prudence. Whereas the Men of whom I have been ſpeaking, do communicate to us their Motives to Action; and we can diſcover in them nothing elſe but an *Inſtinct* operating by the aſſiſtance of *Memory* and *Imagination*.

THUS I believe I have pretty well opened my Doctrine concerning the generality of Men; and your Readers may eaſily examine the Truth of my Theory, by conſidering, with a little attention, the great Bulk of Mankind. But however, as it may be neceſſary to clear up this matter a little farther, and to anſwer what Objections can be made, I am ready to do it; and in my following Letter ſhall demonſtrate from common Experience that the Conduct and Behaviour of moſt Men proceeds from *a fortuitous Concourſe of Images*, which I call *Caprice*; or from

from a *Chain of Images link'd together by Chance*, which form *Cuſtom* or *Habit*.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

ISAAC ALOGIST.

N° 77. *Saturday, September* 17, 1726.

To HIBERNICUS.

——*Decipimur ſpecie*—— HOR.

SIR,



COULD prove and illuſtrate what I ſaid in the Concluſion of my laſt Letter by ſeveral Inſtances, and need not fetch them from that obſcure part of Mankind who live and die unheeded. I would not be forced to quote thoſe Wretches, who during ſixty Years do nothing elſe but handle their *Spades* and *Mattocks* for ſix Days of the Week, and get drunk regularly every *Sunday*. No, I could deduce my Proofs from the Conduct and Behaviour of the more elevated Ranks of Men, and ſhew, that it generally makes good what I aſſerted.

No one will deny Education, generally ſpeaking, to influence every Man in the part he

he is to act in the World. And what is Education, for the moſt part, but ſtocking a Child's *Brain* with *Chains* of *Images*? *Horace* ſomewhere or other introduces a *Carpenter* deliberating with himſelf whether he ſhould make a *Joint-Stool*, or a *God*, out of an old Block he was going to work upon. And do not moſt Fathers do the ſame with their Children? Now pray, what is this but acting from a *fortuitous Concourſe* of *Images*? This Paſſage of the Poet calls to my mind a Story which I think extremely applicable to our preſent Argument.

A TAYLOR in this City, having been very active in promoting the Election of *Tucker* and *Fownes*, was rewarded for his pains by a zealous *Parſon* with the Clerkſhip of the Pariſh. He had at that time a Son turn'd of fifteen, and was in great ſuſpenſe whether to put him out Apprentice to a *Button-maker*, or dedicate him to the Church. But his own Preferment having raiſed his Ambition, he expected no leſs than to ſee his Boy come in Curate in a few years, and ſo reſolved he ſhould be a Parſon; ay, *marry*, ſhould he, and a *High-Church* Parſon too. The Boy, who had ſome beginnings of (what is call'd) *Claſſic Learning*, having finiſhed his grammatical Studies, and receiv'd his *Manumiſſory* Indorſement, was ſent to the Univerſity, and provided with a *High-Church* Tutor. Great care had been taken

taken beforehand to arm him with the utmoſt Rage and Fury againſt *Fanaticiſm*; and his Tutor employ'd all his art and skill to faſten in his Brain a long *Chain* of Orthodox *High-Church Images*. The Chain was ended in a twelvemonth; but it took up four years more to ſtrengthen and cloſe the Links. And now the Work was ſo ſtrong and well finiſhed, that nothing was able to break it. This Train of *Images* continually revolv'd in our young *Parſon*'s Brain; and to preſerve them from being joſtled out by any *intruding Foreigners*, who might diſpoſſeſs the *Original Orthodox Inhabitants*, the firſt Link of the Chain was rivetted by *Pride*, and the two laſt cloſed up by thoſe two inſeparable Companions, *Lazineſs*, and *Dread of Hereſy*. The *Theological Machine* thus fitted up, aſcends the Pulpit, thunders out againſt *Schiſm*, draws a Parallel betwixt *Rome* and *Geneva*, and gives the preference to the former, for having preſerv'd the *Hierarchy* of the Church, and the *Jure Divinoſhip* and *uninterrupted Succeſſion* of the *Royal Prieſthood*. Next it damns the *Whigs* and *Fanaticks* for a pack of *ſad Dogs*, that would eat up *Kings* with a Corn of *Salt*; and *ſtain* the whole *Kalendar* with the Blood of *Royal Martyrs*. The poor old *Taylor* all this time wept for Joy at his *Desk*; one half of the Congregation ſtared, and the other half moſt judiciouſly concluded him to be one of the moſt

moſt eminent Preachers of the Age. He now begins to fanſy himſelf ſo too; for (what will ſeem very ſtrange) he has never to this hour felt that he hath a rational Soul; and if he did, he would not know to what uſe to put it.

I NEED not expatiate upon other Characters; for I have too good an Opinion of your Readers, to doubt of their beginning now to be ſenſible that moſt Men ſpeak and act but from a *fortuitous Concourſe* of *Images*, or a *Train* of them *ſtored* up in the *Brain*.

THE only Objection I can foreſee is, that Men are certainly diſtinguiſhed by their Wit and Learning from *Beaſts*, to whom it is not poſſible to teach ſo much as to read and write. But this is nothing at the bottom but a mere Cavil; for if thoſe Animals called *Brutes* are not ſo happy as to underſtand our Language, they are even with us, ſince we are altogether as ignorant of theirs. What then, will you ſay, have *Beaſts* a *Language* as well as we? Moſt certainly; and it requires but little attention to diſcover that they have infallible Means of imparting to each other the *Images* that revolve in their Brain. We have, in the *Memoirs* of the *Royal Academy* of *Sciences* at *Paris*, the curious Deſcription of a Commonwealth of *Ants*, in whoſe Policy and Government we meet with ſuch Inſtances of good Order and Wiſdom, as ought to ſhame the

Magiſtrates of many of our Corporations. But not to deviate from my Purpoſe, I ſhall only tranſlate ſo much of that Diſcourſe as relates to the Caſe in hand. The curious Naturaliſt ſpeaks thus.

'HAVING a mind to try the Sagacity of 'thoſe little Animals, I ſtopt the Holes 'thro' which they went for their Proviſions in a neighbouring Granary, and 'thereby obliged them to long and tedious 'Voyages in order to ſupply their Stores. 'At laſt I ſpread ſeveral handfuls of Wheat 'in a Room which joined their place of 'abode; but I ſtill found that the *Ants* 'continued going over ſeveral Gardens and 'other large tracts of Ground to find out 'Proviſions, and conſtantly brought them 'home to the ſame place: which plainly 'ſhewed they had not yet diſcovered the 'Supply I had intended for them. At laſt 'I caught one of the *Ants*, and threw her 'on the Wheat I had ſpread: the Inſect 'having been frightened, and finding herſelf 'at liberty, ran away without laying hold 'of that Opportunity to enrich herſelf; 'but about three or four Minutes after-'wards, I was agreeably ſurprized to ſee 'five or ſix hundred of thoſe little Creatures 'marching towards the Heap of Wheat, who 'all took their Loading, and afterwards 'returned home. Which evidently proves, 'that the *firſt Ant* had communicated her 'Diſcovery to the others.'

HAVING

HAVING thus removed the Objection, and ſhewn from good Authority that Animals, and even ſuch ſlighted Creatures as Inſects, have the Faculty of diſcloſing their Thoughts to each other; I think I may venture to affirm, that if Beaſts could aſſume our Shape and Organs, they would ſay and do all thoſe things that Men look on as the *diſtinguiſhing Characteriſticks* of their *Superiority.*

FOR inſtance, do but conſider *Cupid*, *Coſmelia*'s Lap-dog. He eats more Sweet-meats and Comfits than my *Lord-Mayor*'s Grandchild, and all from his Miſtreſs's Mouth. Nothing can be perter and livelier than that little Creature. He is continually in action. He leaps on a *Sopha*, from thence on a *China* Table, off of which he throws down half a dozen Cups and Saucers. This fine Expedition over, he rambles three or four times about the Room; then gets on *Coſmelia*'s Lap, climbs on her Shoulders, licks her Noſe, ſcratches her Forehead, blouſes her Hair, and tears her *Mechlin* Lappet. Now he jumps again on the ground, barks at another Dog juſt come into the Room; if the big Dog runs away, *Cupid* will certainly bite him in the hinder Leg, but if he only grins, the Lap-dog will immediately take ſhelter under his Miſtreſs's Petticoats. Now let any candid unprejudic'd Reader tell me, if *Cupid*, having a humane Shape, a laced Coat, a full-bottom'd Wig, and a good deal of *Ha-*

vana Snuff about his Noſe and Cheeks, would not make as pretty a Fop as ever flutter'd into a Drawing-Room?

LET us carry this a little farther; and ſuppoſing all Animals inveſted with our outward Form and Appearance, would not an *Ape* very well repreſent thoſe unhappy Mortals, who, being both ugly and ill-natur'd, divert themſelves with the malicious Satisfaction of mimicking the little Follies and blind Sides of others, and with doing all the miſchief they can?

IN like manner a *Tyger*, whoſe carnivorous Appetite is never to be ſatisfied, who deſtroys whole Flocks and Herds, and delights in nothing but Blood and Slaughter, would very naturally commence a *Cham* of *Tartary*, or a *Grand Monarque*. A *Fox*, who tickles a poor *Gooſe* while he is choaking her, would make an *Attorney*, who has the art of ſlipping his own Neck out of the Halter, and leaving an honeſt Neighbour's in it. A *Hog* would loſe but little of his Nature, and nothing at all of his Stomach, in becoming an Alderman. A *Dormouſe* would make a good ſuperannuated *Judge*. A ſurly *Maſtiff* with a *torn Ear*, a diſcontented *Halfpay-Officer*: An *ill-lick'd Cub* a young *Nobleman* ignorant of every thing but his Quality; and laſtly, the ſagacious *Spider*, who is held to be the only original Inventor of that moſt uſeful

Engine

Engine a *Fly-Trap*, and is known to be a moſt remarkable Improver of *Dirt*, would fill a *Seat* in the *Royal Society* with all becoming Gravity, and ſuitable Abilities.

I COULD carry this Parallel much farther, but think the Inſtances I have given ſufficient. If Men complain that I deal hardly with them, in not bringing in the Women for a ſhare, I'll recommend to their peruſal the CCIXth *Spectator*, where they'll ſee that *Simonides* hath ſaved me the trouble many Ages ago, and furniſhed me with the hint I have now been making uſe of.

IT remains to ſhew, that my Opinion of the Nature of Man, very far from diſparaging my Fellow-Creatures, skreens them from the greateſt Confuſion, and the moſt mortifying Reflections. For if Men are raiſed above the brute part of the Creation by a *rational Soul*, which hath been given them by the great and good CREATOR of the Univerſe, to guide and direct them in their Conduct and Actions, it from thence follows that this *Soul* is the moſt excellent part of our Being, and that which *really* and *eſſentially* conſtitutes *the Man.* But if ſo, how comes it to paſs that this *excellent part of ourſelves* becomes ſo uſeleſs? Why do moſt Men give up themſelves, without reſtraint, to all the Allurements of brutal Pleaſure and Senſuality?

From whence can proceed their Supineneſs and total Neglect of what *this Soul* tells them is their Duty; whilſt all other Creatures, whom they call *Brutes*, are conſtantly employed in acting the part they were deſigned for by their Creator? How can thoſe who are ſo unfortunate as to think they have a Soul, and yet make ſo ill a uſe of it, look in the face of a Man who lends a conſtant attention to his Reaſon? Is it not far better and more honourable for them to own the want of that ineſtimable Treaſure, than to acknowledge the poſſeſſion, and yet to trample under their feet what they would be aſhamed others ſhould think they are without?

IF you ſhould meet a Man walking at Noon-day with his Eyes ſhut, and knocking himſelf againſt every Poſt in his way, would it not be far more reaſonable to think him blind, than to imagine him poſſeſt of a good pair of Eyes, which ſhould become uſeleſs to him by his own Choice and Option? Or ſuppoſe again, you ſhould find in the Street *a poor Beggar* and *an old Miſer* both in Rags, would not the Beggar raiſe greater Compaſſion than the old Niggard, who having Money, won't afford himſelf what is neceſſary to cover his Nakedneſs? If you ſhould ask the Beggar why he has no better Clothes on? he would anſwer you, it is becauſe he has

no

no Money. Let us act with the ſame Ingenuity; and if we be called to an account by others for our Follies and Miſbehaviour, let us frankly own THAT WE HAVE NO SOULS, and there is not a word to be reply'd.

I HAVE now, *Sir*, laid open to you the Faculties of the Mind, and ſhewn that thoſe of moſt Men conſiſt but in a *mechanical Operation*, as well as thoſe of other Animals. I have too good an Opinion of your Judgment, to think that you will look upon my Proofs as *trifling* and *nugatory*; I hope, on the contrary, they will appear to you as concluſive as the nature of the Queſtion which I have been treating, will admit. But to remove all Prejudices and Difficulties from the Minds of the Readers, I deſire they will compare my Arguments with thoſe made uſe of by Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, to prove that Dr. *Partridge* was dead in 1708. and to judge impartially if mine are not as natural and ſtrong as thoſe of that ingenious Gentleman.

AND now, to conclude, I muſt leave you to conſider whether all your Cenſures of the Follies of Mankind, and your Incitements to *Virtue* and *Morality*, have been to the purpoſe or no. No wonder then that your Productions become ſo ſuddenly *waſte Paper*. But will you have them to be of univerſal Entertainment, and carefully collected by every body? Send that idle Pedagogue,

Reaſon, a packing, and endeavour to free as many of your Readers as are troubled with it from its perturbations. Employ all your Wit and Skill in furniſhing Men with Arguments againſt its Dictates, and plauſible Excuſes for what you have hitherto looked upon as *Extravagances*. Thus your Paper will become truly *Catholick*, and gain you a general Eſteem and boundleſs Reputation. If you be at a loſs how to begin this *new Method*, I am ready to lend you my aſſiſtance, provided your obſtinate adherence to *Rationaliſm* and *Morality*, be no Obſtacle to our future Correſpondence.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

ISAAC ALOGIST.

N° 78. *Saturday, September* 24, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

——*Hi mores, hæc duri immota Catonis*
Secta fuit. LUCAN.

SIR,

LOOKING ſome few days ſince into the *Memoirs* of *Literature* for the Month of *February* laſt, I met with an Account of a Book printed laſt year at *Cologne*. It is a Collection of Letters written by a *Swiſs* Gentleman concerning the *Engliſh* and *French* Nations; with ſome Obſervations upon *Travels* in general. By the Account the *Memorialiſt* gives of it, it appears to be a curious Performance. His Obſervations upon the *Engliſh* Nation in particular are what will naturally excite the attention of an *Engliſh* Reader. He ſeems to have far juſter and more favourable Notions of the Inhabitants of the *Britiſh Iſles*, than the generality of Foreigners have. The old Character of *Fierceneſs* we however ſtill retain in his opinion. This Word has a very ill Idea in our Language; and therefore might be juſtly taken amiſs, if the Author intended to expreſs

preſs all that we uſually mean by it. But in truth, it ſignifies no more in the Original than that ſhyneſs of contracting new Friendſhips, and communicating our Thoughts and Opinions to Strangers, for which we are ſo remarkably diſtinguiſhed, occaſioned by that Diverſity of Opinions, which has ſo frequently given *Bigotry* the Alarm, and conſequently made it unſafe for a Man to appear in his own Character.

THIS ingenious Author I have been mentioning aſſigns another Excuſe for what he is pleaſed to call our *Fierceneſs*; and in a very uncommon ſtrain of Reflection, ſays, 'that '*Fierceneſs* is neceſſary in a free Nation for 'the preſervation of Liberty, in the ſame 'manner as a Man muſt be a *Miſanthrope*, 'that would always continue an *honeſt* 'Man.'

THE Reflection at firſt view will appear exceedingly wild and ſhocking to every good-natur'd Perſon; nothing being more contradictory to all Notions of Honeſty, than a firm and rooted Antipathy to the human Species. The *Miſanthrope* therefore of our Author muſt not draw along with it that whole frightful Train of Ideas which are commonly affixed to it. The Reflection in that caſe would be very unnatural and monſtrous. But the *French* generally underſtand this Word as it regards the Behaviour, and not the Affections; and call every Man a *Miſanthrope*, who from any peculiarity of

Temper, is careleſs about the arbitrary Forms of Diſtinction and Ceremonies of Addreſs which have been eſtabliſhed among thoſe who are uſually called the faſhionable and polite part of Mankind. Men of ſtrong Senſe, and exalted Virtue, are very apt to deſpiſe theſe empty Appearances at all times, and in a great many Caſes cannot comply with them, without reproaching themſelves with breaking thro' thoſe honourable and generous Maxims they have laid down for their Conduct. This is often reckoned by thoſe who do not know them, to proceed from an obſtinate Pride, and a thorow Contempt of every body but themſelves; whereas indeed it is the Effect of worthy and noble Sentiments, and a rational Scorn of every thing inconſiſtent with the Dignity of human Nature, and which has a tendency to make Men loſe the Subſtance of Virtue in hunting for the Shadow of it. And this, in ſhort, is that *Miſanthropy*, a Name our polite Neighbours give to every thing which has any appearance of Ruſticity, which our Author imagines to be inſeparable from a tenacious and inflexible Honeſty. A Remark pretty near a-kin to that noted Obſervation of my Lord *Halifax*, in his *Advice to a Daughter*, That a Man of good Senſe has always a mixture of Sullenneſs in his Temper.

I BELIEVE there are ſcarce any but will think both the one and the other of theſe Obſervations very unjuſt, when they conſider an honeſt, or a wiſe Man as he is in himſelf, abſtracted from the external Circumſtances in which he may be placed. For Honeſty is but another Name for the moſt generous Virtue, and extenſive Benevolence; and good Senſe will naturally direct the Poſſeſſor of it to all thoſe graceful Acts which may render him agreeable to others, and conſequently eaſy to himſelf. This, however, is on the Suppoſition, that the World is ſuitably diſpoſed to receive and cultivate ſuch a Commerce of Kindneſs and good Offices. But he muſt have little acquaintance with the World, the common World, who expects to live in it upon ſuch terms, or to be placed in ſuch Circumſtances as will not, now and then, give Honeſty the *Spleen*, and frequently diſcolour the Actions of People of the beſt Senſe, by putting their Temper on the *fret*.

TAKING things in this light, it will be found very difficult for a Man to preſerve his Honeſty uncorrupted, and his Temper unſoured at the ſame time. If thro' an abundance of good Nature he endeavours to live well with the World, as it is called, and to avoid all occaſions of giving offence, he muſt either be an idle Spectator in it, which ſurely is not a virtuous Character; or elſe by continually playing booty with it, ſacrifice his

Honour

Honour and Integrity for the ſake of ſome Advantages, which indirect Arts, and fraudulent Management are ſeldom found ſo effectual to obtain, as the plain beaten Road of Truth and Honeſty. There is the ſame diſadvantage in purſuing the Rules of this vitious Policy, that there is in forſaking the Highway on a Journey, and taking ſhort cuts thro' the Fields; you indeed ſave a Mile's riding, or ſo, but then you hazard your Neck by the bargain, and tho you ſhould eſcape that, probably engage yourſelf in Troubles and Difficulties enough to make you repent of your Reſolution.

THIS however is not the caſe of your merely good-natur'd People, who go into the Corruptions and Follies of Mankind without any deſign at all, being only carried along with the Torrent, which they have too much Cork in their Conſtitution to be able to reſiſt. Theſe are the People who uſually run away with the moſt agreeable Characters in Life, and are complimented with Goodneſs, and Humanity and Gentleneſs in great abundance, for no other viſible Reaſon, but becauſe they are good for nothing. In ſhort, my Lady's *Lap-dog* and they are pretty much on a level, who becauſe he can friſk, and fawn, and lick, and wag his Tail, is one of the beſt beloved, and moſt reſpected *Brutes* of the Family; while poor *Tray*, that defends the Houſe from *foreign Invaders*, and *domeſtick Pilferers*, does no body any harm unleſs

unleſs he be provoked, and in all reſpects behaves himſelf like a very *reaſonable Cur*, has the misfortune to be hated by every body, only on account of a little Sullenneſs in his Appearance, and becauſe he is apt to *growl* now and then at People that take a fancy to trifle with him.

If we look into Antiquity, we ſhall find many of the greateſt Evils which have befallen Mankind, to have proceeded from Men of a very complaiſant Diſpoſition, and ſweetneſs of Nature, nay, ambitious of doing Good, but faulty in deſiring to have the ſole Power of diſpenſing it in their own hands. *Alcibiades*, *Sylla*, and the two firſt *Cæſars*, were all of this Complexion, fond to the laſt degree of doing good Offices to all Perſons, and no leſs remarkable for an obliging Manner of doing them. Verſed in all the Paſſions of Human Nature, and dextrous in applying to them in the moſt engaging and effectual manner, they brought over all the ſhort-ſighted eaſy People of the Commonwealth they lived in, into their Meaſures, and made them Enemies to their Country, under the notion of following Leaders ſo conſpicuous for Benevolence and Humanity. And thus for want of a due regard to Honeſty, and a ſteddy adherence to Right and Juſtice, good Nature became an Inſtrument of the greateſt Calamity a People could ſuffer.

THERE is a noble Stroke to this purpoſe in Mr. *Addiſon*'s Tragedy of *Cato*. *Lucius*, perſuading that haughty *Roman* to ſubmit to the Conqueror, as an Inducement tells him how much and how juſtly *Cæſar* was celebrated for his Clemency and Humanity. To which *Cato*, conſidering only the bad Purpoſes to which thoſe Qualities had been applied, and the miſchievous Conſequences they had produced, makes an Anſwer which can never be ſufficiently admired:

Curſe on his Virtues, they've undone his Country.

ON the other hand, where Men are firmly reſolved to do nothing but what is juſt, and conſiſtent with the Rules of ſtrict Honeſty, they are under an abſolute neceſſity of laying aſide all Regards to the Bulk of Mankind, and of doing many things which will render them obnoxious to the Diſpleaſure and Ill-will of Multitudes of unthinking, but well-meaning People. And to incur Hatred and Reproach on this ſcore, as it is the hardeſt Trial which human Virtue can undergo, ſo is it attended with the moſt ſublime Satisfaction which it is capable of enjoying, the Conſciouſneſs of having maintained its ground againſt thoſe Temptations which generally prove an over-match for any but uncommon and godlike Minds.

MEN of this Temper, tho an Honour to the Species, and the only real Benefactors to Mankind, yet are commonly looked upon as

a perverſe and obſtinate Generation, becauſe they will not flatter the Follies, nor comply with the unreaſonable Humours of the giddy Multitude. They ſet themſelves in open defiance to Corruption and Wickedneſs, and combat the Prejudices, and ill Opinions which have crept into the World, without regard to any preſent Damage which may attend their ſo doing; being convinced, that Things are not to be eſtimated by their preſent or accidental Uſefulneſs, but by their natural tendency to render Mankind good and happy. And this Method of acting being oppoſite to the common Maxims and Managements of the World, the Men who uſe it, as they are both a Reproach and an Obſtacle to them who do it not, who in all Ages have been vaſtly the majority, cannot avoid both being looked upon, and actually becoming in ſome meaſure rigid and auſtere.

THIS, however it may appear for the preſent an unamiable Character, and create Diſguſt and Ill-will in thoſe who have ſome particular Intereſt thwarted by it, yet gives an unconcerned Spectator the higheſt and moſt exalted Idea of Human Nature that is capable of being formed. We read the Inſtances of this inflexible Integrity, and inexorable Virtue, if I may ſo ſpeak, in the antient *Greeks* and *Romans*, with an Admiration beyond any thing we feel from the Repreſentation of Actions ſpringing from more common and feeble Affections. Neither

ther the Tenderneſs of Lovers in Romances, nor the Arts and Fineſſes of Politicians, however natural the one and uſeful the other may appear, give us that manly Pleaſure in the peruſal, which we receive from a view of the Firmneſs and Intrepidity of thoſe generous and heroick Mortals, in thoſe things wherein they apprehended true Greatneſs and Dignity to conſiſt. *Seneca* regards a Man of this make, when diſappointed in his Deſigns and ſtruggling with Misfortunes, as a Sight the Gods look down upon with pleaſure. And *Horace* has choſen to fetch the principal Embelliſhment of one of his moſt ſublime Odes from the ſame Subject.

The Man who dares, in conſcious Virtue bold,
By Truth and Juſtice obſtinately hold,
Diſdains the giddy Croud's unjuſt Decrees,
And undiſmay'd the Frowns of Tyrants ſees:
His fair Deſigns nor Hopes, nor Fears controul,
Or from his Purpoſe warp his ſteddy Soul.
Thy Billows, Adria, vainly laſh the Shore;
And o'er his Head th' undreaded Thunders roar.
Let Heaven, and its eternal Arches fall,
And into pieces cruſh this earthly Ball;
Yet he, all Nature in one Ruin hurl'd,
Shall ſtand unmov'd amidſt a falling World.

BEFORE I conclude, it is neceſſary to obſerve, that this ſtern and awful Diſpoſition is ſo far from being a real *Miſanthropy*, that it proceeds rather from the moſt extenſive Humanity; tho from a conſtant Maxim of

treating with Mankind upon ſuch Terms as they ought, but do not deſire to comply with, their Conduct has the appearance of Contempt and Diſregard for them. But this is no more than the neceſſary Reſult of the moſt ſublime Principle of Virtue, a Deſire to imitate GOD himſelf, who, tho the moſt benevolent and compaſſionate of all Beings, yet is often pleaſed in his tender Severity to diſappoint the Wiſhes and Expectations of his Creatures, and is more than once repreſented to us in the inſpired Writings as *chaſtening thoſe whom he loveth.*

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

N° 79. *Saturday, October* 1, 1726.

To HIBERNICUS.

Qui labores, pericula, dubias atque aſperas res facile toleraverant, iis otium, divitiæ, optandæ aliis, oneri miſeriæque fuere. SALLUST.

SIR,

THERE is a vitious Modeſty prevails much in the World, which is apt to lead Men into very dangerous Miſtakes. Many Men have their Hearts overflowing with Good-will to Mankind, and would not be ſeduced by any Conſideration to do a thing that would be hurtful to the Publick, who yet, by conſidering themſelves as of very ſmall account in the World, and their Actions of little or no conſequence to Society, are every day guilty of what they would abhor, were they ſenſible of it. They imagine, that none but Men in publick and eminent Stations are capable of having any Influence on the Happineſs of the Community, and ſo make their own private Convenience the only Rule of their Conduct in living; judging, that while the Publick receives no direct immedi-

are Damage from any thing they do, they are perfectly innocent in leading an indolent unactive Life, and gratifying every Wish which does not impair their Health, or Estates.

I HAVE in a former Letter to you endeavoured to shew the unreasonableness of such an indolent Temper, and how unmanly it is to indulge it. But the Bounds of your Paper would not permit me to treat the Subject so fully as it requires. I therefore intend at this time to consider it in the Consequences which I think unavoidably attend it, to wit, *Luxury*, and *Idleness*; which two things have been in all Ages the Source of the greatest Evils which can possibly befal any Country or People.

BESIDES the Tendency of these Vices to damage the Publick, there is danger in the bare appearance of them sufficient to make any one who truly loves his Country extremely cautious of all approaches towards them. For tho the Example rises from the Great and the Rich, who cannot hurt themselves much either by Leisure or Expence, yet the Imitation generally runs thro' all Ranks of Men, till at last it reaches and corrupts those by whose Industry a Nation ought to subsist. It is obvious to every Man's knowledge, that the meaner sort of People are perpetually treading on the heels of those immediately above them, and aping the Manner of Life in fashion among such as are called

led Perſons of Diſtinction, which every Man is to ſome or others of thoſe who are below him. So that let a Man be ever ſo well able to afford either Magnificence or Profuſion in his way of living, the Duty he owes the Publick obliges him to live within his Fortune, that he may not give encouragement to general Waſte, and become a Means of introducing univerſal Poverty and Miſery. And as every Man has an actual Influence this way, it is the buſineſs of all to conſider themſelves in this View, and not be ſatisfied with the thought that they have had no actual hand in the publick Diſorders, or the falſe Modeſty of believing themſelves too inconſiderable to be Leaders in the Ways of the World. When there is danger of a Diſtemper becoming general, tho no Man can pretend to ſtop the Contagion, yet if he endeavours to ſave *One* from it, he does all in his power to prevent the Infection from ſpreading. And the beſt way to prevent Corruption of Manners is for every Man to begin at home, and by that means invite his Neighbours to do the like. Men manage in this Affair much as they do in cleaning or repairing the publick Ways; if you fall directly to work, and mend before your own Door, it is odds but you will have the whole Neighbourhood follow you; whereas if you enter into Conſultation about it, a Diſpute may ariſe who ſhall begin firſt, and ſo the Buſineſs be greatly retarded, if not totally neglected.

IT is a miſtake to ſay, That *Luxury* is only criminal when it produces an Expence diſproportioned to a Man's Fortune. What I have already mentioned concerning the ill Influence which high Living has on the lower Orders of Men, even when it does not impair the Fortunes of thoſe who uſe it, ſufficiently proves the contrary. For beſides that Men may, and frequently do give into a criminal *Luxury*, which inſtead of diminiſhing, proves a Means of enlarging their Circumſtances, many a worthleſs Rogue has *eat* himſelf into Preferment, and others have been no leſs ſucceſsful by diſplaying their great Abilities in *Drinking*. But will any one from thence argue, that indulging the ſenſual Appetites in thoſe caſes is juſtifiable, and that there is no other Rule for adjuſting the Meaſure of our Expences in living but every Man's private Fortune and Circumſtances? Has Nature fixed no Limits to our Deſires; and are there no Superfluities that contribute neither to the Neceſſaries nor Decencies of Life? And is it not becoming every wiſe and good Man to break himſelf of all Inclinations to things of this ſort, and to hold them in diſeſteem and contempt? For the ſmalleſt degree of Indulgence of them, even tho only in compliance with the Faſhions of the World, and the Tyranny of Cuſtom, is of dangerous experiment, in regard of the ill Habits which by that means may be contracted, and the eaſy tranſition there is from one degree of Voluptuouſneſs

ouſneſs to another, and greater. Add to this the ſupernumerary Cares which Men are expoſed to, who fall in love with a Life of Eaſe, Pleaſure or Magnificence; which, tho only imaginary Enjoyments, yet prove real Afflictions, when Men are either deprived of them, or under apprehenſions of loſing them.

THE Perfection of Wiſdom has ever been eſteemed to conſiſt in the moderating of our Deſires, reducing them within the bounds of Nature and Reaſon, and diſengaging our Affections from all Objects foreign to the Happineſs of ſocial and intelligent Beings. Now it is evident, that all the Objects of *Luxury*, either in Entertainments, Dreſs or Equipage, which are what the World commonly calls *Luxury*, (which, without having recourſe to a metaphyſical Definition, is a word as well underſtood as *Black* or *White*) are of this ſort; and conſequently it is our wiſdom to baniſh them as much as we can from our Thoughts, and to be as ſparing in the uſe of them as the Circumſtances of the Age and Country we live in will permit. I will add too, that the Strength, and perhaps the very Being of Virtue depends on the ſame Principle. For it is certain, that nothing prompts Men ſo much to hate one another, and become cruel and unjuſt, as the Extravagance of their Deſires. And no leſs certain it is, that *Luxury* and *Avarice* go hand in hand together, it being impoſſible to ſupport the one without the aſſiſtance of the other; which *Compound* of *Avarice* is much

more pernicious than the *Simple* kind; the one very often breaking out into Fraud, Rapine and Oppreſſion, and the other for the moſt part contenting itſelf to feed upon Induſtry and Frugality.

THE Policy of the antient *Greeks* and *Romans* in this matter is well worthy our Regard and Imitation. Thoſe wiſe and virtuous Nations, in the Times of their greateſt Grandure and Proſperity, made it their principal care to inſpire the Minds of their People with a Contempt of all falſe Pleaſures, and immoderate Riches. For this purpoſe, when other Methods fail'd, they made uſe of the more compulſive ones of *Sumptuary* and *Agrarian* Laws; rightly judging, that the Publick Safety and Tranquillity could never be well maintained, unleſs the reſpective Members of the Body Politick were Men of Virtue and Moderation, and greatly denied to every thing which might prove either an Impediment or a Snare to them in their Endeavours to promote the Good of their Country. The greateſt and beſt Men that ever thoſe Commonwealths produced came readily into theſe Maxims, and had even a kind of Affectation in embracing Labour and Poverty. *Epaminondas* in *Greece*, and *Cincinnatus* in *Rome*, are not the only illuſtrious Inſtances of voluntary Indigence among their firſt Magiſtrates, and moſt renowned Captains. Luxury at Tables, and Expence in Apparel, were things looked on as criminal, or at leaſt unbecoming Perſons of Worth

Worth and Diſtinction; which Principle prevailing among the Great, diffuſed itſelf thro' all Ranks and Orders of Men in a general Sobriety and Modeſty.

By means of this Contempt of Wealth, and Abſtinence from Pleaſure in private Perſons and Families, the Publick was enabled to appear with the greater Splendor and Dignity. Every Man's private Vanity was turned to augment the Stream of the Publick Magnificence, which diſplayed itſelf in great and noble Works, that might laſt for Ages, warm the Hearts of ſucceeding Generations with a holy Reverence for their Anceſtors, and call up the dear *Idea* of a *Country* in their Minds by ſenſible Objects. People were content to lie on a homely Bed, and feed on ſimple Diet, while they could ſee their Cities adorned with Temples, Statues, and Triumphal Arches, the Monuments of Piety and Virtue; and their Country rendered both beautiful and commodious by ſtately Bridges, and convenient Cauſeways. The bare Ruins of ſome of theſe Works to this day ſtrike thoſe who behold them with Wonder and Aſtoniſhment; and how muſt they have been affected with them, who ſaw them in their Glory, and imagined they had a Property in them? An Expence thus employed, as it raiſed the Minds of the People, and contributed to make them generous and publick-ſpirited, ſo the Effects of it being extenſive and durable, tended both to promote the good of the

the Community, and the innocent Pleaſure and Amuſement of every particular Member. Our Vanity, on the contrary, is all confined to ourſelves, and for the moſt part diſplays itſelf in very trifling and periſhable Objects: and by that means the Expence laid out in gratifying it, is juſt ſo much loſt to the Publick, over and above the Injury it receives from the Degeneracy of Mens Minds, and the Corruption of Manners which neceſſarily attends the giving way to ſo idle and ſelfiſh a Temper.

I NEED not repreſent how great, how ſucceſsful and happy thoſe brave People were, while they lived in the manner I have been deſcribing, and kept up their firſt Strictneſs of Life, and Moderation of Deſires. But I muſt not omit obſerving, that as ſoon as they fell from it, they ſunk by degrees from that Pitch of Glory and Happineſs they formerly enjoyed. *Luxury* was ſucceeded by *Avarice*, and that introduced Struggles and Contentions among the Great for the Management of publick Affairs, that they might have the greater Opportunities of enriching themſelves. This introduced Bribery and Corruption, and then Fraud and Violence, which at laſt iſſued in cruel Seditions, Conſpiracies, and Civil Wars; by which being deſtroyed and conſumed, they became an eaſy Prey to furious and abominable Tyrants, who uſing them like Beaſts, by degrees made them ſo, and put them for ever

out

out of a capacity ſo much as to look up to that Height from whence they had fallen.

I AM far from inſinuating, that things are in ſuch a dangerous Poſture among us at preſent: but truly I cannot help thinking, that we are in the ſtrait Road to it, if we go on as we have begun. For let us look where we will, is there not a ſtrange Effeminacy and Diſſoluteneſs viſible among all ſorts of People, but eſpecially the Polite, and the *Beau Monde?* And do we not ſeem perpetually to vie with one another in the moſt expenſive and extravagant Ways of Living that can be contrived? Can any thing be more ſhocking to Decency and Senſe, than to ſee our young Fops all daubed over with *Pomatum*, and cruſh'd up into a pair of *Stays*? Tho this laſt may, for ought I know, have ſome Significance in it, and intimate how richly the Owners deſerve to be *laced*. It is true, ſome of them can afford it, and poſſibly do their Fortunes no harm by ſuch an Expence. But what then? Is not the thing itſelf abſurd and unnatural? Some of our Philoſophers too can afford to lay out 20 or 30,000 Pounds in a Collection of *Butterflies*; and many a fantaſtick Female gratify her Paſſion for *China Ware* with what might be a ſufficient Portion for her, if ſhe were not herſelf as frail as her *China*. But will that juſtify ſuch an unreaſonable Expence on things neither uſeful, nor truly ornamental in Life? If we know not what

what to do with our Riches, unleſs to make Oſtentation of them, let us do it in things which have a real Beauty and Durableneſs, in Building and Planting, the Pleaſure of which Multitudes may enjoy as well as the Owner, and not waſte them in the momentary Gratifications of Appetite, or the feeble and windy Satisfaction ariſing from Gaudineſs of Dreſs and Equipage. If we reflect at all, as reaſonable People ſhould, on the ſad Conſequences of this perverted Taſte in other Kingdoms and States, and conſider that the like Cauſes muſt always produce the like Effects, the Duty we owe to our Country will conſtrain us to guard with our utmoſt Caution againſt the leaſt Symptom of ſo dangerous a Diſeaſe.

SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

PUBLICOLA.

N° 80. *Saturday, October* 8, 1726.

To HIBERNICUS.

Falso queritur de natura sua genus humanum, quod imbecille, atque ævi brevis, sorte potius quam virtute regatur. Nam contra reputando, neque majus aliud, neque præstabilius invenias; magisque naturæ industriam hominum, quam vim aut tempus deesse.

SALLUST.

SIR,

NOTHING is more usual than to hear People, otherwise of good Sense, and in such Circumstances of Life as appear very comfortable and easy, bemoaning themselves at a rate which would scarcely be decent in Men struggling with the greatest Misfortunes, or groaning under the most grievous Afflictions. Tho in all outward appearance they want nothing which might render them happy, yet in reality they want every thing, by wanting the Disposition necessary to all Happiness, a Mind open to receive those innocent Gratifications which by the Bounty of Providence offer themselves in great plenty, in almost every Scene or Condition in which Men can be placed.

IF

IF there were not a kind of Cruelty in making ourſelves merry even with Mens imaginary Misfortunes, it would be pleaſant to obſerve the Methods of tormenting themſelves made uſe of by People of this Complexion. For in this matter they diſcover a great deal of Ingenuity, and have the Art of drawing Sorrow and Dejection of Heart out of the greateſt Bleſſings of Life, with as much facility as Waſps extract Poiſon from Flowers. Being a very *Laconic* Generation of Men, and deſirous of finding out the moſt compendious Ways to be miſerable, they deal much in broken Sentences, and ſhort Apothegms, intimating the Vanity of Life, the Lubricity of human Affairs, the Ridiculouſneſs of every thing in the World, and ſeveral other important Diſcoveries of the ſame nature, all equally uſeful to prevent any laudable or rational Purſuits, and to make Being itſelf comfortleſs and burdenſom. And upon theſe hopeful Foundations are commonly raiſed all thoſe unaccountable *Reveries*, and extravagant Diſtreſſes which make their appearance among Mankind under the appellation of the *Spleen.*

WHATEVER may be the accidental, or more immediate Cauſes of this faſhionable Diſtemper; whether uneaſy Reflections on Diſappointments in Love or Buſineſs, an over-delicate Conſtitution of Body; an *Ephemeridical* Diſpoſition either in the *Head*, or the *Feet*, to prognoſticate *foul Weather*, or *Eaſterly Winds*: Whether, I ſay, theſe, or any

any of these may concur as Signs, or Causes in this matter; yet I am perfectly convinced, that in most People it owes its Original to nothing but downright *Idleness*.

By *Idleness* I do not only mean mere *Sauntering*, or doing of nothing, but doing nothing to the purpose. According to which account, I believe it will be found that there are a great many more idle People in the World than is commonly apprehended; and that a great deal of that which passes now-a-days under the name of *Business*, is nothing at the bottom but a refined Species of *Laziness*.

Certain I am, that Labour and Industry never were in lower estimation than at present. All our polite People manage their Bodies as if they thought them of no other use but to be *shewn*, and kept in *Repair*; and consequently the greatest Fatigues they expose them to are paying of *Visits*, and taking *Physick*. For tho there are some who abound more in the *Animal* Life, yet I would not be so unjust as to reckon them any part of the polite World, however they may agree with it in some Circumstances. But be that as it will, it is very evident, that among all those who either are, or affect to be thought Persons of Fashion and Distinction, every thing of Work and bodily Labour is brought under a general Disrepute, as unbecoming an easy Fortune, and a liberal Education.

One obvious ill Consequence hereof with regard to the Persons themselves, is the mischievons

chievous Habits by this means introduced. For Idleneſs in Perſons of a plentiful Fortune muſt either end in Debauchery and Luxury, or in Liſtleſſneſs and Inappetency to the Comforts and Enjoyments of Life; either of which is as full and ſhort a Deſcription of Miſery, as a ſound Mind in a ſound Body is of Happineſs. The *Failing of Deſire*, which *Solomon* repreſents as one of the greateſt Afflictions of old Age, is very often the Attendant of the *Rich* and the *Idle*; and this proceeds from their not enuring themſelves to a little Toil and Abſtinence, by means of which the Returns of Eaſe and Abundance would come to them with a greater guſt and reliſh. For in the preſent State of human Nature our greateſt Pleaſures grow either ſour, or inſipid on our hands, unleſs we taſte them with moderation and frequent intermiſſions. Light itſelf, the firſt Creature of GOD, and the greateſt of all ſenſual Enjoyments, which is the ſame to the Eyes that Truth is to the Underſtanding, would grow grievous to us, if we were not ſo often relieved from it by the agreeable Viciſſitudes of Darkneſs. And much more will this hold of Pleaſures, which are not only of an inferior kind, but founded more upon Art and Cuſtom, than Neceſſity or Nature.

I KNOW it will be urged, that intellectual Improvements, and the Study of curious and uſeful Arts, are a proper buſineſs for the Great and the Rich, and conſequently entitle them to an Exemption from every thing which requires

requires corporeal Labour and Induſtry. Nor can it be denied, that Gentlemen are obliged beyond others to become accompliſhed in Things of this ſort; an Acquaintance with Letters and Laws being abſolutely neceſſary to render them uſeful to their Country, in proportion to the Intereſt they poſſeſs in it. But ſtill I inſiſt, that they ought not to engage in Study with the ſame Severity and Intention that thoſe who live by any of the Learned Profeſſions are obliged to. In this laſt caſe there is no ill Example given to the common People, who never reckon a ſedentary Life an idle one, when it is the Means of Subſiſtence. But it touches them to the quick, when they ſee a Man indolent by way of Enjoyment. They then begin to ſigh after the imagined Softneſs and Eaſe of that kind of Life, grow tired of their own laborious Buſineſs, and fall in love with Learning and Retirement. And how pernicious to the Publick ſuch a Humour would be, ſhould it once come to be univerſal, I need not mention, nor how ridiculous and contemptible a Figure a Nation compoſed intirely of *Literati* and *Philoſophers* would make among its Neighbours.

IT has been held a piece of very uſeful Policy among great Commanders, both in antient and later Days, to encourage their Men in any laborious or difficult Enterprizes, ſuch as digging of Trenches, raiſing of Works, and the like, by beginning themſelves, and carrying off the firſt Load of Earth, or laying

the firſt Stone in their own Perſons. Something of this is ſtill retained in our Cuſtom of having the Foundation of any conſiderable Building laid by ſome Perſon of Diſtinction and Eminence. And if I were diſpoſed to ſhew my Reading, I might on this occaſion mention that Law among the *Mahometans*, by which every Man is obliged to learn and profeſs ſome Handicraft Employment; which is ſo inviolably obſerved by them, that even the *Ottoman* Emperors are not exempted from it, of which we meet with many Inſtances in their Hiſtories. Mr. *Locke*, in his excellent *Treatiſe of Education*, is of opinion, that every Gentleman ought not only to know, but practiſe ſomething of the Mechanics. And indeed the Reaſon hereof ſeems to hold much ſtronger in Men of plentiful Fortunes, than in ſuch as are otherwiſe, in order to divert that Languor and Uneaſineſs which generally ſticks to ſtudious and contemplative Minds, and ariſes from their falling too much into Notions and Schemes of general Happineſs or Unhappineſs in Life, and by that means growing ſatiated of the World and every thing in it. Whereas Men who employ themſelves in ſome particular Buſineſs, which exerciſes the Body without much application of Mind, are very rarely troubled with any ſuch Diſeaſes; which, however we may impute them to bad Air, or other external Cauſes, are in reality owing to our Lazineſs and Indolence, as is viſible in *Holland*,

Holland, where tho idle Strangers who travel thither out of Curiosity, complain of the *Vapours* very often, yet the industrious Inhabitants were never yet *refined* enough to feel any thing of that modish Disorder; at least if we will believe Sir *William Temple*, whose Observations on those Provinces are allowed by every body to be as authentick, as they are curious and entertaining.

I AM the warmer on this Subject, because I have observed the Humour of *polite Idleness* to be spreading very fast into the Territories of Trade and Commerce, and am much afraid lest it should descend to our Forges and Work-shops. Since the conclusion of the late Wars, *Philosophy* and *Poetry* have succeeded in the place of *Politicks*, and made many Characters full as ridiculous as the *Upholsterer* in the *Tatler*. I know a Bevy of *Spinsters* very far gone in the Laws of the *Drama*, and another who are no small Proficients in the *Mathematicks*. I have seen the Lord *Shaftesbury*'s Works on a Shopkeeper's Counter, and hear him every day quoted by Persons, whose Business it neither is to understand him, nor have they the proper Means of doing it; and who when they have got a little *smattering* of him, for the most part employ it to very ill purposes. If things go on according to this comfortable Beginning, we may hope in a short time to see our *Weavers* commence *Systematical Divines*, and hear our *Coblers capping* Verses in every Stall.

I KNOW no manner of uſe our common Tradeſmen have for any higher kind of Learning than reading and writing *Engliſh*, and caſting up Accounts: and where any of them go farther, it proceeds generally from a mixture of *Lazineſs* and *Ambition*; which diverting them from their own proper Buſineſs, very often proves deſtructive to their Families, and highly prejudicial to Society in general. And as the moſt effectual Remedy for this would be to render Labour, and mechanic Arts reputable, which can never be done while the better ſort of People decline altogether putting a hand to them; I think it would be a high Strain both of Wiſdom and Goodneſs in Men of eaſy and plentiful Fortunes, to ſhew their Inferiors now and then a good Example this way, as far as may be conſiſtent with the Duties ariſing out of their own Station and Circumſtances of Life.

AS for our *Philoſophers* in *Petticoats*, I would fain know, whether the Cares of a Family, conjugal Affection, and maternal Tenderneſs, will not afford a ſufficient Employment for any one Woman; or whether they will readily become more virtuous by exerciſing of theſe, or by devoting their whole time to the Study of moral Entities, the Nature of Obligations, and the reſt of that Strain, which has ſo often perplexed Mens Heads with airy Notions of Virtue, but very ſeldom, if ever, warmed their Hearts with the Love of it. I am confident there are ſeveral pretty little

Occupa-

Occupations much more becoming their Sex, and leſs apt to give them the *Vapours*, than either *Philoſophy*, *Politics*, or *Poetry*. And therefore I would humbly recommend to them a wiſe Inſtitution of *Mango Copac*, the Founder of the *Peruvian* Empire, who eſtabliſhed it as a fundamental Law, that all People ſhould work who were able; by which means it became faſhionable for the Ladies among them, whenever they went to ſee their Neighbours, to carry their Work along with them, which they followed all the time the Viſit laſted, unleſs when the Viſit was paid to ſome Lady of very great Quality, in which caſe they laid their own Work aſide, and by way of Compliment aſſiſted her. If ſuch a Refinement were introduced among us, I am perſuaded it would in great meaſure prevent that unconſcionable Waſte of *Tea* and *Scandal* which the World at preſent ſo loudly complains of; and not a whit leſſen that conquering Power which the Fair Sex ſo juſtly boaſts as its Prerogative. For if I am not much miſtaken, moſt Men had much rather chooſe a Wife who underſtands *Plain-work* than *Philoſophy*, prefer a *Shirt* of her making to a *Poem* of her compoſing, and be much better pleaſed to ſee her take up handſomely a *fallen Stitch* in a *Stocking*, than *inveſtigate* the moſt abſtruſe *Theorem* in *Algebra*.

I hope none of your Readers will miſtake me ſo much, as to imagine I am an Enemy to Learning, and would diſſuade Men from the

Study of it. No, I am ſenſible, that without it no State can be happy or flouriſhing. But at the ſame time, I would not have it purſued, to the hindrance of thoſe other Arts which are neceſſary to the very being of Mankind, as well as the beautifying of Society. It is againſt the exceſſive and univerſal Indolence of Body, which may be introduced under pretence of improving and adorning the Mind, and againſt that only, that I combat. For ſince we carry about us Bodies, as well as Souls, and are Creatures formed for Action as well as Thinking; it is certain, we ought not to gratify one part of our Charge at the expence of the other, and may become criminal as much by a *Mental* Luxury, as by an over-indulgence of the *Animal* in us.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

PUBLICOLA.

N° 81. *Saturday, October* 15, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

——Jam ſtragis acervis
Deficiunt campi, video per denſa volantem
Agmina ductorem Libyæ, curruſque citatos
Arma virûm ſuper, atque artus & ſigna trahentem
——Jam rident arva.—— SIL. ITAL.

SIR,

IT is an Obſervation I have ſomewhere met with, *That whoever has been much converſant among the old Books, will be a little hard to pleaſe among the new.* We *Moderns* are not very fond of giving our aſſent to any thing which may derogate in the leaſt from our own Worth and Excellency; and therefore I ſhall be very tender of inſinuating, as ſome uncautious Perſons have done, the Preference of the *Antients* to us, that being a Point which might give offence to a much greater number of Writers than Antiquity can boaſt of. Yet I think, I may venture to affirm, that the *Antients* may now and then prove no inconſiderable Helps to a modern Writer; and that we have had very few eminent modern

Writers, who had not ſome little acquaintance with the *Antients*.

So far, I believe, will be allow'd me without much difficulty. But ſhould one preſume to go a little farther, and aſſert the Antients to have excelled the Moderns in the Art and Delicacy of Compoſition, Propriety of Style, and Beauty of Expreſſion, he muſt expect to be very ſeverely humbled for his Raſhneſs. Yet unleſs ſomething of this be true, it is pretty hard to conceive how the Writings which have been handed down to us from Antiquity, have come to be the Wonder and Delight of ſo many ſucceeding Ages, and been by the beſt Judges looked on as the moſt perfect Models of juſt and elegant Writing.

OUR Neighbours, the *French*, whom we ſeem to acknowledge as the politeſt of the modern Nations, otherwiſe we act very inconſiſtently in ſo ſervilely imitating ſome of the worſt of their Cuſtoms, take all opportunities of ſhewing their Reverence for the Antients, and making the Knowledge of them extenſive. For this purpoſe, as well as to enrich their own Language with uſeful Books, they have laboured inceſſantly in tranſlating the Claſſics, both *Greek* and *Latin*, which have at any time received the Sanction of the Commonwealth of Letters. By this means they have in a manner naturalized the Wit and good Senſe of all Antiquity, and made it ſo much their own, that

even

even thoſe among them who are ignorant of the learned Languages, may yet in ſome meaſure become Maſters of thoſe excellent Performances which have been compoſed in them.

BESIDES this obvious Advantage of tranſlating the Antients, there is yet another no leſs conſiderable, tho not ſo frequently regarded. A good Tranſlation is oftentimes the trueſt Comment upon an Author, and the beſt Help to the thorow underſtanding of him. Every one who has the leaſt acquaintance with the Antients, muſt be ſenſible what Difficulties attend the Study of them, and how thorny the Paſſage oftentimes is to their meaning. It is therefore an Office of Humanity, in ſuch as have ſuitable Abilities, to remove the Difficulties, and render the Avenues more eaſy to a Field of ſo much Delight and Inſtruction. And tho I would be far from depreciating the Labours of thoſe Gentlemen who have applied themſelves, in a way of Criticiſm, to unravel the Doubts, and explain the obſcure Paſſages of the antient Authors; yet I cannot help thinking a judicious Tranſlation to be much more ſerviceable for that purpoſe. The critical Commentator ſelects only certain Places which have appeared difficult to himſelf, or to thoſe with whom he has converſed; and having cleared them, paſſes by all the reſt as plain and eaſy, which yet may prove as perplexing to others, as thoſe upon which he employed

ployed his greateſt Care and Diligence. A Tranſlation, on the other hand, is a perpetual Comment; which taking in the leſs as well as the more difficult Paſſages, leaves nothing untouched that can give the leaſt obſtruction or uneaſineſs to the moſt raw and unprepared Reader; and helps him forward, without that languiſhing drudgery one generally undergoes in the peruſal of critical Interpretations.

OUR Language, tho it boaſts not of ſuch numerous Tranſlations as the *French*, yet has furniſhed a great many excellent ones. We read the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, and particularly the *Pharſalia*, in our own Language, with little leſs pleaſure than in the Originals. I might mention a great many other worthy Performances of the ſame nature, which do honour to our Tongue, and probably will laſt as long as it continues to be ſpoken. The Mine however is not yet exhauſted; and there ſtill remain many noble Works of Antiquity to be made free of our Language. The Author from whom I have taken the Motto of this Paper, is none of the leaſt conſiderable of thoſe on whom this Diſtinction has not been hitherto conferred. His Work, beſides the Character of its Author, who was a Perſon of the higheſt Quality in *Rome*, and had been thrice honoured with the Dignity of Conſul, comes recommended to us by the Dignity and Grandure of its Subject, as well as thoſe Beauties it boaſts

as a Poem. It contains an Account of one of the greateſt and moſt remarkable Tranſactions to be met with in Hiſtory, the humbling of *Carthage* by the *Roman* Arms in the ſecond *Punic* War. And this is repreſented with ſuch Pomp and Beauty of Deſcription, and ſo much Elegance of Style, and Harmony of Numbers, as very few of the moſt admired among the *Latin* Poets have been able to equal.

I AM glad I can ~~felicitate~~ my Country on the hopes we have of ſeeing this excellent Performance very ſpeedily tranſlated into *Engliſh*, by an ingenious young Gentleman of our own Nation. Propoſals for that end, I am informed, will be given out in a ſhort time. The Character I have taken upon me will not ſuffer me to omit recommending to my Readers the Encouragement of a Work, which if it ſucceeds, may reflect ſo much Honour on our Country. I chuſe to conceal the Name of the Gentleman at preſent, till he thinks fit to appear in his own Project. However it is but reaſonable, that the World ſhould ſee what they are to hope and expect from him in this matter; for which reaſon I ſubmit the following little Poem by the ſame Hand to the Judgment of my Readers, deſiring them at the ſame time not to draw too near a Compariſon betwixt a Piece of a careleſs and familiar Turn, and a Work which will employ his utmoſt Care and Diligence, and afford him much greater

room

room for the exercise both of Imagination and Judgment.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

HIBERNICUS.

To *T——M——* of *Staffordshire* Esq; on two celebrated Pieces of his Painting, *viz.* a Battle of *Alexander*, and a Landskip.

FOrgive the Muses, proud t' illude your Time,
And press the soft impertinence of Rhyme:
Accept a Praise that scorns the venal part,
Nor prostitutes to yours the Sister Art——
But with much Zeal 'tis fatal to commend;
How hard to praise, and to preserve the Friend?

BLEST Youth! To whom the gen'rous Arts are known
Who singly seem unconscious of your own: *(known,*
To whom renew'd exhausted Ages roll,
While all th' illustrious Dead *enlarge your Soul:*
To whom fair Italy *unlock'd her Store,*
And spread the Treasures of the Classic *Shore;*
All that fam'd Raphael *drew, or* Maro *taught,*
The wond'rous Pencil, and the Poet's Thought;
The learn'd Inscription, sanctify'd in Rust;
The breathing Canvas, and Corinthian *Bust;*
The venerable Urn, *the little* Lar,
Preserv'd thro' Time's wild Waste, and Gothic *War;*
The valu'd Manuscript, the fainted Bone,
Instructive Medal, and historic Stone;
Great Appius' *Work, thro' Ages unimpair'd;*
And Obelisks *to gradual Wonder rear'd;*
Vast Catacombs, *conceal'd in Earth, to vie*
With Amphitheatres, *that mate the Sky;*

Soft

Soft Venus' *Smile in ductile Marble ſhown,*
And Cæſar's *Frown, that awes the World in Stone;*
The Monumental Arch, the Parian *Dome;*
Majeſtick Ruins of Imperial Rome!

HOW ſhall the Muſe your happy Labours hail,
Where Words to raiſe the fair Idea fail?
Let your own ſpeaking Paint your Praiſes ſhow,
Your Knowledge in Poetick Colours glow!

TOO delicate, you check my friendly Fires,
And awe the Fancy that your Worth inſpires.
My Strength unequal to the Task I know;
Cold damps the Thought, languid the Numbers flow.
The fleeting Image cheats my lab'ring Mind,
And feebly ſhows what boldly was deſign'd.
As when the firſt faint Lines your Canvas ſtain,
And Nature ſtruggles thro' the Piece in vain;
From the rude Strokes imperfectly we trace
The mimick Life, ſketch'd o'er the future Face.

SEE! Time *rolls backward, with his Pinions bound,*
And Fate obſequious cleaves the teeming Ground:
The Grave gives up its Dead, reviv'd they ſtand,
A new Creation from thy forming Hand!
Conflicting Chiefs in artful Fight engage,
And wond'ring Nature feels fictitious Rage:
There 'midſt plum'd Warriors, ſtain'd with honeſt Blood,
Young Ammon *plunges in the* Granic *Flood!*
Here like a Regent Angel in his Star,
The Perſian *drives his* Diamond-glowing *Car!*
Lo! where aloft the foamy Courſers rear
In act to neigh, and paw the ſuff'ring Air!
The purpled Waters we behold below,
Amaz'd to find the Stream forget to flow;
Thro' Groups of Men juſt Attitudes we ſpy,
And each contracted Figure chains the Eye:

Vary'd

Vary'd Delight the lively Paſſions yield;
Fear, Hope, and Terror fluctuate thro' the Field.
Here the compacted Phalanx *braves the Flood,*
While glitt'ring Spears project a waving Wood.
The Ruſh of Victors now the Fight confounds,
The Battle thunders with Ideal Sounds!
Here a ſtern Hero meditates a Foe,
From the rais'd Arm we wait the coming Blow:
The writhing Wretch rolls his beſeeching Eyes,
Shrinks from the Jav'lin, almoſt groans, and dies.
There ſnorting Steeds o'er proſtrate Riders bound,
Swords, Helmets, Limbs, Tiara's ſtrow the Ground.—

NOW change the Horror of the dreadful Scene,
Lo, ſmiling Meads appear in vivid Green!
Irregularly fair, th' elaſtic Trees
Bend to the Eye, and fan the ſtreaming Breeze:
There your blue Æther emulates the Sky,
Clouds behind Clouds the ſeeming Plain bely;
An aged Oak *here, venerably bare,*
Tugs the ſtrain'd Root, and pond'rous ſtoops in Air:
Lo! there a lonely Goat, in ſhaggy port,
Tops the ſhrub'd Rock—Beneath the Lambkins ſport!
Amidſt his horn'd Seraglio ſtands rever'd,
In ſullen State, the Monarch of the Herd:
Curl'd is his Front, his Dewlaps ſhake an awe,
His Glare of Eye o'er the wide Plain gives law;
I ask'd my cheated ſight, can Life do more?
I look for Motion, and expect his Roar.——
Adown a ruin'd Ivy-circled Wall,
See! a Spring feigns to gurgle in its fall:
And near behold a Love-ſick Swain reclin'd;
Behold! and lo, the Face explains the Mind;
Deſpair makes pale his Cheek, Deſires inflame,
And changeful Looks purſue the flying Dame.
She trips the Lawn with a malignant pace,
And all the Woman tinctur'd in her Face;

Her

Her Face! that ſhows her Virtue kept thro' ſpite,
As Love cou'd pleaſe——but Jilting give delight.
Her length of Hair flows looſe in wanton Pride;
Her Breaſts now ſeem to heave, and now ſubſide:
My Eyes drink in each Hemiſphere of Snow,
And die upon the lacteal Vale below.——

BUT mark her Swain!——Paſſion from Poſture grows,
And the Soul's War in blended Colours glows.

WITH lolling Tongue, and quick officious Eye,
His faithful Spaniel pants, conſid'ring by.——

N° 82. *Saturday, October* 22, 1726.

To HIBERNICUS.

——*Studio jactabat inani.* VIRGIL.

SIR,

A FRIEND, with whom I was ſome time ago, told me, that as ſoon as you had publiſhed my two Letters you intended to confute them, by turning the Tables upon me, and undertaking to ſhew, that *notwithſtanding my Name, and Pretence to be of the Irrational Kind, no one could find out ſuch Arguments to prove that moſt Men have no Souls, unleſs he were endued with one himſelf.* This is what is called

called in the Schools *Argumentum ad hominem*, which tho looked on by ſome as a very formidable Weapon, yet I could very eaſily evade its force, and make it fall heavy on my Antagoniſt. However, as the Rumour proved an Obſtacle to the Aſſiſtance I had promiſed you, I am glad to find it altogether falſe and groundleſs, and verily believe it has been invented, and induſtriouſly propagated by ſome malicious and evil-diſpoſed Perſons of the *Rational Kind*, in order to create a *Miſunderſtanding* between us, or rather to impoſe an *Underſtanding* upon us, to have the pleaſure of ſeeing it engage us in a Quarrel.

I AM too ingenuous not to acknowledge, that the Scheme of Writing I adviſed you to purſue muſt be attended with its Difficulties, ſince you have conſtantly followed a contrary one; and that if Men would endeavour to get *Souls*, and make uſe of them, the *old-beaten Road*, as I have called it, would be eaſier than the *new one*. I do farther confeſs, with much ſhame and trouble, that about twenty years ago, when I was raw and unexperienced in the World, I was ſilly enough to think as you do, and fanſied I could more readily ſhew the Excellency of Virtue, and the *Beauty* of that *Harmony* and *Order* on which all moral Duties are founded, than demonſtrate the Happineſs of wanting Reaſon, and acting conſequently. But this might proceed from

Pre-

Prejudice, or thoſe *Chains* of *Images* that were faſtned in my Brain during my Youth. For I received the greateſt part of my Education from *Rationaliſts*, who did all in their power to corrupt me, by perpetually adviſing me to *think*, to *reaſon*, to *reflect*, and ſo forth. My Vanity afterwards confirmed me in the practice of theſe ridiculous Precepts; and the deſire of treading in other Paths than the Vulgar, ſo intirely ſubdued me, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty I ever ſhook off its Dominion.

WHEN any Art or Science is intended to be acquired, the firſt thing generally done is careſully to peruſe, and attend to the Authors who have treated of it. Therefore moſt of the Tracts of our modern *Free-Thinkers* may be conſulted by you for Precepts and Inſtances how to apply them. But among the very many that have of late years been publiſhed for the *pious Entertainment* of the World, and the *univerſal Improvement of Mankind*, I know none more ſuitable for your purpoſe than that I mentioned in my firſt Letter, the incomparable *Fable of the Bees*. I muſt therefore recommend this extraordinary Book to your better Conſideration, and deſire you to ſtudy his Arguments and Style; for in theſe two particulars chiefly conſiſts the Artifice and Myſtery of that manner of writing I would have you to imitate.

AND firſt, as to the arguing part, if you can but reſolve to make that worthy Author your Model, you will ſoon find that a little Practice and Exerciſe will be ſufficient to ſurmount all Obſtacles. You need not take the trouble of confuting in due form the Arguments of any Adverſary, but let them ſtand untouched; and only object to the Concluſion, by ſome pretty turn of Wit, or far-fetch'd Reaſons deduced from Principles quite foreign to the Matter in queſtion. For inſtance, my Lord *Shaftesbury* has ſaid, 'That as Man is made for Society, he is 'born with a kind Affection for the Whole 'of which he is a Part, and a propenſity to 'ſeek the Welfare of it.' In purſuance of this, he calls 'every Action performed with 'a regard to the publick Good, *Virtuous*; 'and all *Selfiſhneſs*, wholly excluding ſuch 'Regard, *Vice*.' In reſpect to our Species he looks upon 'Virtue and Vice as perma-'nent Realities, which muſt ever be the ſame 'in all Countries and all Ages;' and adds, 'that a Man of ſound Underſtanding, by 'following the Rules of good Senſe, may 'eaſily find out the *Pulchrum* and *Hone-'ſtum* in Morality, and govern himſelf by 'his Reaſon.' How does the wondrous *Fabuliſt* anſwer this! 'The next day after 'I read all this, *ſays he*, I heard abundance 'of People cry *Freſh Herrings*, which, with 'the Reflections on the vaſt Shoals of that, 'and other Fiſh that are caught together,

'made

'made me very merry, tho I was alone: 'but as I was entertaining myſelf with this 'Contemplation, came in an idle impertinent Fellow, whom I had the misfortune 'to be known by, and ask'd me how I did, 'tho I was, and dare ſay looked as healthy 'and as well as ever I was or did in my Life. 'What I anſwer'd him I forget, but remember I could not get rid of him in a good 'while, and felt all the Uneaſineſs my Friend '*Horace* complained of from a Perſecution 'of the like nature.' Here is Arguing and Logick for you! Can any thing be more convincing than this *miraculous* way of Ratiocination? which, beſides its other Beauties, will give you this evident Advantage in diſputing, that it is a thouſand to one a Rationaliſt will not have a word to reply: ſo that you will infallibly remain Maſter of the Field, and be extolled for your Victory by all thoſe that have no Souls.

BEFORE I ſpeak of Style, give me leave to expoſtulate with you for your Animadverſions on the Writings of ſome *French* Authors, in one of your late Papers. You have taxed thoſe Gentlemen with being *too laviſh of their inſignificant Tattle, gay Impertinences, and inſipid Compliments, without any thing elſe to recommend them but a little Delicacy of Turn, and an empty Politeneſs of Expreſſion.* Now the chief thing you will want to perfect your Style, is juſt this *Emptineſs of Expreſſion.* You

muſt acquire the Art of ſaying nothing in an agreeable and ingenious manner, and of employing great and pompous Phraſes without any meaning at all. Several Inſtances of this will occur to you in the Author I have propoſed for your Imitation. For what can be more elegant, and at the ſame time more moving, than his Story of the *barbarous and bloody Murder of the large and gentle Bullock?* What more ingenious and agreeable than his Compariſon of *Human Society to a Bowl of Punch*? Or where will you meet a finer *Contraſt* than there is between the Deſcription of his *diſtreſſed Bullock*, and the *tender helpleſs Infant torn to pieces by a ravening Sow, digging with her filthy Snout in the yet living Entrails?* How artfully are theſe two dreadful Scenes ſet out, to ſerve the different Purpoſes of our Author; the one to excite our abhorrence of the *cruel* and *inhumane* Uſage we give our *Brother Brutes*, and the other to demonſtrate the Affection of *Pity* to be a mere *Animal* Buſineſs, owing to nothing but the *Weakneſs* and *Infirmity* of our Nature? Who can withſtand that victorious Eloquence, that can thus ſet forth in ſuch lively Colours either the *Barbarity* and *Injuſtice* of *killing Cattle*, or the *Folly* and *Unreaſonableneſs* of being *diſturbed* at the Slaughter of an *Infant*?

IF you can but make yourſelf Maſter of this *Nimbleneſs of Style*, as I may call it, you will ſoon be ranked among the firſt Claſs of

of fine Writers. It is impoſſible to deſcribe all the Advantages attending this admirable Art. You'll be amazed, when I bring you acquainted with one of its happy Effects, which cannot be found elſewhere in the whole Syſtem of Nature, and really at firſt looks like a Contradiction, tho in fact nothing can be more true. By means of this Art you can *fill up a Vacuum by another Vacuum, the Vacuum of a Book or Converſation by the Vacuum of Words.* This, tho a ſeeming Paradox, is as demonſtrable from Experience as any of the Propoſitions in Natural Philoſophy now, under the Conſideration of our *Virtuoſi* at the *College*; and, in my opinion, undermines all the Principles of Phyſics, blows up thoſe primitive Truths which the Philoſophers fondly boaſt as the firm Baſis of their Arguments, and compels their haughty and preſumptuous Reaſon to go and hide for ſhame.

SINCE I have borrow'd from Natural Philoſophy an Inſtance of the good Effects of this new way of writing, I ſhall carry the hint a little farther, and take from the ſame Science another Method of having Wit enough to be as laviſh of it as you pleaſe; and this conſiſts in the Art of *rarefying your Thoughts.* You are, I preſume, ſo well skill'd in the modern Phyſics, as to apprehend at firſt ſight the Significance and great Importance of this Advice; but perhaps it may be neceſſary for ſome Readers to explain

it. The *Air* has a certain Property called its *Elaſticity*, or *Spring*, by means of which each Particle of it may be bent on itſelf, and any Quantity of it be confined within a leſſer ſpace, according to the degree of Force wherewith it is compreſſed, which is called a *Condenſation of the Air.* When on the other hand, the compreſſing Force is diminiſhed, the Springs unbend, and the Air expands itſelf; and taking up greater room, becomes what is called *rarefied.* Every one will now underſtand, that to *condenſe Thoughts* is to *ſqueeze* a great number of them into few words; as on the contrary, to *rarefy* them is to *ſpread* them ſo that a ſmall Number ſhall take up much room, and employ many Words. The firſt of theſe Methods is followed by the *Mathematicians*; the other is in great vogue among *Poets*, the *Authors* of *Novels* and *Romances*, ſome *modern Hiſtorians*, many *Preachers*, and moſt of your *French Letter-Writers*: in a word, among all thoſe who ſet up for a fertile Wit, and lively Imagination. I do not think fit to ſay any thing to the *Mathematicians* and other *Rationaliſts*; they are a parcel of prodigal Fellows, who vainly fanſy they ſhall always have Thoughts enough in ſtore, tho it often happens they ſpend their whole Stock in their firſt Volume. As for your *Wits* and pretty Writers, they know better things; and by their wiſe and prudent management of *Repetitions*, their nice Collection of *Synonyms*,

nonyms, their judicious and liberal uſe of *Epithets*, they ſo cunningly order matters, that in two Pages you ſhall ſometimes hardly find one Thought. In this conſiſts the wonderful Art of *Rarefaction*, the excellent *Carteſian Materia ſubtilis*, ſo neceſſary to fill up the *Newtonian Vacuum*, and ſo eſſentially uſeful to *Weekly* Writers.

I HAVE now, Sir, not only revealed to you my Theory of the generality of Men, but alſo diſcloſed the Method of becoming agreeable and entertaining to them. I am too much a Friend to Mankind, to keep ſuch an important Secret any longer from one, who has ſuch frequent Opportunities of converſing with them, and of improving it to the advantage of the Age. You may purſue as ſoon as you pleaſe this new way, and be aſſur'd that the Succeſs will exceed your expectation. The Cenſure of the ſmall number of Rationaliſts now in the World ought not to deter you; for, as I have ſaid before, their Complaints will in a little time be loſt in the loud Applauſes of your Diſciples and Admirers, whoſe Minds are too well diſpos'd before-hand ever to ſuffer you ſhould undergo any Uneaſineſs or Reproach, for juſtifying their Notions of things, and thoſe Actions which are the neceſſary Conſequences of them.

ONE of our moſt celebrated Poets had the misfortune of being ſent from the *double Mount* to *Bedlam*, a Journey too natural to occaſion any ſurprize. A Gentleman, who

knew him, and who was examining the different kinds of Folly of thoſe who were detain'd there, was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd when he ſaw his Friend. *Dear Mr.* Lee, ſaid he, *what unhappy Fate has brought you into this miſerable place? Who can help it?* anſwer'd the Poet, *the Fools have had the better of me, and confin'd me here.* Poor *Nat. Lee* was not ſo mad as People would have made him, if we may judge by his Anſwer, or elſe he had very good Intervals in his Folly. But to ſpeak ſeriouſly, I would not be underſtood as if I meant that the Inhabitants of *Bedlam* were wiſer than thoſe who ſend them there; neither do I think their Brain to be always more diſorder'd than that of thoſe who paſs for reaſonable. They are treated as Madmen of an extraordinary kind, only becauſe their Folly ſuits not Cuſtom and receiv'd Uſages; it is too irregular to become a part of the general Folly of Mankind; but withal its Source is exactly the ſame, it proceeds from *Vanity*, or the bewitching Love of *Chimeras*; and this may be truly look'd upon as the main Foundation of moſt Mens Happineſs. If the greateſt number of them were ſo unfortunate as to be within the reach of Reaſon, they would ſoon find that they draw their Happineſs from certain *Nothings* ingeniouſly made uſe of; the *Nothing* of the one is a little more taking, a little more admir'd than the *Nothing* of the other: and in this conſiſts almoſt all the difference.

A CONQUEROR ſwells in his Mind the Idea of his criminal Atchievements and ſanguinary Victories; the delightful Thought he entertains of the Admiration rais'd in others, for the many Havocks and Devaſtations he has been guilty of, is what conſtitutes his Happineſs. A *Poet* thinks himſelf a thouſand degrees above the poor ignorant Vulgar, becauſe he tortures his Brain to write in Verſe what others would eaſily ſay in Proſe. Now pray is not their Imagination as much diſorder'd as that of a Man who fanſies his Beauty and Charms make him the Idol of the Fair Sex; or of that other who is become the *ſame Subſtance* with his *Clothes*, his *Equipage*, his *Wine*, or his *Cook?* Theſe kinds of Folly, and many more I could name, have a great affinity with each other; and who will deny but they conſtitute the Happineſs of a great number of Men?

THINGS being ſo, have not you a large Field to range in? We muſt look upon Men as wiſe becauſe they are mad, and that their Madneſs is the fertile Source of their moſt lively Pleaſures. No one can vie with them for Happineſs, unleſs perhaps it be a Man who is become perfectly reaſonable. As for thoſe who are reaſonable but by halves, I take them to be the moſt unfortunate Creatures in this World; they are continually toſſed from Folly to Reaſon, and from Reaſon to Folly; they can neither enjoy the calm and ſerene Satisfactions of the one, nor the

the enchanting Visions and amusing Pageants of the other; these two implacable Enemies are continually at war, and the Hearts of the wretched Mortals I am mentioning are the Scenes of their dismal and tormenting Conflicts. Must we conclude from this, that Men ought to cultivate their Reason, and carry it to the highest degree of Perfection they can possibly attain? I am far from giving any such Advice: this Method would be too troublesom, it would be justly look'd upon by most People as a hard Labour, very inconsistent with their natural Sloth and Indolence. Let them rather strive to eradicate what small remains of Reason they find themselves incumber'd with, and follow the Dictates of Folly, which will lead them to that sort of Happiness they are fondest of, and by the way best suited to their Dispositions and Inclinations.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

ISAAC ALOGIST.

P. S. IF your Readers should judge that the *Vacuum* of this Letter is fill'd up by a *Vacuum* of Words, or that it abounds with *rarefy'd Thoughts*, I shall esteem it a peculiar Excellence of my Performance; the greatest Perfection of an Author being to make his Rules and Precepts become Instances of the Art he intends to teach.

N° 83. *Saturday, October* 29, 1726.

To HIBERNICUS.

Indica tigris agit rabida cum tigride pacem
Perpetuam: ſævis inter ſe convenit urſis.
Aſt homini ferrum letale incude nefanda
Produxiſſe parum eſt.—— JUVENAL.

SIR,

LAST *Sunday*, being the Anniverſary of the happy Deliverance of this Nation from one of the moſt cruel and barbarous Conſpiracies we read of in Hiſtory, I had the good fortune to hear a very excellent Sermon on the Occaſion in my own Pariſh-Church. The Preacher, inſtead of amuſing himſelf, and enraging his Audience with Reproaches on the Living for Offences committed a great many Years before they were born, which is but too much the Practice of your young *Smarts* in *Divinity*, ſet himſelf with an honeſt and generous Zeal to draw the only proper Inference from the Subject, and to combat thoſe pernicious Principles which have inſpired Men with Hatred and Animoſity on account of religious Differences. This he did in a Manner truly affecting,

ting, as well as convincing. For my own part, I was particularly touched with what he ſaid. The perſecuting Principle indeed I always deteſted, having been bred up in the moſt profound Veneration for that Church whoſe diſtinguiſhing Characteriſtick is *Charity*; but upon this Occaſion I felt ſomething I had never before experienced, and was impreſſed with ſuch a lively Senſe of the fatal Conſequences of a narrow and bigotted Spirit in Religion, as I hope I ſhall be the better for to the lateſt period of my Life. The Memory of the cruel *Execution* of the *Day*, the Devaſtations of *Holy Wars* and *Holy Leagues*, and the Horrors of an *Inquiſition*, all roſe up in my Imagination at once, and conſpired to fortify my Diſdain of any Maxims which had the leaſt tendency to countenance ſuch unrighteous and unſanctified Practices.

IT would puzzle a Man of good Nature, and common Senſe, who was not acquainted with our World, and the Hiſtory of Mankind, to find out a Reaſon why Men ſhould be exaſperated againſt one another for thinking differently concerning the Means of eternal Happineſs. He would be at a loſs to underſtand the Propriety of breaking a Man's Head for having a wrong Turn in it; he would never be able to conceive the Uſefulneſs of a *Rack* for *ſtretching* the *Conſcience*; nor perhaps ſee any Connection between *Penalties* and *Pains*, and the *Work* of *Converſion*. How then would he be ſurprized to

ſee

ſee theſe Methods not only purſued by a baſe and ignorant Rabble, but endeavoured to be juſtified by Men of great *Gravity* and *Erudition?* Should he be ſhewn a *New Teſtament*, and be told, that it was a Syſtem of the *Chriſtian* Law, what muſt he think of inſtructing erroneous Conſciences by Compulſion and Violence in a Religion, every where repreſented as *pure and peaceable, gentle and eaſy to be entreated, full of Mercy and good Fruits*, and recommending *Brotherly Love* and *Charity* as the higheſt and moſt excellent Virtues? And would it not probably excite his Mirth, as well as Indignation, to know, that there were numberleſs Volumes of Interpretations of this Law, ſhewing not only the Expediency, but even the Neceſſity of *moderate Penalties*, and *wholeſom Severities* in Matters of Religion; that theſe worthy Performances appeared in all ſhapes and ſizes, down from the magnificent *Folio* to a Form proper for compacting with the Hiſtory of an *Old Woman* drowned upon *RATCLIFF Highway*; and that there were to be found Admirers and Diſciples of ſuch Writers among a People, who had the immortal Labours of a *Chillingworth* and a *Tillotſon* in their own Language.

SOME of our Forefathers have been very unhappy in this reſpect. Time was when *Bonfires* for the Extirpation of *Hereſy* were not only thought lawful and expedient, but

the Bodies of the *Hereticks* themſelves judged the only proper and *Orthodox Fuel.* This continued for ſome time, till the Horror ſuch Barbarity had raiſed in the Minds of a generous and tender-hearted People introduced a new Eſtabliſhment, reformed both from the Cruelty and Abſurdities of the former. Self-preſervation, however, made it neceſſary to keep thoſe under, whoſe Principles and Practices both were ſubverſive of the Rights of the Crown, and Liberties of the People. To lay Men under Reſtraints on this account, cannot in any propriety be reckoned Perſecution on the ſcore of Religion; being, on the contrary, abſolutely neceſſary to prevent Perſecution. Yet even this was attended with very ill Conſequences on Mens Minds, in making them look with unconcern on Severities exerciſed on others for Tenets not chargeable with ſuch dangerous Effects. Differences in Opinion in Matters both of Doctrine and Worſhip, aroſe very early among the Followers of the Reformation, and were conteſted with great warmth and bitterneſs of Spirit. From Words the Diſpute came to be managed by *Authority* and *Penal Laws*, which, between the rigorous Execution of them on the one part, and the keen Oppoſition to them on the other, at length threw the Nation into the greateſt Confuſion and Diſorder. Theſe Diſputes now came to be blended with the civil Concerns; and what were the Effects of that, I preſume I need

not

not remind any of your Readers, nor how each Party inſulted and oppreſſed the other, in the ſeveral Turns of their Proſperity.

IN this State did Matters continue, till the Senſe of common Danger cooled their particular Animoſities, and brought them under a neceſſity to unite. The late happy Revolution gave the finiſhing Stroke to the perſecuting Spirit among us; and, it is to be hoped, has laid it for ever by that powerful Spell, the *Act of Toleration*. Whoever conſiders the Peace and good Agreement which by this means we enjoy, and compares it with the Rage and Fury of former Times, muſt look upon it as one of the greateſt Bleſſings conſequent to that glorious Event, and no ſmall Inhancement of the Value of that *Legacy* left us by our renowned Deliverer King *William*. Yet there are not ſtill wanting ſome among us, who keep up their old Rancour in moſt Points, and embrace the Principles of Liberty and Toleration in part only, confining their Charity within the Limits of a few Denominations beſides their own, and judging all Opinions in Religion which to them appear novel and uncouth to come under the Statute *de Hæretico comburendo*, or at leaſt to be determinable by *Club-Law*, or the *Whipping-Poſt*. Of this we have a remarkable Inſtance juſt now in this City, which, without derogating from the Labours of *Hibernicus*, I cannot help thinking much more worthy the Cognizance of one who ſets up for

for an Inſtructor of Mankind, than moſt of the Subjects he has hitherto thought fit to conſider.

THE Caſe is ſhortly this. One *Ward*, who it ſeems has taken it in his head to be the Author of a new Sect of Religion, has for that purpoſe opened his Houſe in a very publick Place of the Town; and having regiſtered it according to Law, imagined he might harangue to as many as ſhould think proper to come and hear him. What are his diſtinguiſhing Tenets I do not know; but if he holds any contrary to Religion and good Manners, or deſtructive to the Rights of Society, it were eaſy to convict him, and puniſh him as his Crimes deſerve, in regard he has always complied with the Terms of the Law, by preaching with open doors, and giving admittance to all that deſire it. In all other reſpects, I am informed, he behaves himſelf inoffenſively, and is a uſeful Member of Society in the Way of Trade and Buſineſs. Yet this Man, thus ſheltered under the Laws of his Country, and having done nothing to forfeit the Protection of them, a ſcoundrel Mob have for five or ſix Sundays running thought fit to rabble and abuſe in a manner not to be ſuffered in any well-ordered Community. I am not of opinion, that your Paper ought to animadvert on the Exploits of thoſe raſcally Reformers, who have no other way of expreſſing their Zeal for the Houſe of God than by demoliſhing thoſe of their

their Neighbours; both becauſe they are incapable of a Correction of that nature, and becauſe the Law has appointed others much better adapted to their feeling, and more effectual to produce a ſtrong and laſting Impreſſion. But there is a great Vulgar as well as a little; and ſome People, who would not be themſelves concerned in any ſuch Proceedings, can yet look upon them with indifference, if not approbation. It might not therefore be amiſs, for the ſake of ſuch Perſons, to expoſe thoſe weak and ungenerous Principles which have in all Ages, as well as now, ſerved for a Colour to that brutal Fury, which, on account of its intenſe Heat, and marvelous Readineſs to conſume every thing that comes near it, has been ſo often miſtaken for *Zeal.* Particularly it ought to be inculcated on thoſe who enjoy the Benefit either of a *Toleration*, or a *Connivance* from the Government, how indecent, as well as unjuſt, it is in them to murmur at the Liberty of their Neighbours, or to countenance any Principles or Practices, which, if the Laws of the Land, and the Lenity of their Superiors did not hinder, might be turned againſt themſelves. I remember, the *Quakers*, in their Addreſs to the late King *James* on his Acceſſion, treated him with a very honeſt, tho reſpectful piece of Freedom of this Sort. 'We 'have been informed, ſay they, that thou 'art not of the Religion eſtabliſhed by the 'Laws of the Country any more than we:

'It is therefore our Hope, that thou wilt not 'in Juſtice deprive any of thy Subjects of 'that Liberty of Conſcience which thou 'takeſt to thy ſelf.' This, which was once thought a good Leſſon from Subjects to their Sovereign, I hope, cannot be eſteemed unmannerly from one Fellow-Citizen to another.

I AM not for engaging you on ſuch a copious Subject as the Point of *Toleration*. It has already been eſtabliſhed with all the Evidence of Demonſtration by ſeveral great and excellent Men, to whoſe Labours you or I can add nothing. One thing however is proper to be conſidered by us, that it is now become a Part of the Conſtitution of our Country, and conſequently criminal to act againſt it. Many of our beſt and moſt learned Divines have had the Virtue publickly to maintain it from that Place where Men are heard with the greateſt Reverence. One of them, who is an Ornament to his Profeſſion, has aſſerted it in its largeſt extent; and for ſo doing received the Thanks of that part of our *Legiſlature*, which is not only the moſt numerous, but always preſumed to be the beſt acquainted with the true State and Intereſt of their Country. So that whether we regard Authority, or the Good of the Commonwealth of which we are Members, we muſt think it our duty to diſcourage every thing which looks like entrenching on the Rights of Conſcience, and private Judgment, or laying Men under

under Hardſhips on account of their ſpeculative Opinions. They who juſtify Compulſion and Force in Matters of Religion, ſap the Foundations not of the *Reformation* only, but of *Chriſtianity* itſelf; ſince they thereby declare the Lawfulneſs of all the barbarous Methods made uſe of to hinder the Propagation of either.

As for the poor Man, whoſe unjuſt Treatment gave occaſion to trouble you with this Letter, I am no farther concerned about him, than as I think his Caſe an ill Precedent, which, if not taken notice of, may prove extremely hurtful to quiet and innocent Men hereafter. Should the Spirit of Wrath and Perſecution once get head again among us, who knows where it will ſtop, or what Miſchiefs it may produce? Give it once its Play againſt a few contemptible Viſionaries and Enthuſiaſts, and it will ſoon gather Strength and Courage to fly at new Game, and grow ſtill more voracious as you give it greater Feeding. Our Forefathers ſaw this to their coſt, and could never get rid of its Cravings till they had chained it up for ever; purſuant to the Advice of a great Man, and eminent *Chriſtian Philoſopher*, with whoſe Words I ſhall conclude this Letter, and recommend to the peruſal of your Readers the excellent Performance from whence I have taken them, Mr. *Locke*'s *Letters on Toleration*, where they will find almoſt every thing which can be ſaid on either ſide of that important Debate.

'NARROWNESS of Spirit on all ſides 'has undoubtedly been the principal Occaſion 'of our Miſeries and Confuſions. But what'ever have been the Occaſions, it is now 'high time to ſeek for a thorow Cure. We 'have need of more generous Remedies than 'what have yet been made uſe of in our Di'ſtemper. It is neither *Declarations of In'dulgence*, nor *Acts of Comprehenſion*, ſuch 'as have been yet practiſed or projected 'among us, that can do the Work. The 'firſt will but palliate, the ſecond increaſe our 'Evil.

'ABSOLUTE Liberty, juſt and true Liber'ty, equal and impartial Liberty, is the 'thing we ſtand in need of. Now tho this 'has been much talked of, I doubt it has not 'been much underſtood; I am ſure not at all 'practiſed, either by our Governors towards 'the People in general, or by any *Diſſen'ting* Parties of the People toward *one ano'ther.*'

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

W. D.

N° 84. *Saturday, November* 5, 1726.

To HIBERNICUS.

——*Felices errore ſuo.*—— JUVENAL.

SIR,



KNOW of no Country which ought to abound more with *Rationaliſts* than ours, if the many Perſons whoſe Writings are intended to make Men become ſo had ſucceeded. The moſt powerful Motives that can influence Readers in behalf of Reaſon and Virtue, have been diſplayed in our days with great ſtrength of Reaſon as well as politeneſs of Expreſſion. The ingenious Authors of the *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, and *Guardians*, have taken much pains to furniſh Men with Souls; but, if we may judge by Experience, their Endeavours have not been ſo effectual as there was reaſon to hope for. This makes me think that it is almoſt impoſſible to *give a Soul* to one who has none. The Things of this World will always go on in their ordinary courſe. Men won't ſuffer themſelves to be diſturbed in the poſſeſſion

of their Manners, no more than in that of their Eſtates; they are not ſo mad as to change their beloved Cuſtoms and Uſages, to pleaſe the Fancy of an Author, whoſe end, they think, is leſs to correct and make them better, than to get their Eſteem and their Money.

I HAVE heard ſome People ſay that the *Spectator* has done more good, in reforming the Manners of his Age, than all the Sermons preached in his Time. I will not take upon me to determine how far Sermons have proved efficacious; but however ſhort they may have fallen of their intended Succeſs, I do not ſee what great Reformation the *Spectator* can boaſt of. I allow that his Diſcourſes may have ſo far influenced ſome Ladies and Gentlemen as to have made the firſt hide a little more of their *Breaſts*; and render'd the others more reſerv'd in admiring the *rich Clocks of their Stockings*, and *Fringes of their Gloves*; but theſe are only Trifles: ſome of the ſmalleſt Outlets of Vanity may indeed have been ſtopped up, yet this ſame Vanity is ever too careful of its own Intereſt, to have loſt any advantage thereby, and has certainly found means of indemnifying itſelf very amply ſome other way. But has inordinate Self-love been leſſened? Have Men been perſuaded they would be happier by keeping their Luxury within narrower bounds? Have Noblemen been convinced that their Honours and Titles,

tles, when unattended with Virtue and Merit, very far from gaining them any regard, ſerve only to make them become more contemptible, by rendring their Vices more conſpicuous? Whoever will undertake to make Men believe theſe things and act conſequently, attempts a thing ſo difficult, that he may beforehand almoſt deſpair of ſucceſs.

My Reflections on human Vanity have, in ſome meaſure, been occaſion'd by the ill effect it has like to have had upon me. I am inform'd I have undergone the greateſt Cenſures abroad for maintaining that moſt Men have no Souls; and been branded with the Titles of *Libertine*, *Heretick*, *Atheiſt*, and other odious Appellations. A grave old Friend of mine took me aſide t'other day in a Coffee-houſe, and told me very ſeriouſly, *That I had carry'd matters too far, that my Doctrine concerning human Souls was certainly unſcriptural, and that I would do well to keep out of the way, leſt the Eccleſiaſtical Court ſhould lay hands upon me*; for, added he, *the Clergy are exaſperated againſt you on account of your Story of the Taylor's Son.* I muſt own I think my ſelf but ill rewarded for the pains I have taken in behalf of thoſe Gentlemen, and the others I mentioned in my Letter. I intended nothing but their good, in endeavouring to rid them of their Souls, as of a needleſs Burden. My good Nature hinders me from expreſſing any reſentment, tho in truth their Ingratitude

deſerves a ſevere Cenſure. I ſhall alſo overlook this Inſtance of their Vanity, well knowing it to be too neceſſary an Ingredient in the human Conſtitution to be ſurprized or out of humour at it.

I HAVE often wondered why the moral Philoſophers ſhould find ſo much fault with the Vanity of Men. I think that in ſo doing they intirely forget their darling Principle. None of them will deny the truth of this Axiom, *That the Source of all human Actions is the deſire of being happy.* This undeniable Truth is the foundation of all Morality, and all our endeavours to become virtuous are grounded upon no other Principle. Now there are two different ways of attaining Happineſs, as I have already hinted, *Reaſon* and *Imagination.* The firſt of theſe ways is known but by that ſmall number of Perſons in whom no body diſputes the Prerogative of a *Soul*; and of conſequence the other muſt become neceſſary to thoſe who have only the *mechanical Faculties.*

THOSE who have Courage enough to attempt the firſt Road find it, in its beginning, very rugged and troubleſome; every thing about them looks gloomy, and their Imagination ſeldom fails of putting out *falſe Lights*, to make them go aſtray. But at every ſtep forwards the Road becomes leſs craggy, and another Light appears which gradually diſpels all the falſe ones. The Dawn is at laſt ſucceeded by a bright and ſplendid Day, and the

the Road, which is now become very ſmooth and eaſy, leads the Travellers thro' the moſt delightful Countries, to what the *Rationaliſts* call *Virtue*, the foundation of all true Happineſs. Theſe Gentlemen add, that a Man, who has performed this Journey, enjoys Pleaſures and Satisfactions intirely his own, and that he ſtands in no need of Vanity to become pleaſed with himſelf. Whatever is virtuous he thinks uſeful, and every honeſt and worthy Action rewards him the very inſtant he does it. His Soul is ſo inſpired with all that is great, beautiful and noble in Virtue, that he cannot act without diſplaying ſome of thoſe amiable Characters. He feels in himſelf the ſame Contentment which his charitable Aſſiſtance occaſions in others; if a poor Man asks him *Alms*, his Heart will be filled with as much joy in giving, as the indigent in receiving them. In ſhort, he will uſe all the Advantages he hath from Nature or Art for the good and welfare of his Fellow-Creatures, for whoſe benefit he knows he was made. Independent either of Applauſe or Calumny, he can enjoy the good and honourable Reputation he hath ſo juſtly gained; but he can likewiſe reſt content without it, and his Reaſon puts him above the Idea which others may have of him: for ſatisfied with the conſciouſneſs of his own worth, he never intended his Actions ſhould any ways recur upon himſelf; his Integrity bears in itſelf its Reward, and as it depends

pends not on Events, it never knows Diſappointment.

THINGS are very different with thoſe who have never endeavoured to acquire the Faculty of Reaſoning. For, I repeat it again, I think it far better to ſay that moſt Men are wholly deprived of Reaſon, than to make it conſiſt in a monſtrous kind of Being, that is continually tormenting them on account of their Faults, without any power to mend them: ſo that inſtead of being their *Phyſician*, their Reaſon is in fact their *Executioner*. Theſe Men would in vain look within themſelves for a Happineſs intirely their own; their only ſhift then is to borrow a *tranſitory* one from exterior Objects. The better their Imagination ſucceeds in purſuits of this kind, and in laying up a good ſtock of *Vanity*, the more the Intereſt by which they are governed ſeems to reſemble Reaſon.

IT is plain, from what I have been ſaying, that my diſtinction of Men ought carefully to be kept in view in peruſing my Letters. As for the ſmall number who have Souls and employ them well, there is no need to give them counſel; but for thoſe who have none, or which is the ſame thing, don't uſe them, they ought to have a little more Gratitude than they have ſhewn to a *Name-ſake* and *Kinſman* of theirs, who has endeavour'd to make them *know themſelves*, as the wiſe Man directs, and pointed to them that kind of Happineſs which is beſt ſuited

to

to their Faculties. However, if my Compliance with theſe Gentlemens Fancies can make my advice more acceptable, I will, for this one time, ſuppoſe them poſſeſs'd of Souls, and ſhew them, that in order to be happy, they muſt nevertheleſs act as if they were without them.

THE Soul is never well at home; when ſhe is employ'd in tending the *Machine* to which ſhe was at firſt united, ſhe is always uneaſy, fretful and diſſatisfy'd with herſelf, as well as with that diſorderly *Machine* committed to her Charge and Tuition. What I therefore adviſe would be to ſend her a travelling, as a great many Folks do; and it is certainly the beſt way of having reſt within ourſelves.

THOSE who are young and lively ſend their Reaſon a travelling in the *Country* of *Pleaſures*; and when ſhe intends to return to her Habitation, ſhe is either ſhut out of doors, or ſent to aſſiſt the Imagination in building *Caſtles in the Air.* Thoſe whoſe Reaſon delights in Baubles and Trifles, diſpatch it towards *Italy* or *Greece*, in queſt of *old Iron*, *old Braſs*, *old Chamber-pots*, and *old Shoes.* Thoſe again who have a Reaſon endow'd with more Strength and Activity, and fit for *lofty Enterprizes*, make it ſoar above the *Stars*, to meaſure their Magnitudes and Diſtances, and find out the true Cauſe of the Regularity of their Motions. Their Reaſon is ſo *eminently* placed there, that 'tis

a great pity thoſe *Superior Wits* ever think fit to call it back again from thence, to allay ſome little domeſtick Troubles, and rectify what may be amiſs within ſuch deſpicable *Machines* as their own. In ſhort, I would deſire Men to conſider, that they have all, as I have ſaid, an invincible Propenſity to become happy; and no one will deny but they are never happier than when they divert themſelves; ſo if they were conſtantly taken up with ſome Diverſion or other, they would always be happy. Now pray what is Diverſion? The bare Etymology of the Word ſhews, that it is to free ourſelves from the *Fragments* of our Reaſon, and ſurrender ourſelves without reſtraint to the poſſeſſion of all foreign Impreſſions. Here I expect to meet the Rationaliſts again in my way; they will be telling us that Men are not always happy when they *laugh*, when they *ſing*, or when they *dance*: They will be repeating their old Story of the other kind of Pleaſures, whoſe ſource is Virtue alone, and which they call *Tranquillity of Mind*, *Serenity of Soul*, and other fine Names. But my Diſtinction is laid aſide. What they ſay is true as to the ſmall Number who ſeek after Happineſs in the way of Reaſon; but as for thoſe who only follow Imagination, I am pretty ſure theſe Expreſſions will raiſe no Idea in their Minds, and conſequently they will look upon them as an unintelligible *Cant*, or a *moral Jargon*, void of all manner of meaning.

As

As the *Rationaliſts* will ever be thwarting us in proſecution of our Undertaking, the beſt Service I could do your Readers would be to undermine ſome of their Principles. This is not ſo difficult as ſome may imagine, if a right uſe be made of the Method of arguing I diſcloſed in my former Letter. The great End, I may ſay the chief Principle, of theſe Gentlemen, is that which I have often mentioned, namely, That *Virtue is founded upon eternal and unalterable Reaſon, and that it hath been and ever will be the ſame in all Ages and Countries.* I will endeavour to ſhew the Fallacy of this Opinion, and ſo blow up their darling Axiom, by only telling a Story; and tho it may not perhaps convince your ſtubborn Moraliſts, it will, I hope, ſatisfy that part of the World for whom my Letters are chiefly intended.

WHEN *Xerxes*, that mighty *Perſian* Monarch, brought over into *Greece* his formidable Army, which by its Numbers ſeem'd ſufficient to conquer the whole World, and conſiſted of many different Nations; he ſometimes reflected within himſelf on the odd and ſurprizing Variety of their Manners and Cuſtoms, and reſolved one day to ridicule what ſome of thoſe People looked upon as ſacred and indiſpenſable Duties. He ſent for ſome *Greeks* and *Scythians*, and queſtioned them ſeverally on their way of performing their *Funeral Rites.* The *Greeks* anſwered, That in their Country nothing ſeemed more decent than to burn their deceaſed Friends and Pa-

rents, to gather their Aſhes, and preſerve them carefully in *Urns*. The *Scythians* ſaid, They found no Tomb more honourable for the Remains of their deceaſed Relations than their own Stomachs, and that therefore they eat them out of a pious and religious Principle. Hereupon the King of *Perſia* ordered thoſe two Nations to exchange their Cuſtoms; that the *Greeks* ſhould eat the Bodies of their Dead, and the *Scythians* burn them according to the Uſage of *Greece*. The firſt ſhrunk with Horror at the odious Command; the *Scythians* were no leſs ſcandalized; both reſolved to adhere to their old Cuſtoms, and were willing to die rather than comply with theſe barbarous Orders.

IT will perhaps be objected, that this Inſtance relates to a bare Ceremony, and has nothing at all to do with Virtue. But is not this a mere Cavil? For what is Virtue, in the Notions of moſt Men, but a Ceremony? Every one will allow that Religion is the ſublimeſt part of Virtue: now Religion, if we may believe Experience, is but a Syſtem of *Grimaces*, of outward *Forms* and *Ceremonies*, that vary according to the difference of Climates; for I know of no Country in the World where the practical part of Religion doth conſiſt *in the Honeſty and Courage of ſtedfaſtly following the Dictates of Conſcience, and the Deciſions of Reaſon.*

I am, SIR, yours, &c.

ISAAC ALOGIST.

Nº 85. *Saturday, November* 12, 1726.

To HIBERNICUS.

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit—— HOR.

SIR,

IN the Close of my last Letter I endeavoured to explode the Opinion of the *Moralists* concerning the Nature of Virtue. It follows from what I said, that in order to govern ourselves with Prudence and Modesty, we must always make the Opinions of our Age and Country the Standard of our own, and prefer them to those of former Ages and other Societies. We must look upon the reigning Taste as infallible, but at the same time firmly believe, that whenever it gives way to another, the new one will have a kind of *Hereditary Right* to the same degree of Infallibility. Custom must have just the same Power and Influence over Men and their Actions, that his *Holiness* of *Rome* hath in the Church. One *Pope* makes a *Bull*; he is infallible. A succeeding *Pope* makes another *Bull*, directly contrary to the former. This *Pope* is infallible too, and his Decisions must be received with the same implicit

cit Submiſſion as thoſe of his Predeceſſor. And if in this any Man ſhould apprehend the leaſt Contradiction, he would deſerve to be burnt as an obſtinate and incorrigible *Heretick.*

THE Chriſtian Inhabitants of *Europe* are firmly perſuaded, that they are the moſt civilized and polite part of Mankind; and that none of the People of the other three *Continents* can outdo, or even equal them in Strength of Genius, Nobleneſs of Sentiments, or Decency of Manners and Cuſtoms: And they are in the right to think ſo. For tho it may be objected, that this Opinion is founded more on Self-Love than Reaſon, yet I will ſhew, from ſeveral Inſtances, the Weakneſs of this Objection, and demonſtrate that we really tranſcend all thoſe Nations, whom we ſo juſtly term *Savage* and *Barbarous* on account of their Ignorance of our *Arts* and *Refinements.*

BY the Law of *Mahomet* the *Turks* are prohibited the uſe of Wine; but finding that human Nature ſtands in need of ſome Incentive to Mirth, they have uſed themſelves to *Opium* in its ſtead. This Drug inſpires them with Joy for ſome hours, and renders them active and lively; but a little after throws them into *Lethargick* ſlumbers. The continual Uſe of it waſtes their Spirits, deſtroys their Conſtitution, and haſtens their Death. What a barbarous Cuſtom is this! and how much more rational the Method of Debauche-

ry

ry in uſe among us Chriſtians? Wine is a generous Gift of Nature, which we are not ſo mad as to reject, but ſhew the Value we put on the delicious Liquor by the great Quantities we ſwallow. It is true, it deprives us of Reaſon, and ſometimes of all Power of acting; but it is for that only we uſe it. Pleaſure is the chief thing we ſeek; and Reaſon is certainly an Incumbrance to ſuch as propoſe to themſelves nothing but Diverſion. Moreover, as the exceſſive Uſe of Wine occaſions many Diſeaſes, attended with the acuteſt and moſt tormenting Pains, our perſevering ſo gallantly as we do in our *Compotations*, is a Proof, that we have more Fortitude and Conſtancy than to deprive ourſelves of preſent Pleaſures, to prevent future Pains. When theſe arrive, we endure them with Courage and Magnanimity, and in the Intervals of our Agonies provoke them anew, by the ſame Means which at firſt occaſioned them. Thus we acquire the ſublime Glory of *hard Drinkers*, and triumph over thoſe *ſuperficial* Fellows, that cannot drink as *deep*, and *toſs* off as many *Bumpers* as we. *Wine* kills as ſure as *Opium*; but then they who fall *Martyrs* to it have the ſatisfaction of having lived without Thought or Reflection, and of leaving behind them an *immortal* Name among all *honeſt Fellows* and *good Companions*.

THE *Siameſe* have an odd way of waging War with their Neighbours. Theſe pitiful Soldiers uſe nothing but Bows and Arrows, and employ theſe Weapons leſs to hurt their Enemies, than frighten them. They ſhoot their Arrows on the Ground, and avoid as much as poſſible to ſhed human Blood. Is not this perfect Childrens Play, and would it not be almoſt as good to live in Peace as to fight in this manner? We *Chriſtians*, far from being ſuch mean-ſpirited Wretches, are *true Men*, and can eaſily free our Hearts from the ridiculous weakneſs of ſparing our Fellow-Creatures. The ſmalleſt Offence, or even the Deſire of invading a Neighbour's Dominions, ſtifles in the Hearts of *Moſt Chriſtian Princes* that effeminate Pity which would ſtop the Progreſs of their Atchievements and military Exploits. They ravage whole Provinces, and deſtroy whole Nations of innocent Men, that they may impreſs others with the moſt profound Reſpect and Admiration of the noble Authors of thoſe glorious Calamities. What can raiſe a greater Idea in the Minds of moſt Men, than the Deſcription of a Country embroidered with twenty or thirty thouſand dead Carcaſſes, that have fallen a Sacrifice to the Reputation and Glory of a Hero? The Art of deſtroying Men hath been brought to great perfection among us; and we will for ever preſerve a grateful Remembrance of thoſe exalted Wits and ſignal Benefactors to Mankind, who firſt invented

Gun-

Gun-powder and *Fire-arms*, which have proved ſo uſeful to the *European* Nations, and perform ſuch notable Execution in all their Conteſts with each other.

MOST of the Inhabitants of thoſe vaſt Tracts of Ground which are called the Greater and Leſſer *Tartary*, are above all things averſe to Labour and Pains-taking. They are ſo far from cultivating the Arts and Sciences, that they will not be at the trouble of manuring their Lands. They think the Fleſh and Milk of their Flocks ſufficient for their Maintenance; and delighted with their Sloth and Indolence, ſtyle themſelves *Maſters of the World*, allowing us to be only the *Slaves* of it. Who can bear with ſuch brutiſh Stupidity as to eat, drink, and dreſs, merely out of Neceſſity, and to think one rich enough when he hath the Neceſſaries of Life? Our Superiority over theſe *Savages* is very manifeſt; they live but only to live, and are content with what Nature gives them, without the aſſiſtance of Art. As for us, we abhor that ſhameful Lazineſs and Inactivity ſo injurious to the Excellence and Dignity of our Nature. We have Genius to contrive artificial Wants, and Induſtry to make a thouſand things neceſſary which theſe *Barbarians* can be without. This obliges us to ſtudy the Art of becoming rich; and having ſucceeded in this, which is the very top of earthly Hap-

pineſs, we can never be baulk'd in any of our Deſires or Expectations.

HERE I muſt beg leave to break off the Compariſon of our Manners with thoſe of other Nations, in order to conſider a little the high Senſe we entertain of the Advantages ariſing from Wealth. Our Language, above all others, ſhews excellently well the noble Idea we have of Money, and with great Truth and Juſtice confounds the *Worth* of a Man with that of his Fortune. Philargyrus *is an arrant Knave; he is even ready to ſell his Country, and commit the vileſt and moſt profligate Actions; and yet becauſe he has an Eſtate of that Value,* Philargyrus *is* worth *five thouſand a Year.* Crito *is the worthieſt of Men; his Zeal for the good of his Country hath always been remarkably conſpicuous; no one goes beyond him in all good and virtuous Actions; the Accompliſhments of his Mind equal the good Diſpoſitions of his Heart: But then he has no Money, and conſequently* Crito, *the good and honeſt* Crito, *is not* worth *a Groat.* How this way of ſpeaking was firſt introduced into our Language I cannot tell; but I think it very juſt, as the world goes, and would not by any means that we ſhould part with it. For, to uſe the Words of an ingenious Author, 'Wealth is every thing; 'it affords Convenience, covers Defects, and 'commands Obſervance. It gives Intereſt 'and Power; and Credit and Satisfaction 'always

'always attend it. He that's rich has Art 'and Nature at his ſervice, can entertain his 'Fancy, and regale his Senſes. Good eating and drinking are but part of his Advantages; he is wonderfully addreſs'd and complimented every where. A *Manour* draws '*Suit* and *Service* after it; and a rich Man, 'like the Sun in *Perſia*, is worſhipped at his 'firſt riſing. One would think that his 'Pocket mends his Head, that his Senſe 'holds proportion with his *Acres*, and that 'he purchaſes a new Underſtanding with 'every new Eſtate. On the other hand, 'Poverty has but a very ordinary Complexion, and a very ſlender Intereſt in the 'World. 'Tis generally diſregarded and 'brow-beaten; and no good Qualities can 'make it ſhine. People are apt to fanſy, 'where there's no Money there is no Merit. 'If the *Muſes* are in Rags, they are in danger of the *Statute*, and of being taken up 'for *Vagabonds* and *ſturdy Beggars*. A diſfurniſhed Condition never promiſes great 'matter of Talent; for who would look for 'a Jewel upon a Dunghil? In ſhort, a Man's 'Credit always ſuffers with his Circumſtances; a thread-bare Coat is a preſumption of 'Inſignificancy, and when the Pocket's low 'the Brains are thought ſo too.' Things being ſo, I think Men ought to endeavour, above all things, to grow rich, and that the *Moraliſts* and *Poets* ſhould forbear their Reflections and Satire on the immoderate Love

of Wealth. Let no body be troubled in their neceſſary purſuits of Gold and Silver; nor think much of it, if, beſides the common Induſtry requiſite to acquire a Fortune, a Man ſhould uſe ſome little criminal Artifices, and a ſmall Doſe of *Knavery.* But then, ſay you, perhaps, *he'll damn himſelf.* —— Why, indeed, that may be. If he does, 'tis the worſe for himſelf. He will however have had the ſatisfaction of leaving to his Children not only a good Eſtate, and the Conveniences and Comforts of Life, but a great deal of Merit, and all manner of valuable Qualifications.

BUT to return from this Digreſſion; do we not excel the *Tartars* in Taſte and Delicacy? The chief End we propoſe in Dreſs is *Luxury.* It is not Modeſty or Conveniency we conſult in our Clothing, but only the beautifying our Bodies. But where we triumph moſt, is in the Nicety and Profuſion of our Tables. One of thoſe wild *Aſiaticks* would be aſhamed of his Ignorance, if by chance he came into our Kitchens, and ſome hours after ſaw us at Table. He would be at a loſs to know all the *Fleſh*, *Fiſh*, and *Fowl*, he had ſeen a little before, and take our *Cooks* for a parcel of *Conjurers*, who by ſome *magick* Art, can change the Name, Shape, and Taſte of every thing. He would be amazed to ſee forty or fifty Diſhes of this kind, without knowing what to call for. Perhaps he would ſtill continue ſtubborn and fooliſh

fooliſh enough to prefer his own way of living. If ſo, we could but pity him, and claſs him with thoſe dull Mortals who value Reaſon and common Senſe more than the moſt profound Erudition.

THE *Chineſe*, who fanſy themſelves the wiſeſt People in the World, have a very whimſical, not to ſay ridiculous Notion of *Nobility*. He who is ennobled among them is only ſo during his own Life, without regard to his Poſterity. Titles are only to be obtained by *Virtue* and *Merit*, and extinguiſh'd with the immediate Purchaſer. When a *Mandarin* dies, his Son muſt convince the Publick by ſevere Trial and ſtrict Examination, that he inherits his Father's Worth, before he can ſucceed to his Honours. Among us *Virtue* is much more glorioufly rewarded. As ſoon as our Princes grant a Patent to one of their Subjects, his Blood becomes purer and more excellent than before; and being tranſmitted to his Poſterity, makes it ſpecifically different from that of other Men. Kings indeed cannot fix Virtue in the Families they intend to honour; but they can ſettle in them the Rewards due to Virtue, and compel the Vulgar to pay the ſame Homage to the Vices of the Deſcendants which was due to the Anceſtors Merits. Moreover, the older Nobility grows, it becomes the more excellent; like *Cheſhire Cheeſe*, which is moſt admired when *rotten*, and *running away*. It ſeems as if a certain Number of

Ages were required to perfect and mature it. Time, which generally impairs the Value of other Things, enhances that of *Nobility.* Our Taſte in this ſeems like that we have for *Medals*, which the more they are defaced and eaten with *Ruſt*, are in the greater eſteem for their Antiquity. Or, to uſe a finer Compariſon, great Families among us may be ſaid to reſemble great Rivers, which are but ſmall Streams where they riſe, but then their Waters are clear and limpid; the farther they run from their Source they ſwell the higher, and, by wearing away their Borders grow the muddier; much what like happens among thoſe *Nobility* that ſtand very remote from their *Origin.*

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

ISAAC ALOGIST.

N° 86. *Saturday, November* 19, 1726.

To HIBERNICUS.

Præterquam quod ipſi faciunt, nihil rectè putant.
TER.

SIR,

A LETTER I received t'other day from the ſame old Gentleman I have already mentioned to you, with my Obſervations upon it, ſhall be the Subject of our preſent Entertainment. But before I give you my Friend's Letter, I think it proper to ſay ſomething of his Character. This Gentleman was born at *Briſtol* ſeveral Years before the *Reſtoration*, and bred a Merchant: having carried on a fair and conſiderable Trade in that City during ſome Years, he came over and ſettled here a little after the *Revolution*, where his Affairs have continued to proſper even beyond his expectation. Ever ſince the King's Acceſſion to the Throne he has given over Buſineſs, and now lives on the Income of a plentiful Fortune which he has raiſed by his own Induſtry. He is very fond of old Faſhions and Cuſtoms, and follows the new ones juſt as much as is neceſſary not to ap-

pear ridiculous. His good Senſe has never been tainted by Study, nor his Piety by Superſtition or Enthuſiaſm. He is reckoned covetous becauſe he is very rich, and does not think it an Honour or a Merit to appear ſuch. His Diſcourſes are very open and free; and as his Sincerity is unaffected, ſome People are apt to miſtake it for downright Bluntneſs. His regular and ſober way of living has made his old Age ſo hail and ſtrong, that he conſtantly goes on foot, without ſtanding in need of a Coach or a Chair. His Clothes are very plain, but he takes care that many ſhould be ſo well clad as not to dread the ſharpneſs of Winter. He will ſcold at his Maid, and threaten to turn her off, if ſhe chances to break his *Pipe*, or to throw away a *Match* before both Ends of it be burnt; and yet he won't ſcruple to give a Caſh-Note of ten or fifteen Pounds at every Charity-Sermon that is preach'd in this Town. Here is the Letter the good old Gentleman has ſent me.

'*SIR*,

'I Have read with great pleaſure your A-
'pology for *Vanity*, and your Parallel of
'our Manners with thoſe of other Nations.
'As I begin to apprehend the End and Scope
'of your Writings much better than I did
'when your two firſt Letters came abroad,
'I heartily beg your pardon for the Cenſures

'I

'I paſſed upon them. What I now plainly 'ſee, is, that your Satire is the more uſeful, 'as it is conceal'd under a ſeeming compli- 'ance with the Vices of the Age. The 'greateſt Number of Men cannot defend their 'Cauſe ſo well as you do; but then they 'would be Fools in good earneſt, if they did 'not perceive the Weakneſs and Ridicule of 'your Arguments, notwithſtanding the fine 'Varniſh you put on them.

'I CANNOT but blame thoſe reverend 'Clergymen, who have been out of humour 'at the Story of the *Taylor's Son.* It con- 'tains no Reflections upon the whole body 'of thoſe venerable Gentlemen, for whom, I 'dare ſay, you have a great regard. It ex- 'poſes nothing but what is eaſily corrigible, 'and makes a ſufficient diſcrimination be- 'tween thoſe who are, and thoſe who are 'not the proper Objects of its Satire. I can 'therefore ſee no harm in what you have 'done. You intended to cure ſome prejudi- 'ced Divines of that furious Party-Spirit 'which blinds them; and to ſhew how far 'Calmneſs and a Chriſtian Moderation is 'more becoming their ſacred Character than 'a fiery Zeal, which proceeds not from 'Thought or Reflection. So that upon the 'whole, if the Order in general do you 'juſtice, they will rather think you praiſe- 'worthy than obnoxious to Cenſure.

'It

'IT is natural for Men to become prolix 'when they treat of Subjects they like; this 'has been my Caſe at preſent: my fondneſs 'for the Clergy has been like to make me 'forget a Requeſt I have to you, which is, 'that you would animadvert on the exor- 'bitant growth of *Luxury*, and all the Ex- 'ceſſes which are its Conſequences. Your 'Friends *Hibernicus* and *Publicola* have al- 'ready taken this Matter in hand, and ex- 'erted a becoming Spirit in diſcountenancing 'this *Vice*; but the Enormity is come to 'ſuch a height, as will well bear to have the 'Cenſures upon it frequently repeated. It is 'not confined to the Nobility and Rich only, 'but, as a contagious Diſtemper, has ſpread 'itſelf among all degrees of Men. What 'would our Anceſtors ſay if they could re- 'turn to the World, and ſee in a private 'Family a *Chariot* for the Maſter and a *Coach* 'for the Lady of the Houſe? How great 'would be their Indignation in conſidering 'all our coſtly Furniture, and our Side- 'boards loaded with ſuch a quantity of 'Plate, that the Value of it would afford 'a good Portion to a Daughter? I do not 'mention the great number of Diſhes and 'variety of Wines uſed at Entertainments, 'becauſe you have touched upon this al- 'ready; but is it not high time to give 'over theſe Extravagances? And have not 'we juſt reaſon to fear that if we do not, 'our Trade will ſoon decay, and conſe-

'quently

'quently our Country fall into the greateſt 'Miſery and Confuſion?'

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

SAMPSON THRIFTY.

I AM obliged to my Friend for becoming my Apologiſt. What he ſays of the Clergy is very true; I never intended to ſpeak of the *Order* in general, than which I know none that ought to have better Souls. But as the Diſtinction is pretty plain in my Letter, I need ſay no more in my Vindication.

IT remains now for me to conſider the laſt Paragraph of Mr. *Thrifty*'s Letter; and I muſt own I cannot but think it in great meaſure ſuggeſted by the Prejudices of old Age. Theſe good Gentlemen are apt to think amiſs of every thing except what they do themſelves, agreeable to what *Terence* ſays in my *Motto*. I join with him, that if our Anceſtors return'd into this World, they would be ſomewhat at a loſs to know themſelves in their Deſcendants, and ſurprized at the difference between the preſent Condition of Things and what they were at the time they left it. But after all, this would but betray their Weakneſs and Simplicity; little difference being now made between *Surprize* or *Admiration*, and downright *Ignorance*.

I TAKE it there is a certain fixed Doſe of what is called *Virtue* and *Vice* interwoven in the Manners of all Mankind. This Doſe (to uſe a way of ſpeaking I have already employed) *condenſes* itſelf in one Country in the ſame proportion it is rarefied in another, without ever loſing any thing of its ſettled quantity. It is juſt like the *Syſtem* of Matter, which, tho unalterable in its Nature and Maſs, is continually circulating in the World, in an infinite number of vary'd Forms and Quantities, and which recovers, by the ſparingneſs uſed in framing a *Spaniſh* Shape, as much of itſelf as had been prodigally laviſh'd away in making up a *Dutchman*'s Buttocks. Now it generally happens that the greater Doſe of *Virtue*, and the ſmaller of *Vice*, falls to the ſhare of thoſe *States* which are yet but in their Beginnings, or in an unſettled Condition: the reaſon of this is plain; every one allows that *Virtue* is uſeful and to be ſought for, when it makes a Man find his private Intereſt in the publick one of the Society to which he belongs; and in a weak or beginning *State*, this connection between the *private* and *publick Intereſt* is ſo obvious, that it cannot eſcape the moſt ſuperficial Obſervation.

WHEN *Rome* was yet in her *Infancy*, and ſurrounded with many warlike People who conſpired its Ruin, each Citizen felt that the loſs of a Battle would expoſe him and his Family to the mercileſs cruelty of the

the Conquerors; this inſpired him with an incredible Ardor and Courage. Seeing he muſt ſtand or fall with his Country, he took care by a frugal way of living to enrich the publick Treaſure with all he could ſpare. He trained up his Children in the ſame Principles of Self-denial for his Country's ſake; and by manly Exerciſes ſo ſtrengthened their Bodies, as to render them capable of ſerving the Republick in the hardieſt and moſt laborious Expeditions. *Honour* came in too for a ſhare, and excited thoſe Citizens to an emulation of each other in doing their Duty; from whence aroſe thoſe *generous Extravagances* which frequently ſaved that growing State, and which ſome People do ſtill read with great admiration.

BUT when a Country has been ſupported for ſome time by the Courage and Virtue of its firſt Inhabitants; when the Power and Wealth of it are conſiderably increas'd by their Frugality and Induſtry, it is but reaſonable that in its turn it ſhould ſupport the riotous Exceſſes of the People. The greater and richer the *State* grows, the more the Tie of the *private and publick Intereſt* is eclipſed; ſo that it often happens that a Man finds his *private Happineſs* in ruining and deſtroying the *publick one*. If a Subject of a great and flouriſhing Kingdom gives himſelf up to all the Exorbitances of Oſtentation, Luxury and Debauch; and by the influence

of

of his Example, excites whole Multitudes to fall into the ſame Courſes; the preſent Race of his Countrymen will but divert themſelves the better, and at the worſe, none but their Grand-children are in danger of paying for theſe Follies. It cannot be expected that Men ſhould carry their Love of their Country ſo far as Poſterity; but if ſo, the way of living Mr. *Thrifty* condemns will the beſt anſwer that End, in the way the *Rationaliſts* like moſt, I mean that it will oblige our Deſcendants to have recourſe to Virtue as the only means of rectifying the bad Effects of our Diſorders. The *private Intereſt* ſhall again become united with the *general one*, and our Poſterity will think them inſeparable; ſo that by their Courage, Wiſdom and Temperance, things will wholly be ſet right, till they produce another Race, who, by their Imitation of our way of living, will again compel their Offſpring to follow the Steps of Virtue. Now it is plain from theſe Arguments (which are confirm'd by the Hiſtories of all Ages and Countries) that the Succeſſion of *Virtue* and *Vice* is exactly the ſame with that of *fair* and *foul Weather*, and that they equally depend on neceſſary Cauſes.

I HOPE what I have been ſaying will convince my good old Friend of the unreaſonableneſs of his Complaints, and that you and the World will judge, I have improv'd

prov'd the *Logick* of the *Fable of the Bees*, to very good purpose.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

ISAAC ALOGIST.

N° 87. *Saturday, November* 26, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Vincit amor patriæ.—— VIRGIL.

SIR,

PUBLICK Spirit and the Love of a Country proceed from a Diſpoſition ſo very amiable, that we eaſily forgive a thouſand little Prejudices and Extravagances which flow from them; and can laugh at an honeſt Zeal, exerting itſelf in a humorous and whimſical manner, without being in the leaſt offended. Nay, it often happens, that the Spirit of *Liberty*, and a generous Concern for the Publick, receives great Aſſiſtance from popular Prejudices, and vulgar Errors. And indeed the Bulk of Mankind are animated to brave and virtuous Actions, by Conſiderations which would perhaps appear trifling and abſurd to Men of

juſt Reflection and Diſcernment, and who examined things with care and exactneſs.

MANY an honeſt *Engliſhman* loves his Country, and would ſpend his Blood in its defence, for Reaſons, which are either not true, or ſuppoſing them to be ſo, not important enough to juſtify ſuch an extraordinary degree of Affection. *London* Bridge, and St. *Paul*'s Cathedral being the fineſt Buildings in the World, has been often improved into an Argument againſt the Enemies of *England*. The Excellency and Plenty of our *Beef* and *Mutton* have helped to make a great many Admirers of the *Britiſh* Conſtitution. Nor have there been wanting Inſtances of bold *Britons*, who have encounter'd, and actually overcome ſuperior Numbers of Enemies, by being ſtrongly impreſſed with the Notion, that their Country naturally produces better and braver Men, than are to be found among any other People in the Univerſe.

THESE are certainly Prejudices, and to wiſe Men will appear pretty extravagant too; but they are of an honeſt kind, and capable of producing very beneficial and noble Effects. And for that reaſon, good Policy, as well as good Nature, ſhould incline us to overlook the Strokes of Whim and Ridicule which appear in the Characters where they prevail. They are Errors of that ſort, concerning which *Horace* in one of his moſt inſtructive Satires, wiſhes, 'we had the Vir-
'tue to reckon them honourable and praiſe-

'worthy.' A little Indulgence is always due to the Blemiſhes of a virtuous Character; becauſe there are few, perhaps, who have reached uncommon Strains of Virtue, without ſomething peculiar attending it; ſome darling Abſurdity, or favourite Enthuſiaſm, which never fails to riſe uppermoſt, upon any Agitation; the *Proof* of great Minds, like that of *ſtrong Spirits*, being often found in their bearing the *Bubble*.

I HAVE been led into theſe Reflections, by the peruſal of a Treatiſe of *Botany* lately publiſhed here, under the Title of *Synopſis Stirpium Hibernicarum*, wherein the learned Author has a very curious Remark on the Article of *Potatoes*. He takes notice of a Debate which has been among the *Virtuoſi*, whether we in this Country were originally ſupplied with that nouriſhing Vegetable by the *Spaniards*, or from the *Britiſh* Plantations; and out of his great Zeal for the *Proteſtant* Religion, and the Liberties of his Country, ſtrenuouſly maintains the latter Opinion, and demonſtrates them to be no leſs than *Parricides*, who adhere to the former. However whimſical this Notion may appear to ſome, I cannot help thinking it proceeded from a very commendable Principle in the Author, and ſhould be glad to ſee it propagated among our common People, that they might aſſociate the Idea of Liberty and Property with that of *Potatoes*, and have as good a Stomach for the Defence of the one,

as they uſually have for the Conſumption of the other.

IN earneſt, ſuch little Prepoſſeſſions in favour of our Country appear to me not only innocent, but highly convenient, as they may be the Means of ſtrengthning a virtuous Affection, and inſpiring Men with gallant Reſolutions. This is the natural Effect they have upon ignorant and untutored Minds, who are to be rouſed up in the Cauſe of their Country, and its Conſtitution, by Motives quite different from thoſe which influence Men of larger and clearer Views. People of groſs Apprehenſions muſt be wrought upon by Methods adapted to their Capacity. Agreeable to this Principle, it has been the practice of all wiſe States and Governors, to entertain their People with Shews and Spectacles, which might warm their Imagination, and heighten the Ideas of a Community, and a Publick, with thoſe of external Dignity and Splendor. The Solemnities made uſe of in the Adminiſtrations of Juſtice, and the pompous Appearance of Magiſtrates, and publick Miniſters, upon thoſe or other extraordinary Occaſions, appear all to have been calculated with this View; it being certain, that Men of Senſe can take no pleaſure in ſuch Formalities on any other account, than to attract the Eſteem and Reverence of the Multitude, and inſpire them with a Veneration for the publick Orders and Inſtitutions. Solemn Feaſts, and ſet Days of rejoicing, on proper Occa-

Occaſions, have alſo been frequently employed to the ſame purpoſe, and have ſeldom failed being attended with very wholeſom Effects.

THAT I am not ſingular in my Obſervations, tho it is no direct Proof of their juſtneſs, yet entitles me at leaſt to a great deal of Indulgence, if I am in an Error. For which reaſon, as well as for the ſake of communicating my Sentiments to my Readers in a much more agreeable Dreſs than I am able to give it them, I ſhall borrow a Paſſage from Mr. *Philips*, in one of his *Free-Thinkers*, on this very Subject.

'THERE are publick Spectacles, (ſays 'that ingenious Gentleman) that are not of 'ſo refined a Nature, nor much attended to 'by Perſons of diſtinction; which, never-'theleſs, may be very proper, and have no 'ſmall Influence upon the People for their 'good. Such, in particular, is the Lord '*Mayor*'s Shew, in the City: Such are the 'ſolemn Proceſſions of Corporations; or of 'any Trading Companies, or Artificers, on 'ſtated Days. Theſe Pageantries ſerve to 'inſpire the Youth with a Love for their Pri-'vileges, and their ſeveral Vocations; to 'quicken their Induſtry; and to make them 'ambitious of arriving at the Honours and 'Dignities, which fall within their reſpective 'Scenes of Life.

'IT likewiſe becomes the Prudence of a 'Magiſtrate, to inſtitute publick Spectacles,

'of an inferior kind, to be exhibited (at 'proper times) to the Populace; Amuſe-'ments ſuitable to their Capacity. The Art, 'in this Point, is to divert them with ſuch 'Shews, as may let in, at their Eyes, ſome 'very popular and material Inſtruction; and 'diſpoſe them to become true *Proteſtants*, 'and good Subjects, while they rejoice. Of 'this kind, is the antient and laudable Cu-'ſtom of *burning the Pope*, on the 5th of '*November*, and in Commemoration of 'Queen *Elizabeth*. I am ſorry to ſee this 'Ceremony is not performed, of late years, 'with the uſual Pomp and Triumph; ſince, 'under proper Regulations, it always has 'been, and always will prove, a ſtronger 'Antidote againſt *Popery*, to the Multitude, 'than all the Writings of our Reformers.'

A NATIVE of *Ireland*, who loves his Country, and its Liberties, cannot help joining in this Gentleman's Complaint, when he obſerves, that the *Fourth* of *November*, which uſed to be celebrated with ſo much Joy by the Proteſtants of this Kingdom, in memory of our glorious Deliverer King *WILLIAM*, has not lately been honoured with the ſame Solemnity and Acclamations as formerly. It is true, we are not yet ſo ungrateful as altogether to neglect it; but yet the diſcontinuance of the Honourable Society at the *Tholſell*, as it has the appearance of our growing wearied with it, may in time produce an abſolute indifference; and

and wear away, by degrees, the Memory of a *Hero*, and an *Event*, which ought to be ſacred to lateſt Poſterity. Had he done the ſame thing for ſuch remote Nations as *China*, or *Indoſtan*, which he did for the *Britiſh* Iſles, his godlike Virtues would have entitled him to our Eſteem and Admiration: much more then ſhould they do ſo, when we ourſelves enjoy the Benefits of them; and when the Fact is yet ſo recent, that many among us can look back on the day of our Diſtreſs, as well as of our Deliverance.

THE happy Influence this Society had on the publick Affairs, in a late time of danger, is an invincible Argument for the Revival and Continuance of it. The Spirit of Liberty never breathed more nobly in any Nation, than it did at that time in ours. Like *Inſpiration*, it proved catching; and diffuſing itſelf from the City to the Country, from thence was returned with new Warmth in the *Repreſentative* Body of the Nation, where it broke out into Reſolutions, that would have become a Senate of antient *Greeks* or *Romans*, accompanied with all thoſe Circumſtances which render the Actions of ſuch *Great Aſſemblies* illuſtrious and awful. If then, a Ceremony of this ſort can be ſo uſeful in difficult and critical Conjunctures, there can be no reaſon for laying it aſide before we are intirely rid of all Apprehenſions from the ſame quarter, which, I am afraid, is not yet our Caſe. The Enemies

of our Conſtitution have neither quitted their Antipathy, nor their Attempts againſt it. We ſee daily endeavours uſed to poiſon the Principles of the People, both as to Religion and Government. *Parker*'s Hiſtory of his Times, and *Fiddes*'s Life of Cardinal *Wolſey*, are Inſtances of this; which ſeem calculated with no other deſign, than to raiſe Prejudices againſt the Principles of *Liberty*, and the *Reformation*, under the notion of ſacrilegious Encroachments on the Rights of the Crown, and the Church; which, according to them, ought to divide the Spoils, and diſpoſe of the Eſtates and Conſciences of Mankind at their pleaſure. It is therefore the duty of thoſe who are Friends to their Country, and the Laws of it, to uſe all innocent and legal Methods to animate the Zeal of the common People againſt all Maxims which tend to Slavery and Superſtition, to diſſeminate which amongſt them we ſee ſo great Induſtry and Affectation. For which good Purpoſe I know no Courſe leſs exceptionable than the annual Commemoration of our former Deliverances, nor which gives ſo great probability of Succeſs.

I AM ſenſible, that what I have ſaid on this Occaſion will give a handle for taxing me with breaking a Rule I have laid down for my Conduct in theſe Papers, not to meddle with *Party-Matters*. To which I ſhall give a very ſhort Anſwer; That I cannot

cannot underſtand how expreſſing an honeſt and ſincere Attachment to the Laws of my Country can be called ſiding with a Party. A Reflection of this ſort, to ſay the beſt of it we can, is very indecent. My Friend, Mr. *Alogiſt*, and I, have undergone a good deal of Cenſure already on this ſcore; as if we had deſerted our firſt Deſign, and reſolved to turn *Political Lecturers*. I am confident, neither of us ever had this in our thoughts. But at the ſame time, I believe, it is his Opinion, as well as mine, that expreſſing our Zeal for the GOOD OLD CAUSE of *Liberty*, and the *Britiſh* Conſtitution, can be no ways inconſiſtent with an honeſt Intention of making our Labours chiefly ſubſervient to the Intereſts of *Reaſon* and *Virtue*; which is all I ſhall ſay in vindication either of him, or my ſelf.

I am, SIR, yours, &c.

HIBERNICUS.

N° 88. *Saturday, December* 3, 1726.

To HIBERNICUS.

O fortunatos nimium! ſua ſi bona norint. VIRGIL.

SIR,



I SEND you the two following Tranſlations from *Horace*, without any farther Preface or Apology, than pleading the Liberty you have ſo often already given me of the ſame kind.

I am your very humble Servant,

MUSOPHILUS.

HORACE, Book I. Ode iv.

THE Snows are fled; along the Plain
The Graſs its flow'ry Mantle ſpreads;
The Trees a comely Load ſuſtain,
And wave in Air their flowing Heads.

The Earth its gayeſt Robes puts on;
The muddy Rivulets refine:
And ſilver'd with th' incumbent Sun,
The limpid Currents gayly ſhine.

The

The Graces feel th' indulgent Change,
And dance before the tuneful Swain;
Along the Valleys naked range,
And beautify the painted Plain.

My Lord, the swift revolving Year,
The fleeting Seasons let us know,
There is no true Perfection here,
No lasting Happiness below.

The Winter Storms, when Spring returns,
To Zephyr's *softer Whispers yield;*
Spring's gaudy Dress the Summer burns,
And loads with ripening Corn the Field.

With Apples crown'd, and yellow Sheaves,
Fair Ceres *then begins her Reign:*
But soon the Earth all naked leaves,
And doleful Winter comes again.

Yet Time those daily Wastes repairs;
The Stars again restore the Spring,
Produce new Seasons, and new Years,
And move in an eternal Ring.

But more unhappy we become
Mere Shadows, and to Atoms fly,
Whene'er the Fates pronounce our Doom,
And cruel Pluto *bids us die.*

Who knows if Heav'n another Day
Will add to those already past,
Or snatch us instantly away,
And make the present Gasp our last?

The

The Goods of Life then freely uſe,
And gratify a liberal Mind;
Thy greedy Heir ſhall ne'er abuſe
A Wealth you cannot leave behind.

Once you have left your native Earth
To wander on the Stygian *Shore;*
The Honours of a noble Birth
Will plead in thy behalf no more.

No more thy awful Doom once read,
Will then thy Eloquence prevail;
Nor Piety itſelf evade
A Sentence nothing can repeal.

Her chaſteſt Votary to ſave,
The chaſteſt Goddeſs ſtrives in vain,
Hid in the Dungeon of the Grave,
And bound with an eternal Chain.

Nor leſs in vain the gloomy Shades
Did Theſeus *greatly bold, explore,*
And ſupplicate the fatal Maids,
His dear Pirithous *to reſtore.*

EPOD II.

BLEST is the Man, who free from worldly Cares,
And Caſh at Uſe, no change of Fortune fears;
But, like the antient uncorrupted Race,
Content with rural Joys, and home-felt Peace,
Some fruitful patrimonial Acres ploughs,
Which largely bleſs his Labours and his Vows.

No Trumpet's warlike Din disturbs his sleep,
Nor boisterous Storms, when harrowing up the Deep.
He goes not into Courts; or if he goes,
He fees no Lawyer, for he has no Foes;
And free from all Dependence on the Great,
Disdains to cringe, or hang about their Gate.
Sweet are his Labours: he or prunes his Vines,
And round tall Elms their tender Branches twines;
Or lops the fruitless vagrant Boughs away,
Engrafting new Ones, as the old decay;
Or from the Hills his bleating Flocks surveys,
As sauntring thro' sequester'd Vales they graze:
Ambrosial Sweets he plunders from the Bees,
And from the sickly Lambs the wealthy Fleece.
Then when rich Autumn *rears above the Ground*
His comely Head with golden Apples crown'd,
How joyful shakes he down the mellow Pears,
The sweet Reward and Product of his Cares;
And rosy Grapes, whose living Colours vie
With Cæsar's *Mantle, and the* Tyrian *Dye!*
Nor want their lib'ral Off'rings from each Tree
For thee, Priapus, *and* Sylvanus, *thee.*
Wearied, he shelters in the silent Shade,
Which antient Oaks have venerable made;
Or on the matted Grass——Oh, gently tread!
Earth's flow'ry Lap, he lies supinely spread.
There whilst some ling'ring Stream rolls slow along,
And Linnets chime their soft complaining Song,
And beating Time, the bubbling Fountain flows,
His Soul dissolves, and sinks in soft Repose.

NOR are his Pleasures banish'd, when the Tear
Retreating, bids the Winter *Storms appear;*
When cloth'd in white the haggard Hills are seen,
Naked the Trees, and desolate the Green.
For then attended with a hollowing Train
Of well-breath'd Hounds, he scowers the frozen Plain,

Drives

Drives mighty Boars into the fatal Snare,
And makes a Captive of the winding Hare;
Lays fraudful Baits the greedy Thruſh to gain,
And boaſts among his Spoils the ſtalking Crane.
Bleſt with ſuch Pleaſures, who would ſtoop to wear
The Chains of Love, or languiſh for the Fair!
But if he have a loving faithful Spouſe,
To ſhare the Toil of Children and the Houſe,
Great are his Joys, his Happineſs compleat,
If Happineſs for Mortals be in Fate.
Such was the Sabine, *ſuch the* Apulian *Dame,*
Of Sun-burnt Beauty, but untarniſh'd Fame:
Nor yet unlovely in thoſe Charms that prov'd
How much they Virtue, and their Husbands lov'd.
She, when fatigu'd her Goodman home retires,
Meets him with wholeſom Fare, and rouſing Fires;
Shuts up the well-fed Cattle in their Stall,
And brimming fetches in the Milking Pail;
Brings ſparkling Claret in an ample Cup,
And ſo a home-ſpun Supper dreſſes up.
Let the Luxurious, lolling at their Eaſe,
Call Plaiſe and Turbit from the diſtant Seas,
And ſlobber Oyſters in ſalacious Brine;
Theſe ſimple Cates, and only theſe, be mine.
Nor Partridge, nor the coſtly Bird that flies,
Mark'd for Deſtruction, in Numidian *Skies,*
In my Account ſo ſweet a Banquet yield
As the mean Products of a Sabine *Field;*
Olives, and Sorrel, cheap, but wholeſom Food
And Sage, that gently purifies the Blood;
A Fatling kill'd upon a Feſtal Day,
Or Kid juſt reſcu'd from the Breaſts of Prey.
Amidſt theſe Feaſts how pleas'd ſhould I behold
My wanton Flocks come leaping to their Fold:
My weary'd Oxen marching from the Plough,
And breathing as beneath the Yoke they bow!
How pleas'd at Night obſerve the ruſtick Crew
Around my Hearth their clumſy Mirth purſue!

Where

Where all Things then to give me Joy conſpire ;
Loud laugh the Clowns, and gayly burns the Fire.

THUS Alpheus *ſaid, and ſeiz'd with ſome ſtrange* (*Charm,*
Calls in his Caſh, and thinks to buy a Farm.
But ere the fleeting Moon was in her Wane,
The Wretch had put it out to Uſe again.

N° 89. *Saturday, December* 10, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Flectere ſi nequeo ſuperos, Acheronta movebo. VIR.

SIR,

THINGS unuſual always create ſome degree of Surprize, leſs or more, in proportion to the ſize of Mens Underſtanding, and their Knowledge of Mankind. Cuſtom very often gets the better of our Judgment, and by familiarizing us to Objects, impoſes on us a great many Uſages as highly rational, and even neceſſary, which in fact are far otherwiſe; and on the contrary, prejudices us againſt uncommon Appearances as abſurd and unnatural, however decent and comely they may be found upon a fair Examination.

A FREQUENT Repetition of the ſame Practice gives us a great facility in the purſuit of it, and renders every contrary Action not only abhorrent, but ſometimes impoſſible in the Performance. Hence proceeds that almoſt inviolable Attachment we may obſerve in the People of every Nation to their own peculiar Manners and Cuſtoms, and their Antipathy and Contempt for thoſe of their Neighbours. From their early Infancy they have been enured to the former; they have aſſociated to them Ideas of Dignity, Beauty, and Convenience, and ſometimes of Sanctity and Religion. But perceiving no ſuch Reſemblances in the latter, and conſidering them only in their difference from what is practiſed among themſelves, they ſtartle at the firſt view, and can hardly conceive a thought about them, which is not full of the Deformed, the Monſtrous, and the Unnatural.

SOMETIMES this Diſpoſition, Humour, or whatever we pleaſe to call it, exerts itſelf in a laudable manner, and helps to confirm Men in the purſuits of Honour and Virtue; to inſpire them with the Love of Liberty; and to make them Admirers of Legal Inſtitutions and Adminiſtrations, in oppoſition to unlimited Power, and fluctuating Will and Pleaſure. At other times it appears very differently, and is no ſmall ſupport to the Cauſe of Barbarity and Slavery. It can reconcile Men to Vice and to Miſery; make them imagine

imagine a Happineſs in Want and Wooden Shoes; and give them an Averſion to every thing manly, generous, and liberal.

In things indifferent, which have no influence either on the Good or Hurt of Society, it is certainly Mens Wiſdom, and may be ſometimes their Virtue, to comply with it; to prevent the Odium of Singularity on the one hand, and the Confuſions which may be occaſioned by an endeavour to aboliſh antient Uſages on the other. And the Uſe which wiſe Men ought to make of vulgar Prejudices of this ſort, is to make them ſubſervient to uſeful and valuable Purpoſes. This is what, I believe, may be done by a great many things which will not bear the Teſt of ſtrict Reaſon and good Senſe. Nature has in many caſes given us no fixed Standard, whereby to adjuſt our external Demeanour, but left us to be guided in thoſe things according to the Genius and Circumſtances of the reſpective Communities into which Men happen to be incorporated.

But with reſpect to ſuch Cuſtoms as either may, or actually have an ill tendency, by debauching Mens Minds, confounding the Underſtanding, or corrupting the Affections; it is the duty of every one, as far as his Influence extends, to ſtem the Torrent, and oppoſe the prevailing Humour by all fair and juſtifiable Methods. And in this caſe, it may be both reaſonable and uſeful, to attack the Power of Cuſtom itſelf, and ſhew the abſur-

dity of giving into any Uſages on that ſcore alone, by inſtancing, in other Nations, how it has given a Sanction to things which we look upon with Horror and Indignation.

WHEN Men are got this length, to compare the Manners and Cuſtoms of other People with their own, there will ariſe this Advantage from it, that they will be leſs prepoſſeſs'd in favour of themſelves than formerly, and abate of that Haughtineſs, and inhoſpitable Contempt of Strangers for which ſome Nations are ſo remarkable. They will learn to have a Reverence for Mankind; to forbear making their own favourite Notions and Opinions a ſtandard for all others; and to lay down ſuch Maxims and Rules for their own Conduct, as may prevent the juſt Cenſure, or Ridicule of any part of the Human Species, from turning on themſelves.

THE Inhabitants of *Europe*, who boaſt themſelves the politeſt and moſt civilized part of Mankind, are, upon all occaſions, exceedingly facetious on the Manners and Cuſtoms of the poor *Barbarians*, who poſſeſs the other three great Continents. Yet theſe latter ſeem, for the moſt part, to follow Nature much more cloſely than we do. The many Volumes of *Voyages* and *Adventures*, of *Itineraries* and *Pilgrimages*, which have been publiſhed among us, to diſplay their Rudeneſs and Barbarity, give us indeed a fair Occaſion to pity them for their want of many Advantages which we enjoy, by the means

of

of Letters and Commerce; but afford us very little ground of triumphing over them, either as to the natural Superiority of our Underſtanding, or the Purity of our Virtue. Their Piety, however miſtaken they are, as to the Object or Expreſſion of it, is generally fervent and unaffected; and their Commerce with Mankind fair and honeſt, without any Art or Diſguiſe, except what they have acquired from ſome Refinements the polite *Europeans* have imparted to them.

As for other Matters, I do not find that we greatly excel them, unleſs in this one Point, that we have a great many Inventions for ſupplying Wants of our own making, concerning which theſe *Savages* have not the leaſt notion. Their Habits indeed, their Forms of Salutation, their Methods of Gallantry and Courtſhip, and their Paſtimes and Recreations, appear extremely uncouth and ridiculous to us. But they are more than even with us; for ours appear much more ſo to them. The Queſtion then is, Whether we or they have reaſon to laugh? Indeed neither. For while ſuch Cuſtoms are ſo regulated, as to do no body hurt, and to anſwer the ſeveral innocent Ends of thoſe who uſe them, there is nothing in any of them either unreaſonable or ridiculous; and to deſpiſe and contemn Men on account of them, is the effect only of Prejudice and Ignorance.

THE Caſe alters much, where any Cuſtom either anſwers no End at all in Life, or an ill one. There the Ridicule is both juſt and uſeful. But then it ought not to be confined to one Side only. If we laugh at our Neighbours, we muſt allow them to laugh at us; and examine whether they may not have as much Reaſon on their ſide, as we on ours. The Sentiments of other Nations concerning us may be ſerviceable, in ſetting us on comparing our Manners with Nature and Reaſon, and diſcovering our own Errors and Blindſides. Our Partiality to ourſelves will nor ſometimes ſuffer us to ſearch into this Matter, till others have given us the hint, by making the Obſervation before us. Moſt Men are ſlow at finding out their own Faults, which they would keep concealed, if poſſible, even from themſelves. It gives us pain to behold our own Deformities; and the fear leſt we ſhould find any ſuch in our Portraiture, in ſpite of our Vanity, often damps the Deſire of having it drawn. It were therefore to be wiſhed, that as our Language abounds with a multitude of Books containing Accounts of the Manners and Cuſtoms of moſt Countries in the World, beſides ſeveral others which are not to be found in it; ſo thoſe foreign Nations to whom we have done this Honour, would return us the Compliment, and after having ſojourned among us, afford us an Opportunity of knowing their Opinion of ſome of our favourite Cuſtoms and Amuſements,

which

which are esteemed of the most polite and agreeable kind; that by comparing them with the natural Notions of People of less Knowledge and Experience, we might form a Judgment of the Reasonable, or the Ridiculous, in the several parts of our Conduct.

SOME *European* Authors have done the *British* Islands this Honour already. But the Genius of most of the neighbouring Nations is so near akin to our own, and our Customs so nearly resemble each other, that we can receive little Instruction from them, except in matters of lesser consequence. I should be more curious to read the Remarks made upon us by some of those People whom we term barbarous. A Friend of mine informs me, he has some Memoirs of this sort, written by a *Siamese*, who resided some time in *England*. If I could prevail on him to publish the whole, I am persuaded, it would be a useful and entertaining Present to the World. In the mean time, he has given me leave to communicate the following Passage to the Publick, which seems to have a very satirical meaning in it, tho such as I leave the Reader himself to unriddle.

'THE Inhabitants of these two little 'Islands (meaning *Great Britain* and *Ire-* '*land*) pretend to adore only one supreme 'God, and to be intirely freed from all 'kinds of Superstition. But I cannot be- 'lieve the Professions of these Infidels. For 'besides the living Deities, to whom they 'daily offer their Vows, they have a multi-

'tude of others, whom they are every mo-
'ment invoking; *Demons* with ſtrange abo-
'minable Names, that were never heard of
'on this ſide the Great Water.

'THEY are ever and anon addreſſing
'themſelves to one or other of theſe Gods,
'and upon the very ſmalleſt Occaſions; which
'is a Proof of their Superſtition. There are
'ſo many of them, that it is almoſt impoſſi-
'ble to reckon them up. However, there
'ſeem to be ſeveral Orders of them. Some
'of the lower Ranks of them, ſuch as *Lard*,
'*Egad*, *Ifackins*, and *Odsbodikins*, are cal-
'led upon very familiarly, and without much
'Ceremony, or any extraordinary appearance
'of Devotion. Theſe ſeem to be looked up-
'on as a good-natured kind of Beings, in regard
'the Women of the Country, and other ef-
'feminate Perſons, very like Women, are
'their moſt frequent Worſhippers. Their Chil-
'dren are very early taught to adore them;
'and you will hear them ſtammering their
'Prayers to them, as ſoon as they are able
'to ſpeak.

'BUT there are other Beings, whom they
'regard more awfully, and pay Homage to
'with much greater Solemnity. Of this
'number is *Dammee*, a powerful *Demon*,
'had in great veneration by all who go to
'the Wars; as is alſo *Blood and Wounds*,
'who is yet reckoned more powerful, and
'addreſſed to with the moſt profound Adora-
'tion. I have been often at a loſs to under-

'ſtand

'ſtand what is their Opinion concerning this 'Divinity, in regard I have frequently heard 'them ſplit his Name in their Service, and 'call him ſometimes only *Blood*, and ſome-'times *Wounds*; ſo that I have often imagin-'ed they worſhipped ſometimes the one half 'of him, and ſometimes the other, to ex-'preſs the greater Devotion. But at laſt I 'concluded that theſe were two diſtinct Divi-'nities, a *Male* and a *Female*, who being 'married together, they ſometimes invoke 'them ſeparately, and ſometimes in conjunc-'tion.

'I have ſeen a *Mandarin* chaſtiſing his *Slave* 'almoſt to Death, and craving aſſiſtance all 'the while from *Blood and Wounds*, with 'much fervency and trepidation. The Dri-'vers of certain Leathern Machines, wherein 'the Rich and Lazy are drawn by Horſes, 'are likewiſe moſt religious Adorers of this 'Divinity. I alſo obſerved, that the Com-'mander of the Veſſel, in which I was tranſpor-'ted over the great Water, never applied him-'ſelf to any other Power; but was very con-'ſtant in his Invocations to this, eſpecially 'during the Seaſon of high Winds.

'BESIDES theſe inviſible Deities, there 'are ſeveral inanimate Idols, to which they 'ſacrifice; as I have lately had occaſion 'to obſerve in one of their religious Aſſem-'blies, at which I was preſent out of cu-'rioſity.

'THERE was in the Place a large round 'Altar, covered with Green, and adorned 'with many lighted Tapers; around which a 'great Number were ſeated in the ſame man-'ner as we are at our domeſtick Sacrifices.

'JUST as I entered, one of theſe, who in 'all appearance was the Prieſt, threw upon 'the Altar the looſe Leaves of a ſmall Book, 'which he held in his hand. Upon theſe 'Leaves were repreſented ſeveral Figures very 'ill painted; but which were probably the 'Images of the Deities they were at that time 'worſhipping: For in the order as they were 'diſtributed, every one of the Aſſembly laid 'down before his Image an *Oblation*, ac-'cording to the Greatneſs of his Devotion: 'And, which I particularly remarked, theſe 'Offerings were conſiderably greater than 'thoſe they uſually make in their publick 'Temples.

'THIS Solemnity over, the Prieſt laid his 'Hand trembling on the Remainder of the 'Book, and ſeemed for ſome time immova-'ble, being wrapt up in the Contemplation 'of his God. The reſt, likewiſe in ſuſpenſe, 'waited attentively on his Motion. At laſt, 'upon every Leaf he turned, the different 'Worſhippers appeared differently agitated by 'the reſpective *Demons* by whom they were '*poſſeſſed*. One ſeems to lift up his Hands to 'Heaven with Praiſe and Thankfulneſs. Ano-'ther looks at his Image, and after gnaſhing 'his Teeth, curſes it. A third bites his

'Fingers,

'Fingers, ſtamps, and writhing his Face 'and Body a thouſand different ways, caſts 'every thing human out of his Countenance, 'and ſeems no longer a Man. At length 'the Prieſt himſelf, upon turning a Leaf, is 'ſeized with Fury, and full of the *Demon*, 'tears the Book, and ſcatters it; overturns 'the Altar, and blaſphemes at the Sacrifice. 'Nothing is heard but Groans and Complaints, 'Cries and Exclamations, intermixed with 'broken Sighs, and half-formed muttering 'Requeſts made to their Gods *Dammee*, and '*Blood and Wounds*.

'AT ſight of theſe things, my Heart failed 'within me; and I could not but conclude 'the Supreme *GOD*, whom they pretend 'to adore, to be a jealous Being, who to pu-'niſh them for ſacrificing to others, ſends 'among them theſe *evil Spirits*, to vex and 'torment them, in this terrible manner.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

N° 90. *Saturday, December* 17, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Nec meus hic ſermo eſt.—— HOR.

SIR,



HAVING ſhewn in my laſt how uſeful it may be to any People to know the Sentiments of their Neighbours concerning their Manners and Cuſtoms; I ſhall not need to apologize for making up this Day's Entertainment with the following Reflections of an ingenious Foreigner on the Temper and Character of the People of *England.* I will not take upon me to juſtify all his Reflections, or anſwer for the truth of every Obſervation. Yet I am convinced, that what he ſays highly deſerves our Conſideration, on a much better account than barely to gratify our Curioſity, in knowing what other People think or ſay concerning us.

'It ſeems to me the general Character of 'the *Engliſh*, that they have either great '*Virtues*, or great *Vices*, and very often a 'mixture of both. For notwithſtanding they 'have abundance of *good Senſe*, there is ſome-

'thing

'thing of Caprice that always goes along 'with it. They have generally great Souls; 'and their Inequalities ſet them as often above 'other Nations, as they make them fall ſhort 'of them. The moſt part of them have I-'magination; but the Fire of it reſembles 'that of their Coals, in having greater Warmth 'than Brightneſs. They ſpeak but little, and 'almoſt every thing they ſay is *Sentiment.* 'They make Reflections upon things, and 'underſtand the real Worth of them the bet-'ter, that they conſider them with their own 'Eyes, and have the Courage to judge for 'themſelves. Content with their Condition, 'if it be but tolerable, they ſeldom make any 'great ſtruggles to render it better. Very 'few *Engliſhmen* go abroad to ſeek their 'Fortunes; but for the Honour of thoſe few 'who do ſo, we may ſay, that there is hard-'ly one of them who does not ſucceed. 'They enjoy what they have, and live a-'greeable to their Inclinations, in which there 'is nothing blameable, but that thoſe Incli-'nations are ſometimes not over elegant. In 'other things they are reaſonable enough in 'their Expence, endeavouring leſs to appear 'happy, than to be ſo in reality. And by 'this means, in moſt things we may obſerve, 'that they make their Happineſs depend on 'themſelves. They give themſelves very 'little trouble for what others think concern-'ing them; and take as little notice of what 'they do. They act boldly againſt any

'Cuſtoms,

'Cuſtoms, however well eſtabliſhed, whenever they happen to diſagree either with 'their Opinions or Inclinations. They generally regard Addreſs and Behaviour very 'little; but they cultivate their Reaſon, and 'dare to make uſe of it in the Buſineſs of Life, 'as well as in other things. It is not unuſual 'among them to retire from Employments, 'and prefer a private obſcure Life to Honour 'and Grandeur. As they enjoy Life better 'than is done elſewhere, ſo we may ſay, that 'they are more eaſily ſatisfied with it, and 'quit it with leſs reluctance. This is the true 'Picture of an *Engliſhman*, an *Engliſhman* 'of Merit, and not engaged in any violent 'Purſuits; a Character made up of a happy 'Compoſition of *Indolence* and *good Senſe*.

'THERE are however certain Occaſions 'wherein it appears that *Indolence* is his governing Paſſion. He hates Difficulties and 'Trouble, and is unhappy when he finds 'himſelf engaged in them. Long Purſuits 'diſhearten him, and he is preſently put upon cutting any thing which he finds difficult 'to untie. In whatever does not belong to 'him he is credulous; and rather than be at 'the trouble of inquiring into the truth, gives 'eaſy credit to whatever is told him. And 'hence it is, I apprehend, that there are ſo 'many Stories told in this Country of *Spirits* 'and *Apparitions*. I ſhall perhaps hereafter 'have occaſion to give you ſeveral other 'Proofs of their *Indolence*, as well as of their

'*good*

'*good Senſe*. Whenever they forſake this 'laſt, they forſake it altogether, and become 'the moſt unreaſonable of Men; violent in 'their Deſires, impatient under Misfortunes, 'incapable of remedying them, and ſo tran-'ſported in their Anger, as to ſtrike them-'ſelves in the Face with their Fiſts, which 'they alſo frequently do upon very ſmall oc-'caſions of Grief: for upon the greater ones 'they come ſometimes to more violent Re-'ſolutions. In one word, the *Engliſh* ap-'pear to me always in extremes, and run the 'greateſt lengths of *Vice*, or reach the higheſt 'pitch of *Virtue*.

'As to Religion, one may venture to ſay, 'that every *Engliſhman* is reſolved to have 'one without Faults, at leaſt what he ima-'gines to be ſo, or to have none at all; and 'that this Country, contrary to all others, is 'without *Hypocrites*. But however that be, 'the number of determin'd Libertines is much 'greater here than elſewhere; which however 'ought not to reflect any diſhonour on the 'Nation, ſince thoſe only are *Libertines* here 'who would be *Hypocrites* elſewhere: and it 'is eaſy to determine, which of thoſe ſorts of 'People are the worſt. There are alſo in this 'Country abundance of *Fanaticks*, or People 'ſo called; which is another ſtrong Proof, 'that the *Engliſh* are very ready to fall into 'Parties, and are zealous in their attachment 'to them. Among theſe there are ſeveral, 'who have formed the moſt extravagant

'Schemes

'Schemes of Religion. On the other hand, 'I believe, there are in *England* abundance 'of People of ſolid and rational Piety; as 'appears by the number of good Books of 'Devotion among them, which are without 'doubt the Productions of religious and vir-'tuous Men. The ſimple and wholeſom 'Morality they contain, ſhews them to have 'been written by Men of Learning; beſides 'that there are ſome of theſe Books which 'are univerſally applauded, whoſe Author 'has nevertheleſs thought fit to keep himſelf 'unknown; a Proof of his being raiſed far 'above thoſe Views which the Learned pro-'poſe to themſelves by their Works.

'THE *Engliſh* bear Greatneſs tolerably 'well, and appear very little puff'd up with 'it. I believe you will ſcarce ever hear it 'ſaid among them, *A Man of my Quality*, '*A Perſon of my Rank*. They alſo carry 'themſelves very modeſtly in their Proſpe-'rity, which they make little oſtentation of 'in their Expences. No *Engliſhman* ever 'tired me with ſpeaking about his Coach or 'his Equipage. They keep indeed always a 'good Table; and that is one of the firſt 'things they eſtabliſh. After the Table comes 'the *Miſtreſs*, whom they entertain at an 'extraordinary Expence. And tho all this 'were not a ſufficient Argument, that Ava-'rice is not the *Vice* of the *Engliſh*, but that 'they go more readily into the other Ex-'treme, yet we may ſee it very evidently

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'in the prodigious Number of Phyſicians, 'Lawyers, and Aſtrologers, who are in great 'Reputation among them, and turn their 'Affairs to very good account. Add to this 'the Folly of their Faſhions, and the Sumptuouſneſs of their Monuments, and Funeral 'Solemnities, by which means great Sums of 'Money are conſumed. Among other things, 'I have obſerved at their Funerals, a Set of 'Mourners, or People called by that name, 'who ſeem to fill their place much better than 'thoſe whom the Antients employed for that 'purpoſe. For as the *Engliſh* have ſometimes very little real Sorrow under their 'Mourning, which yet the Ceremony demands, it ſeems but reaſonable that they 'ſhould be indulged a counterfeit Sorrow. I 'only mean, that they are a little inſenſible, 'unleſs when tranſported by ſome extraordinary Paſſion: in which caſe they are often 'found to run into the other Extreme.

'IT is uſually ſaid to be a part of their 'Character, that they are exceeding changeable; and the Reaſon pretended for this is 'the Variableneſs of the Air and Climate in 'which they live. For my part, I am perſuaded, the only Reaſon why they appear 'more changeable than others, is becauſe 'they will not bear the leaſt conſtraint, and 'are always proud to ſeem what they really 'are; an Effect of their Indolence and Courage. As for what may be alledged with 'reſpect to the changeableneſs of their Con-

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'duct towards their Princes, it may perhaps 'be well enough accounted for by their ha- 'ving had Princes, who not liking the Li- 'mits ſet to their Power, endeavoured to 'alter the Conſtitution, and ſo obliged their 'Subjects to alter their Behaviour to them: 'A Proceeding, which very often ought to 'be aſcribed to their good Senſe.

'THERE is one ſtrong proof, that the '*Engliſh* are not ſo eaſily changed, as is com- 'monly imagined; which is, that Advice 'never has any influence upon them, after 'they have once taken their Reſolution, which 'they do very ſuddenly, and no leſs ſudden- 'ly put it in execution. This is evident in the 'numbers of People who deſtroy themſelves, 'and the many unequal Marriages made a- 'mong them. This briskneſs of Reſolution 'is ſo much the Character of this People, that 'it is no rare thing among them for young 'Women to make a Vow to marry the firſt 'Man they meet with in the Streets, which 'they afterwards actually perform. In all 'this however, there appears a mixture of 'that *Fierceneſs*, which is indeed at the 'bottom of their antient Character. For the 'reſt, they ſeem to retain ſomething of eve- 'ry one of the different Nations by whom 'they have been conquered. They drink, 'like the *Saxons*; they love Hunting, like 'the *Danes*; the *Normans* have left among 'them their Chicanery and Knights of the 'Poſt; they derive from the *Romans* their

'Fondneſs for cruel Spectacles, and their Contempt of Death; unleſs theſe two laſt are rather to be aſcribed to their natural Temper. They abound alſo in Characters which ſeem very inconſiſtent; they are charitable, and they are cruel; tho they are lazy in their Actions, yet it is their uſual Cuſtom to walk faſt: They are apt to deſpiſe Strangers too much, and yet as ready at other times blindly to admire them. One would be ready to imagine them all either Libertines, or Devotees; and yet they will fall together by the ears, on account of the moſt trifling Ceremony in Worſhip, ſuch as neither religious Men, nor Libertines, commonly think worthy their conſideration. Beſides theſe, there are ſeveral other Contrarieties to be found among them, yet ſuch as ought not to give us any manner of ſurprize; in regard they are no more than Infirmities frequently incident to Human Nature.'

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

N° 91. *Saturday, December* 24, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Animum excellentem, moderatum, omnia tanquam minora tranſeuntem, quidquid timemus optamuſque ridentem, cœleſtis potentia agitat. Non poteſt res tanta ſine adminiculo numinis ſtare. SEN.

SIR,

FINITE Beings, be their Faculties ever ſo great, yet find this natural Imperfection in them, that they cannot exert them all at once, but muſt exerciſe them gradually, according as Objects preſent to them, which is always in Train and Succeſſion. The Intellectual Scene is perpetually ſhifting, in an endleſs Variety of ſhort and fugitive Repreſentations. The Power of *Thinking* is not exerted in one continued Act, but requires the frequent Impulſe of Objects to keep it in exerciſe. Nor is this Exerciſe an intire uniform thing, but a Series of very many, and very different Actions, in the courſe of which there is a conſtant Fluctuation from one Thought to another; by which means our Ideas are ſo confuſed and defective, that we are obliged to have recourſe to Abſtractions,

and certain imaginary *Species*, which exiſt only in our Minds, to aſſiſt us in all our Reaſonings and Inquiries. We find indeed, at preſent, a great convenience in theſe artificial Forms of thinking; but that we ſtand in need of them at all, is a plain Argument of the Imperfection of our Knowledge, and the Weakneſs of our Faculties.

THIS Obſervation extends to every thing elſe in the human Mind, as well as the Underſtanding; and is indeed the natural Conſequence of the Imperfection to which that Faculty is ſubject. Our Happineſs is regulated by the ſame Laws; and all our Enjoyments come to us ſingle, and in ſucceſſion. It is equally impoſſible for us to feel a variety of Pleaſures at once, as it is for the Underſtanding to perceive a multitude of Objects at the ſame inſtant. Nay, in many caſes the Underſtanding ſeems to have the advantage of the Affections in this point; in regard the Objects of Joy, Love or Admiration, do not lie ſo thick together as thoſe of Knowledge and Reflection. The Objects of thinking riſe upon us every moment; but it is only at ſome times that we meet with Objects capable of producing in us joyful, pleaſant, or delightful Senſations.

IN order therefore to remedy theſe Defects, our merciful Creator has endowed the Mind of Man with certain Powers, which can revive the Ideas of paſt Pleaſures, and give us a foretaſte of future Enjoyments; by which

means we are enabled to croud our Comforts together, and relieve ourſelves from the preſſure of a great many Misfortunes, which might otherwiſe bear too heavy upon us. The *Memory* of paſt Enjoyments is oftentimes no ſmall relief to a melancholy Heart; and I believe, there are few who have not experienced that *Hope* is the moſt efficacious of all other Remedies againſt the Calamities and Diſtreſſes we meet with in Life.

OUR actual Enjoyments are ſo few and fleeting, that were we deprived of this Power of anticipating our Felicity, and poſſeſſing ourſelves of imaginary Goods, it is highly probable we ſhould find Life an inſupportable Burden; ſince with all theſe Advantages, it is ſo already to multitudes of Men, who, in the eye of the World, appear poſſeſſed of every thing which can render it eaſy and comfortable.

FROM this Account of *Human Nature*, in its preſent Situation, we may obſerve, how neceſſary it is to our Happineſs, to look forward into *Futurity*, in order to make us ſatisfied for any length of Time. No one Enjoyment in Life, nor any ſingle Action, however great and virtuous, can yield a perpetual Entertainment to Minds, whoſe Satisfactions are all ſucceſſive, and conſequently intermitting. There muſt be a Continuation of the ſame Enjoyments, and a Repetition of the ſame pleaſing Actions, to render our Felicity full and complete. And where theſe

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are wanting, as they often are with moſt Men, and indeed with all Men one time or other, there is nothing which can make us eaſy, but the *Hopes* of repeating ſuch Enjoyments, and engaging hereafter in the ſame Purſuits with ſucceſs. Our virtuous Inclinations, like all others with which we are endowed, are liable to Diſappointments, and conſequently alike capable of giving us Pain, upon our finding them defeated.

WHAT is there then, that ſhall ſupport Men under the Calamities of Life, and make them perſiſt in a Courſe of neglected, or unſucceſsful Virtue? No one virtuous Action, we ſee, is its own ſufficient Reward, becauſe our Minds require to have the Entertainment continually renewed. Many of our Virtues, notwithſtanding the pleaſure of Self-approbation which they afford us, yet frequently occaſion great pain and uneaſineſs. And as things commonly go in the World, we have but little rational expectation, that our future Enterprizes, let them be ever ſo good and virtuous, ſhall be always ſucceſsful. So that, in effect, tho Virtue be indeed the direct and natural Road to Happineſs, yet it frequently fails actually being ſo, and, for that reaſon, ſtands in need of ſome ſuperior Power to aid and ſtrengthen us in the conſtant Practice of it.

MANY of the Heathen Philoſophers were ſo ſenſible of this, that they found themſelves obliged to make their virtuous Men have

recourſe to the *Supreme Being*, for aſſiſtance in all Caſes of Difficulty or Misfortune. They ſaw Virtue expoſed to ſo many Diſaſters and Calamities, that they judged nothing leſs than an Almighty Succour neceſſary for its relief. They knew well enough, that Virtue was in its own nature amiable, and adapted to promote the Good of the *Human Species*; or, in other words, that the Good of Mankind conſiſted in a Courſe of virtuous Action and Enjoyment: yet from a Conſideration of the numerous Accidents and Misfortunes to which good Men are liable in this Life, they found it neceſſary to reſolve our ultimate Felicity into a Dependence upon GOD, who being the Author and Fountain of all Good, is alone capable of ſupporting us in every thing that is ſo; of feeding our Minds with ſolid and well-grounded Hopes; and of ſatisfying every Deſire which can poſſibly enter into the Heart of Man.

THIS was certainly a very noble and uſeful Principle, tending both to the Happineſs and the Perfection of Mankind. For ſure nothing can be more conducive to refine and exalt our Nature, than to ſet always before us the moſt perfect Model of all Goodneſs and Beauty. One of the greateſt Men of Antiquity is ſaid to have regulated all his Actions on the ſuppoſition of having *Cato* always preſent with him, as a Spy, and a Monitor; and boaſted, that by that means he had preſerved his Virtue againſt many

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Temptations. How much more then muſt he be proof againſt any ill Suggeſtions, who lives in the conſcious Senſe of having him for an Inſpector of all his Thoughts and Actions, who is the Author of all the Wiſdom and Goodneſs in the Univerſe? And how nobly muſt that Mind be employed, which is fixed in the Contemplation of infinite Perfection, and endeavours to approve itſelf to its Creator?

THE admirable Author of the *Theory of the Earth* has a Reflection on this Subject, which it is almoſt impoſſible to read without pleaſure. 'For my part, *ſays he*, I cannot 'be perſuaded, that any Man of atheiſtical 'Inclinations can have a great and generous 'Soul. For there is nothing great in the 'World, if you take God out of it. There-'fore ſuch a Perſon can have no great 'Thought, can have no great Aims, or Ex-'pectations, or Deſigns; for all muſt lie 'within the compaſs of this Life, and of 'this dull Body. Neither can he have any 'great Inſtincts or noble Paſſions: For if he 'had, they would naturally excite in him 'greater Ideas, inſpire him with higher No-'tions, and open the Scenes of the Intellec-'tual World. Laſtly, he cannot have any 'great Senſe of Order, Wiſdom, Goodneſs, 'Providence, or any of the Divine Perfec-'tions. And theſe are the greateſt things 'that can enter into the Thoughts of Man, 'and that do moſt enlarge and ennoble his

'Mind. And therefore I ſay again, that he 'who is naturally inclined to *Atheiſm*, being 'alſo naturally deſtitute of all theſe, muſt 'have a little and narrow Soul.'

ACCORDING to this Account, it is eaſy to ſee, that the greateſt and beſt part of our Happineſs muſt be derived from the ſame Source; that bearing always a proportion to the Enlargement of our Minds. None can deny, but that Creatures directed by Reaſon, have more and greater Enjoyments, than ſuch as are only guided by Inſtinct; and therefore whatever opens and enlarges the intellectual Scene, muſt certainly produce an Addition to our Happineſs. Nor will it, I imagine, be denied, that the Knowledge of the Author of Nature, which is only to be acquired by contemplating him, is ſuch an Opening and Enlargement of our Minds; and conſequently that that Contemplation muſt not only be worthy and becoming in us, but be the pleaſanteſt and moſt agreeable Method of employing our Faculties.

BESIDES, ſince in a manner we live upon *Hope*; and ſince our moſt virtuous Diſpoſitions need that Support and Nouriſhment; where can we ſo reaſonably look for Happineſs, as from Him from whom we can hope for all Things; becauſe he has all good things in his power, and has ſhewn, thro' the whole Oeconomy of Nature, how ready and liberal he is to diſtribute them? And as it is natural for Men to imitate thoſe whom they love,

and

and to love thoſe from whom they derive their Happineſs; we may conclude, that we ſhall then be enabled to act in the nobleſt and moſt virtuous manner, when we are animated with the higheſt degree of the Love of GOD, and make it the principal Motive of our Actions.

THUS far Men not only may, but actually have diſcovered, by the mere Force of their natural Reaſon and Reflection. But GOD has been yet more bountiful to us. He has given us a poſitive Revelation of his Will, and acquainted us, that he is both ſenſible of the Good we do, and takes delight in it, ſuch a Delight, that he intends to continue their Exiſtence, and make them the Objects of his Favour to Eternity, who perſevere in the doing of it. A Declaration, that makes us happy both here and hereafter, and is the beſt and ſureſt Fortreſs to all human Virtue: becauſe it enlarges the Circle both of our Actions and Enjoyments; ſets us above Misfortune; gives us a juſt and rational Contempt of the World; and ſtrengthens us againſt all thoſe Accidents in Life, which might poſſibly render the Paths of Goodneſs wearifom or painful.

THESE Reflections are ſo ſuitable to the ſolemn Seaſon, upon which we are now entering, that it would be almoſt inexcuſable to make any Apology for them; ſince, I am confident, there can be nothing more acceptable to my Readers, than any Attempt, how-

ever weakly executed, to ſtir up their Love and Gratitude to that Divine Perſon, who has made the Exerciſe of *Goodneſs* and *Virtue* their higheſt and trueſt Intereſt, by *bringing Life and Immortality to Light.*

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

N° 92. *Saturday, December* 31, 1726.

To HIBERNICUS.

An tu exiſtimas reprehendendum, qui ſupervacua uſu ſibi comparat, & pretioſarum rerum pompam in domo explicat? Non putas eum, qui occupatus eſt in ſupervacua literarum ſupellectile? SENECA.

SIR,

HAVING already declared myſelf ſo much a Man of the World, and a lover of the Converſation of the Living rather than of the Dead, you will not be ſurprized, when I tell you that I am a great frequenter of *Coffee-Houſes*, and other Places of publick Reſort, where I pleaſe myſelf with hearing the Occurrences of the buſy World, and the different Opinions of all ſorts of People on whatever paſſes either there, or in the more quiet and lazy

lazy Dominions of Letters and Contemplation. By this means I have had many opportunities of knowing the Sentiments of the Town on your Writings: and I can assure you, have been as often entertained with them, when torn to pieces by the *Criticks*, as ever I was with reading them intire in the *Journals*.

OUT of my tender regard to that natural Fondness, which, I know, all Parents have for their own Offspring, I shall decline the ungrateful Occupation of being your *Intelligencer* in this matter; and the rather, because I doubt not but there are abundance of People ready enough to take that Office on themselves, and save me the labour. And tho I hope, you have, in a great measure, subdued that Sensibility in yourself, yet it becomes a good-natured Man to be very cautious of any thing which tends to revive it, or rekindle those Flames, whose Embers are not yet perhaps quite extinguished:

Suppositos cineri doloso.

THE Case however is different, when you are charged with being the Author of those Letters I have written to you, and are censured on account of several criminal things therein said to be contained. Justice obliges me to clear you of such an Imputation; and therefore I hope you will not take it amiss, that, the more effectually to do so, I stand up

this

this day in my own defence, willing to remove from you, and take upon myself the shame of all the ill things you have been arraigned of on my account, if in what I have written any thing can be found inconsistent with, or prejudicial to the Interest of this Church and Nation.

NUMBERLESS are the Complaints and Outcries raised against the subject Matter of my two last Letters. If I had either preached up some damnable *Heresy*, or preached down the wearing of *Hoop-Petticoats*, my Principles could not have been reckoned more pernicious and dangerous. It has been said, That none could have written those Letters but one who was an Enemy to all Order, and for subverting all Distinctions of Honour and Dignity among Men, by taking away the principal Prerogative of the Great and the Rich, the Power of commanding others to work, and of sitting idle themselves. For certainly since bodily Labour and Locomotion are things which Mechanics, and other mean People must undergo; and since there are enough of them to do all the drudgery of Life, why should they who are blessed with Ease and Affluence, do any thing at all, but what no body else can do for them? And since all that Men labour for is to procure the Necessaries of Life to themselves and Families, what reason is there that People, who are above such Necessity, should labour at all about any thing which they can purchase

chaſe from others, or be at any other pains than to indulge thoſe elegant Wiſhes and Deſires, which their exalted Circumſtances of Life afford them ſo many opportunities of gratifying? No; the proper buſineſs of theſe happy Mortals is to languiſh in a Garden, or a Gallery of Pictures; to while away their gentle hours in talking moſt affectionate Nonſenſe to their tender Spouſes; to dangle about from place to place in ſearch of Happineſs, without ever taſting any; to purſue nothing in Life but the bare Speculation what Life is: In one word, to live without *Hopes* or *Fears*, *Expectations*, *Deſigns*, or *Enterprizes*; and enjoy all that Felicity which can reſult from the moſt perfect and conſummate Stupidity.

If this be a happy and rational Method of living, then I have been highly to blame, in recommending ſome degree of bodily Labour and Exerciſe as part of the buſineſs of every wiſe and good Man, who is not neceſſarily hindered, as ſometimes is the caſe, by the Nature of his Employment. For this is certainly a true deſcription of what Life would be, abſtracted from all Labour and Attention to common Affairs; unleſs, as among People of greater Vivacity it probably would, it ſhould degenerate into open Rioting and Diſſoluteneſs. But if ſuch a Life be neither in its own nature amiable; if it is of ill example to Inferiors, and tends to make an active and laborious Life diſgraceful; then can there be no

great

great hurt in any thing I have ſaid on this head; eſpecially, when we obſerve how many ill Conſequences have flowed from that general *Idleneſs*, and Averſion to every thing which bears the name of *Work*, which has of late years crept down from the People of Diſtinction to thoſe who are endeavouring, or rather only fanſying themſelves to be ſo.

But there is yet a more heavy Accuſation lies againſt me, for attempting to debauch the Minds of my Fellow-Subjects, by infuſing into them a Contempt of Learning and Politeneſs; a Deſign that could have entered into the Heart of none but a graceleſs *Goth*, or *Vandal*. I am ſorry I ſhould be guilty of ſuch an Offence, and the more ſo, becauſe I have been told, that the reading of good Books is greatly uſeful for confirming the Principles of Morality, eſpecially in the fair Sex, whom I have repreſented as deſigned for other Occupations than Reading. Indeed I was much ſurprized at this Objection, when it was firſt told me; in regard I always apprehended the great Principles of Morality to be ſo plain and obvious, that there was no occaſion for any depth of Learning to underſtand them. I always was ſo ſilly as to believe, that the *Common Senſe* of Mankind was a much better Rule of Life, than the Maxims of any, or all the Philoſophers put together. This was my Miſtake. But it is a Miſtake I am not ſingular in; ſince ſeveral of the

the greateſt Men of all Ages have agreed, that great Learning, or, which is uſually thought the ſame thing, much Reading, is rather an Impediment, than Aid to our Virtue. I might quote on this Occaſion the great Man from whom I have taken my *Motto*, among many others: but this Authority would be too antiquated for my purpoſe; and therefore I ſhall chuſe to expreſs my Senſe of this matter in the words of an ingenious *Modern*, and a *Foreigner* too, whom you have more than once mentioned with approbation; and ſo conclude this Letter without any farther Apology for the uncivil treatment I have been ſaid to give to the *Muſes*.

'I apprehend, there is no neceſſity for 'reading any further than for a little Inſtruc-'tion; or to paſs away a melancholy hour, 'when the Mind, having exhauſted its own 'ſtock, and grown languid, requires the re-'lief of other Mens Thoughts. I am alſo of 'opinion that there are no good or excellent 'Books, but what have been written on Sub-'jects which the Authors made their chief 'ſtudy, and whereof they are really maſters; 'in regard there is no true Knowledge but 'what comes by Experience. Some of thoſe 'who have made Wiſdom and Virtue their 'Study, and actually excelled in them, 'have written on that Subject; and thoſe 'Books ought to ſuffice us, being diſtinguiſh-'ed from all others by their containing Senti-

'ments

'ments which are the natural Language of a 'Man in his right Judgment, who ſpeaks 'what paſſes within himſelf in the ſimplicity 'of his Heart, without the tedious and labo-'rious manner of deſcanting upon things. 'For Men never are reduced to Argumenta-'tion, but for want of cultivating their na-'tural Sentiments, which never would play 'them falſe, if they but left them at liberty, 'and followed the Dictates of that Huma-'nity which produces them. Juſt Sentiments 'are the genuine product of the Heart, which 'nothing but an inborn Inclination to Good-'neſs can cheriſh and bring to life. As they 'are formed by Nature in us, ſo they have a 'perfect conformity with Nature; and the 'Truths they convey are juſt as natural to 'Mankind as the Method by which they are 'conveyed. But when we give ourſelves up 'to reaſoning upon every thing, and talk al-'ways in the argumentative ſtrain, our natu-'ral Sentiments are ſtifled; and as theſe Rea-'ſonings owe their Original to a corrupted 'Taſte, ſo they corrupt our Taſte ſtill more, 'and diveſt us of that Simplicity which di-'rects us to Truth in the eaſieſt manner. 'The plain honeſt Man is ignorant of the 'Art of Reaſoning, and he who is maſter of 'his own Buſineſs neglects it. It is an Art 'owing to a ſavage and unmanly Idleneſs, 'and to a falſe Curioſity begotten by it; 'and ſo ought to be given up to thoſe Men, 'who have all their Humanity in their heads,

'where

'where their Reaſon takes its full play, and 'works all its Wonders. Theſe are your '*Literati*, who make Knowledge their whole 'Buſineſs, and drunk with the Fumes of it, 'forego all the Bleſſings of an honeſt Heart, 'with which they have loſt all manner of 'acquaintance. And the Effect hereof is, 'that among them Obſtinacy and Diſputes 'take place of the Love of Truth, of the 'Diffidence neceſſary to find it out, and of 'the Temper and Moderation requiſite to 'communicate it to others.

'I CANNOT help looking on theſe Peo-'ple as the Authors of all that is bad and ri-'diculous in Reading; and conſequently one 'great Source of the Corruption and Follies 'of Mankind. That Air of Importance they 'give to the moſt uſeleſs and trifling Matters, 'is without doubt the Cauſe, that we have ſo 'many Writers, who fill the World with Im-'pertinence and Nonſenſe. And the Example 'by this means given of great Reading, and 'of Mens ſpending their Lives in it, has alſo 'this ill effect, that it influences many to read 'more than they otherwiſe would.

'IF we ſhun all this ſort of Reading, and 'leave to the *Mob* of every kind, that vaſt 'number of Books which have been written 'to them, and which perhaps are capable of 'making them a *Mob*, if they were not ſo al-'ready; we ſhall have our Minds more free 'from Prejudice, and more weaned from 'thoſe Follies which contract and leſſen them.

'We ſhall alſo approach much nearer to 'Truth, by giving greater attention to what 'paſſes in our own Breaſts, where Truth is 'moſt frequently found, and ſeldom fails to 'make a laſting Impreſſion, if we give it but 'leave. We ſhall not meaſure Truth by nar-'row and conceited Rules; and above all, 'ſhall gain the ſingular advantage of not re-'jecting Opinions inconſiſtent with what we 'imagine ourſelves to know already, which 'frequently does us a hundred times more hurt, 'than all the Knowledge we get by reading 'does us good.

'It never was the Intention of Nature 'that Men ſhould make no other uſe of their '*Ideas* but to gather them into a Magazine. 'The Perfection of thinking is to be able to 'form them aright as occaſion offers, and to 'follow the Dictates of common Reaſon, the 'only proper Method to preſerve that Free-'dom of Mind, which is the foundation of 'all true Knowledge. One may venture to 'affirm of the moſt part of your Men of pro-'digious reading, that they are really more 'ignorant than thoſe they term the *Vulgar*, 'having much leſs Knowledge of Mankind, a 'Science, without which, all others are ſo 'far from being Accompliſhments, that they 'only render Men monſtrous, by giving a 'falſe Luſtre to a very diſagreeable Character. 'This is that Science, unknown to the Lear-'ned, which ſhews us the real Worth of 'Things, to which there is every day oc-

'caſion

'caſion to have recourſe. How little of it 'theſe Gentlemen underſtand, the greateſt 'part of their own Learning is a plain proof; 'nothing being a ſurer mark of Ignorance, 'than to make Collections of *Facts* and *Opi-'nions* conducive to no valuable purpoſe in 'Life, and to form a Science purely to diſplay 'the Art of *Reaſoning*; like School-boys who 'are every day climbing, with no other View 'than to ſhew how dextrous they are at the 'Exerciſe.'

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

PUBLICOLA.

N° 93. *Saturday, January* 8, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

——*Facies non omnibus una.* OVID.

SIR,

IT is a Notion of the celebrated Mr. *Leibnitz*, that there are not in the whole Compaſs of Nature any two Things exactly alike. If there were, it would deſtroy one of the firſt Principles of that great Man's Philoſophy: for, according to him, there

can be nothing done without a *ſufficient Reaſon* for the doing of it, ariſing from the Nature and Proportion of things one to another. Now if any two Particles of Matter, for inſtance, were exactly alike, there could be no reaſon, in the nature of things, for aſſigning to either of them *this* or *that* Poſition, it being a matter of abſolute *Indifference*, which of them ſhould be *upper*, or *under*, or *hither*, or *yonder*, in reſpect of their ſituation. And where there is an abſolute *Indifference*, there can be no Choice, at leaſt ſuch a Choice as is founded on a *ſufficient Reaſon*; and conſequently, had the firſt Principles of things conſiſted of perfectly ſimilar Parts, the *forming Mind* muſt have remained in an eternal ſuſpence, and the magnificent Fabrick of the Univerſe for ever continued in the Womb of *Non-entity*, in a ſtate of endleſs Confuſion and Blindneſs. It is therefore to the *Diſcordia Semina rerum* that the World, in a great meaſure, owes that Beauty and Proportion we admire in it. Nor does its preſent State give us a faint Hint what an infinite Variety there muſt have been in the Materials of which it is compoſed; ſince, according to an elegant Deſcription of Mr. *Pope*'s, we are every where ſurrounded with numberleſs Beauties, all of different Forms and Appearances in ſome reſpects.

Not Chaos-*like*, *together cruſh'd and bruis'd*,
But like the World, harmoniouſly confus'd;
Where Order *in* Variety *we ſee*,
And where, *tho all things* differ, *all* agree.

HISTORY

HISTORY informs us, that the Emperor *Charles* V. after his Reſignation, ſpent moſt of his time in the Study and Practice of *Mechanicks.* Among other Exerciſes of this kind he took a particular delight in the making of Clocks; and was exceeding anxious to have them ſo exact, that they ſhould all ſtrike at the ſame Inſtant; but after many repeated Trials found it impracticable. Upon which he is ſaid to have made this Reflection, How vain a thing it was to attempt to make all Men think one way in Matters of Religion; ſince by Experience he was convinced, that he could not *compel* Machines of his own making to an exact Uniformity.

I AM not certain, whether that univerſal Contempt, which, in all Ages, Imitation, and Imitators have lain under, has ariſen from a ſenſe of the impoſſibility of arriving at a perfect Reſemblance; but it has indeed a very plauſible Appearance. And as the following Nature has always been eſteemed the trueſt part of Wiſdom, we may well imagine, that the Reaſon why Men deſpiſed Imitation ſo much, was becauſe they judged it a vain, and conſequently an unnatural Endeavour of reaching at Excellence. This at leaſt is ſure, that in the Arts of Politeneſs and Elegance of any kind, it has been always held the mark of a low and little Genius, to borrow the Mien, and creep ſervilely after the Faſhion of other Perſons.

ALL this however does not hinder the Generation of Imitators from being a very great and numerous Body. They are a kind of Shadow inſeparable from any ſort or degree of Eminence. Nay, the very Follies and Impertinences of Perſons in any exalted Station are frequently copied out by Multitudes of People, in the integrity of their Heart, without the leaſt deſign of making court to thoſe they imitate. But the Humour diſplays it ſelf moſt viſibly, as well as moſt prepoſterouſly, in the *Beau Monde*, who are perpetually endeavouring to appear what they are not, and to be like ſomething, to which it is impoſſible they can bear the leaſt reſemblance. There is hardly a genteel handſom Man that makes his appearance in a publick Place, but who has immediately a great number of Coxcombs in his Livery, that they may look like him. I have ſeen a hump-back'd *Beau*, not five foot high, ſtrut with his Hat cock'd in the ſame manner, which he had obſerved to look gallantly on a General Officer; and have known ſeveral battered old Rakes, who made conſtant uſe of Waſhes and Ointments, to preſerve the Bloom of a tawny and ſhrivel'd Complexion.

AT preſent, the Care and Study of this Race of fine Gentlemen ſeem to be employed in changing their Sex, and becoming poſſeſſed, more ways than one, of thoſe Charms they admire in the Ladies. With this notable

table View we may ſee them every day going over into the Female World, and abdicating, as far as in them lies, their Title to Manhood. All the Arts of Effeminacy have been employed, and no manner of Induſtry ſpared that could give the leaſt promiſe of effectually aboliſhing the Order of Nature. I have been ſometimes under apprehenſions, that we ſhould refine ſo far, that as the Ladies, upon ſome occaſions, condeſcend to wear one half of the Maſculine Apparel, ſo we, to return the Compliment, ſhould take it in our heads to appear conſtantly in theirs. And I am of opinion, that nothing hinders this intimate Union with the Fair Sex, but that their Faſhions are ſo perpetually varying, that it is found impracticable to overtake them. Were they but once come to a ſtop, I make no doubt, that one half of our Sex would deſert their Party, and appear as completely Females, as it is in the power of Valets and Taylors to make them.

Do but look at that little fluttering Creature *Coſmicus.* Obſerve how he languiſhes, and reclines his Head upon one ſhoulder. Nothing can be whiter than his Hands, unleſs it be his Teeth. It coſt his Valet, and other Attendants, four hours and three quarters of this Morning, to make him what you ſee him. He is juſt now deep in the Vapours, which is the reaſon you ſee him ſpeaking to himſelf. What he is ſaying is none of his own, but ſome tender Scrap out of his

Favourite *Waller*; but whatever he is ſaying, you may depend upon it, he is at the ſame time practiſing to *liſp*. To ſhew you the Delicacy of his Conſtitution, he is conſtantly complaining of the Cold, and by that means making an excuſe for the Badneſs of his Voice. When he comes into a Room, he curtſies, and then laughs at it, as a deſigned Abſurdity. When he quarrels with his Servant, he calls him a *Bitch*, and always ſwears half-Oaths. But for all his Softneſs and Delicacy, I would not adviſe any of our Sex raſhly to affront him; for he may happen to do a brave Man a miſchief, in regard the Sex he has choſen affords him the Protection of a Pair of *Boddice*, which are of excellent uſe againſt the Perils of *Cold Iron*.

THIS is the Character not of a ſingle Perſon, but of a whole Species. Nor is it in the leaſt heightned beyond the Truth, or more monſtrous than the Life. There are a vaſt many of theſe *Trimmers* between the Sexes to be met with in all Places of genteel Reſort about the Town, who hardly want any thing in their Dreſs but *Petticoats*, to make them finiſhed Coquettes. Nature however continues very obſtinate againſt them, and is by no means favourable to their Deſign. An exact ſimilitude is no more to be expected here than in other things. There are found ſeveral unrelenting Features in a maſculine Face, beyond the power of Lotions

Lotions and Coſmeticks to ſoften; and certain rugged Airs in a male Perſon, proof againſt the moſt ſtrenuous endeavours to lay them aſide. And hence it is, that all the Care and Niceneſs of theſe Perſons only tend to make them more remarkably ugly, and more unlike what they would reſemble; which is the uſual fate of all Men who miſtake their own Character, and endeavour to excel in the wrong place. The greateſt Proficients in this Art have not been hitherto able to make any thing of it, or to do any more than expoſe themſelves to Contempt and Ridicule, as well from the Sex they have taken up, as from that they have relinquiſhed. Unleſs they could acquire the skill of eradicating their *Beards*, and throwing out of their Perſons a great many other Imperfections natural to the Male Kind, it is to be feared, that all their Projects will for ever prove unſucceſsful.

WOMEN are ſaid to be very tenacious of their own Humour, and proof againſt all the Power of Argument and Advice. It is therefore probable, that Counſel would be loſt upon thoſe Gentlemen, who have made that Sex ſo much their Model; and indeed I much fear, that in this reſpect they tranſcend their Originals. But if one might preſume to give a word of Counſel on this head, I would deſire them to conſider, how unnatural and impracticable the Enterprize is in which they have embarked. If the

Laws

Laws of Nature forbid, that any two minute Particles of Matter ſhould be exactly alike, how much more impoſſible is it to reduce ſuch a complex Syſtem as a human Perſon into a perfect Uniformity with another? And were it practicable, the Intention of Nature would be defeated in eſtabliſhing a Diſtinction between the Sexes; and the Poſition of the Moral World inverted; or rather things brought into ſuch Confuſion, as to render the Offices of Life precarious and uncertain. How would they take it, ſhould the Fair Sex improve upon the Hint given them, and falling in with the Exerciſes and Occupations proper to the Male part of Mankind, acquire ſuch a degree of Strength and Robuſtneſs, as to be able to fill the active Scenes of Life themſelves, and turn down their Adorers into the Buſineſs of Oeconomy and the Domeſtick? How would it mortify them to ſee their *Gold-headed* Canes degraded into Diſtaffs; and their *Snuff-Boxes* converted into Saucepans? What a decent Figure would a *Beau* make at a *Spinning-Wheel*; or how compoſe himſelf to darn his Miſtreſs's *Stockings?* Would he be as willing to waſh Linen as to wear it, or to make his Fair one a *Mechlin* Lappet with the ſame Spirit that he now praiſes her graceful manner of putting it on? In a word, would the moſt refined Spark of the whole Tribe be content to ſit all day moaping at home over *Tea*

and

and *Romances*, while the Female Rake, his Spouſe, enjoyed her full liberty of running about to Coffee-houſes, and Taverns, and that principal Seat of manly and virtuous Recreation, the *Groom-Porter's*?

THESE are my Apprehenſions of that Revolution for which I ſee ſome Perſons expreſſing ſuch fondneſs, and making ſo great advances towards it; which makes me think it my Duty, to warn my Countrymen againſt ſo great and imminent a danger; or at leaſt to beg they would defer ſuch an important Change, till ſome more favourable Juncture of Affairs, when it might be effected without producing ſuch a train of ill Conſequences.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

N° 94. *Saturday, January* 14, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Non ille pro caris amicis,
Aut patria timidus perire. HOR.

SIR,

IT is a very common, but indeed a very pernicious Practice among many Men of Senſe and Learning, to condemn every great and bold Undertaking in a ſingle Perſon, as raſh and imprudent, if he had not ſufficient Means in his power, or at leaſt a fair probability, to ſecure himſelf of coming off ſucceſsfully. Men, ſay they, are rational Creatures, who ought not to throw away their Lives at a venture, or expoſe themſelves to danger in vain and fruitleſs Enterprizes. They ſhould calculate their Forces, and find them equal to what they propoſe, before they engage in any Attempt of Difficulty and Hazard, leſt they make Matters worſe than before, by depriving the Cauſe they have eſpouſed of an honeſt and able Aſſerter. To do otherwiſe, is to ſet up animal Courage in the room of true and reaſonable

ſonable Manhood; and to ſacrifice a thing of great Value and Importance, the Life of a virtuous and brave Man, to a Whim of Honour, and the Enthuſiaſm of a great Heart.

I CANNOT deny, but that, in general, this ſort of Reaſoning is pretty juſt; and that no Man ought to ſacrifice his Life, but with a view to promote ſome good and valuable End. But at the ſame time, I can by no means admit the Conſequence, that we ought not to hazard our Lives in the defence of injured Innocence, diſtreſſed Virtue, or an endangered Country, unleſs when we are certain, or at leaſt it is highly probable, that the direct Good we ſhall by that means obtain to the Intereſt we are engaged in, ſhall be equal in value to the Lives we thus expoſe. There are other Ends a brave Man may promote, beſides thoſe he has immediately in his view, by risking his Life in a juſt and honourable Cauſe, which are of greater importance to Mankind, than perhaps any ſingle Life ever was, or will be. The direct Good which any Man can produce, commonly lies in a very narrow Compaſs; but yet his Actions may indirectly, and without his having ſuch a View, produce very diffuſive and laſting Effects. The immediate Profit of moſt Mens Actions is confined to their own Country, or to their Cotemporaries; whereas the Influence of their Example may extend to the whole World, and to lateſt

lateſt Poſterity. Regard therefore is to be had by every wiſe and good Man to theſe more remote and more generous Ends, as well as to thoſe which more immediately ſpirit him up to Action. And conſequently it is not fair to accuſe a brave Man of *Foolhardineſs* and *Temerity*, who in the honeſty of his Soul ruſhes into Danger, perhaps without any great proſpect of Succeſs, to relieve a beloved Friend, or attack an unjuſt Invader of his Country.

LONGINUS, in his Treatiſe of the *Sublime*, cenſures a Brother Author for having written on the ſame Subject in a low and languiſhing Style. To write coolly upon *Courage*, might perhaps give occaſion for a Criticiſm of the ſame nature. But however that be, it is certain, that to run down *Heroiſm* and *Gallantry*, when exerted for noble and virtuous Purpoſes, tho not always directed by the ſtrict Rules of Prudence, with regard to the preſervation of Life, has a very great tendency to leſſen the Principle of Fortitude in Men; and to make them more wary and timorous, than is conſiſtent with that true Valour, which is founded on the Contempt of Death. Men, for the moſt part, need few Cautions againſt plain and evident Danger; the Biaſs drawing ſtrongly that way already. The Safety of the *Private Syſtem* ſeldom fails to be conſulted in ſuch Caſes, without needing to have the *Publick Good* brought in as an additional Motive.

Motive. On the contrary, judicious Moraliſts have always found it neceſſary to fortify the *Publick* Principle, by Conſiderations drawn from the Pleaſure ariſing to the *Individual*, in following its Impulſes. So that, in effect, there is not only little occaſion to admoniſh Men againſt an impetuous and over-boiling Courage; but if there were, it is dangerous to endeavour at abating its Fervour, leſt it ſhould receive too great a damp, and loſe its Vigor in the Correction of its Violence.

IF we look into Antiquity, we ſhall find, that the greateſt Endeavours both of their Philoſophers and Legiſlators were taken to fortify the Minds of their Diſciples and People againſt Death and Danger. One of the firſt Principles inculcated upon them always was, the Worthleſſneſs of Life, when ſet in competition with Virtue and Honour; and the Baſeneſs of ſurviving a Defeat, tho even with an Intention of reſerving themſelves for future Service to their Country. Such a deliberate Temper was not allowed to enter into the Compoſition of the brave and gallant Man. Speeches of this kind would have been eſteemed only the Subterfuges of Treachery or Cowardice. How thoſe Nations flouriſhed under this Diſcipline, I need not inform my Readers; nor how their Youth, animated with theſe exalted Notions of Honour, which proved to them an invincible Armour againſt the Fear of Death, gave ſuch Proofs

of

of their Virtue, of every kind, as have filled all ſucceeding Ages with Admiration and Aſtoniſhment.

INDEED, conſidering how baſe a Principle all Fear is, it is hardly poſſible to conceive, how true Virtue can conſiſt with the Fear of Death; nor on the other hand, how true Courage, when thorowly provoked, can calmly ſit down and deliberate on any other way of repelling an Injury, than by fairly attacking him who commits it. And if the Injury be done to many, the more Bravery there is ſhewn in reſenting it, is the greater and nobler Evidence of Virtue. Sacrifices made on ſuch an account, even when the Event has proved unproſperous, have ſtill had a uſeful and excellent Effect, in the Impreſſions they leave on the Minds of others.

I REMEMBER, Sir *W. Temple*, in one of his Letters, expreſſes his great Concern, that this bold and undaunted Spirit was not rather cheriſhed among Men, than expoſed either to Cenſure or Raillery. 'I would 'have been glad, *ſays he*, to have ſeen Mr. '*Cowley* before he died, celebrate Captain '*Douglas*'s Death, who ſtood and burnt in 'one of our Ships at *Chatham*, when his 'Soldiers left him, becauſe it ſhould never 'be ſaid, a *Douglas* quitted his Poſt with-'out order. Whether it be wiſe in Men to 'do ſuch Actions or no, I am ſure, it is in '*States*, to honour them; and if they can, 'to turn the Vein of Wits, to raiſe up the

'Eſteem

'Eſteem of ſome Qualities above their real 'Value, rather than bring every thing to 'Burleſque.'

THE Inſtance here mentioned cannot perhaps be juſtified by the ſtrict Rules of Reaſon; and yet it is a proof of great Honour, and of noble and virtuous Principles. Nay, I may venture to affirm, that the Example of this brave Gentleman, and conſequently every other like it, was capable of producing greater and more notable Effects, than even the Life of ſo valuable a Man could have done, had he gone upon more prudential Maxims, and ſaved himſelf for future Occaſions of ſerving his Country. So that, if Wiſdom is to be eſtimated by the Extenſiveneſs of its Operations, there ſeems to be more of it in ſuch great and ſublime Actions, than there often is in thoſe which are concerted with more Art and Deſign, and carried on with greater Circumſpection and Temper.

GENEROUS and great Minds are not to be meaſured by the Standard of common Men, nor their Actions to be brought under the ſame Regulations. The Warmth of a great and courageous Heart, glowing with a Senſe of Wrongs done to its Friends or Country, does not well agree with that Coolneſs of Head, and Watchfulneſs of Occaſions, which are often found in Men of narrow Souls, and ſmall Talents, and by means of which they are enabled to conduct their

Deſigns, whether good or ill, with a ſurer proſpect of Succeſs. The one always purſue the direct Means to obtain their End, without much conſidering their Efficacy to do ſo; while the others are continually looking out for the ſafeſt and likelieſt Means of doing Buſineſs, and ſeldom diſcompoſe themſelves with inquiring, whether the Courſe they are taking be the moſt honourable, or otherwiſe. The great Mind is ever bold and enterprizing; the little Genius diffident and cautious. The Actions of the one ſeek the Day, and the High-Road; thoſe of the other affect Obſcurity, and private Paths. The one, as ſoon as he meets his Enemy, is in a Rage, and flies at him, without regarding whether he is able to cope with him, or no. But the other, if conſcious of his own Inability, accoſts him with a ſmooth and fair face of Negotiation, and with great dexterity ſmites him under the fifth Rib.

THIS is the true diſtinction of Character between the Man of Gallantry and Reſolution, and one of a wary and timorous Nature. There may be Benevolence and good Deſigns in the Hearts of both; but I think, it is pretty eaſy to ſee, whoſe Benevolence of the two diſplays itſelf in the moſt amiable and graceful manner. The only Queſtion is, which of the two Methods of acting ought to be moſt inculcated, in good Policy, on the Members of Society, for the publick Intereſt. And this, I apprehend, may be

brought

brought to a ſhort Iſſue. That Quality, with which the greater Numbers of Men may moſt eaſily be inſpired, ought to have the preference of that, which, in all Ages and Nations, has been attain'd only by a few, and depends much leſs on the Goodneſs of the Affections than of the Underſtanding. Now it is evident, that moſt Men have the Seeds of Courage and Fortitude implanted in them, and conſequently are capable of being rouſed up to great and glorious Services in a worthy and honourable Cauſe: whereas refined Policy, and Stratagems, are what few Men have a Genius for; and if they have not a Genius, all Endeavours to teach them thoſe Arts, inſtead of making them true and able Politicians, will only terminate in giving them a little wretched Cunning, and a certain aukward Compoſition of the Coward and the Trickſter. And as it is the buſineſs of Wiſdom rather to form Mens Hearts than their Heads, that alone is a ſufficient Reaſon to cheriſh a Diſcipline, which a whole Nation is capable of learning and exerciſing, and which is of daily uſe and advantage in one reſpect or other; rather than one which very few Men can maſter, and which ſeldom turns to account but upon extraordinary Emergencies, in Times of great Weakneſs, or of univerſal Corruption.

AMONG free Nations eſpecially it is of the utmoſt importance to keep up their native Courage, and Greatneſs of Heart. The

Britiſh Nations owe the Preſervation of their Liberties, under God, chiefly to the prevalence of this manly Principle among them. But how is this Spirit ſtill to be propagated and continued? No otherwiſe, in ſhort, than like all other Virtues, by endeavouring to keep it awake and active in ourſelves firſt; and by baniſhing out of our Thoughts, as criminal and traiterous, all indecent and impertinent Suppoſitions of its ever happening to be wiſe and prudent for a good Man to ſurvive the Ruin of his Country. No Man, who thus attempts to warm his own Heart, needs be under any apprehenſions, that his Example ſhall not be followed, or that there ever ſhall be wanting Multitudes of *Britons* to recognize that firſt and glorious Principle of *Roman* Virtue, *Dulce & decorum pro patria mori.*

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

N° 95. *Saturday, January* 21, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*.

——*Senſus, moreſque repugnant;*
Atque ipſa utilitas, juſti prope mater, & æqui. HOR.

SIR,

OF all Counterfeits, the greateſt and moſt pernicious is that of Goodneſs and Virtue; and conſequently there is none which it is ſo much the Intereſt of Mankind to have detected and expoſed. Whoever has looked into Human Nature, cannot but have obſerved, that ſome virtuous Diſpoſitions, for want of a proper Regulation and Direction, are capable of being drawn in to the commiſſion of the moſt fooliſh and unjuſtifiable Actions. Even Good-nature, and Humanity, unleſs put under the guidance of Reaſon, may be productive of very inhuman and unjuſt Effects; ſince if it degenerates into an over-great Facility, and conſiders rather Mens Diſtreſſes than their Merits, what carries the appearance of Compaſſion and Generoſity to one Man, may prove Oppreſſion and Cruelty to Multitudes. The

Gentleneſs of ſuch Minds is a kind of Treachery, which betrays the Cauſe of Humanity itſelf, by not being proof againſt the Sollicitations of mere tenderneſs, unſupported by any Arguments of Reaſon and Juſtice.

IN like manner, among Men skilled in the Arts of Life, and Ways of the World, and who have Coolneſs enough of Temper to diſſemble their Faults, there are many Vices, which nearly approach to Virtue, and eaſily put on its reſemblance; becauſe, inſtead of betraying a Man into obvious and ſcandalous Follies, they rather affect the Mask of Abſtinence and Recollection. Men of this Character can ſo accommodate their ill Qualities to the good ones of thoſe with whom they tranſact any Buſineſs, as ſometimes to get the Approbation and Eſteem of the very beſt of Men, and to draw them by degrees into Projects, which, at firſt perhaps, they could not have heard mentioned without abhorrence and ſhivering. Thus downright Covetouſneſs paſſes every day upon the World for Management and Frugality; Spleen, Melancholy, and Diſreliſh of Joy, for Sobriety, Temperance, and Delicacy of Taſte; Moroſeneſs and Stupidity, for rigid Virtue and Gravity: Invidious and uncharitable Reflections on the innocent Mirth and Gaiety of others, are made to ſeem the genuine Effects of Diſcretion, and Hatred of Vice; Tale-bearing and Slander come under

der the appellation of Honeſty and Fidelity; and Pride, and Malice, are often ſo well managed, as to put themſelves off for a generous Contempt of every thing ill, and a ſettled Averſion to all Diſhoneſty and Wickedneſs. In ſhort, the very worſt Qualities Men can have, and which produce the greateſt and moſt numerous Miſchiefs to Mankind, are ſuch as are capable of having the faireſt Gloſs put upon them; while Mens private Vices and Follies, the Evil of which is nothing ſo extenſive, are, tho with the utmoſt difficulty, either concealed or diſguiſed, and conſequently the Poſſeſſors of them much more eaſily avoided by ſuch as fear either their Practices, or Example.

BUT among all the Counterfeits of Virtue, there is no one has done ſuch Miſchief, and produced ſuch Miſery and Deſolation in the World, as that impious and ungodly Principle, which, under pretence of Zeal for the Honour of God, and regard to the Truths of Religion, has taught Men to perſecute and deſtroy one another, on account of their different Opinions in Matters purely ſpiritual, and which no ways contribute to the Good of Society, be they either true or falſe. That ſuch a Principle has prevailed in the World is evident, not only from the Hiſtory of two thouſand Years paſt, but from the conſtant Practice, and open Profeſſions of great Bodies, and formed Societies of Men to this day. Nor is it leſs plain,

that however unjuſt and cruel ſuch a Principle may ſeem to a Man of Humanity and common Senſe, yet it has been inculcated and promoted among Men, not only as a point of great Importance, but as flowing from a virtuous and commendable Diſpoſition. It is therefore of uſe to inquire into this Matter, and to examine how reconcilable the perſecuting Principle is with the natural Notions Men have of Equity and Goodneſs; which ſhall be the Subject of this Paper. What effects the practice of it has had on the Peace and Happineſs of Mankind, may perhaps come under conſideration more particularly hereafter.

CRUELTY, at firſt ſight, is ſhocking to Human Nature: but the Queſtion is, what is Cruelty; ſince, in ſome caſes, it is not only allowable, but abſolutely neceſſary, to inflict Loſs and Pain upon ſome Perſons, for the greater Good either of particular Societies, or of Mankind; in which caſes Severity is ſo far from being cruel, that it would be cruel and barbarous to forbear it. The Puniſhment of Criminals is an Inſtance of this ſort, wherein a State, for the defence of itſelf, and the Members of which it is compoſed, againſt the Practices and Example of wicked and profligate Men, exerts its Power for their Chaſtiſement, or their Deſtruction, in proportion to the Evil of their Crimes. And here, as it is impoſſible any Nation can ſubſiſt without reſtraining the Violence of ill-

ill-diſpoſed Men, the Severities inflicted on the guilty, inſtead of flowing from Hatred and Malice, are only Acts of Juſtice and Compaſſion to the deſerving, and the innocent.

BUT yet it is certain, that even publick Juſtice, if not temperately and impartially adminiſtred, may degenerate into Tyranny and Cruelty. If thoſe entruſted with the Execution of it mingle their private Reſentments with the publick Vengeance; if they delight in the Miſery of the Guilty, and play the wanton with Mens Sufferings, like a *Nero*, or a *Jefferies*: In any of theſe Caſes, I ſay, Men plainly ſhew themſelves to be rather actuated by a fierce and ſavage Nature, than by an honeſt regard to Juſtice, and the Welfare of the Society by whom they are employed. And the Proofs hereof are commonly ſo obvious, that the moſt unthinking Spectator can eaſily know what Diſpoſition to aſcribe it to, when they ſee a Judge diſcover a fondneſs to find Men guilty, and take pleaſure in exerciſing the utmoſt Rigor and Severity of the Law.

IN like manner, it ſhews a very ill Diſpoſition in a People, or a Legiſlator, when their Laws are ſo framed with reſpect to Puniſhment, as to regard the Authority of the Power which enacts them, more than the Demerits of Criminals, or the Nature and ill Tendency of their Crimes. This is not only done when Penalties are laid upon good or innocent

innocent Actions, but when all Crimes are made equal, or ſmall Faults made liable to Puniſhments not proportioned to them, and which they do not deſerve. The common Pretence uſed to juſtify ſuch unreaſonable Severities, is to preſerve the Authority, and maintain the Reverence Men ought to bear to the Legiſlature; which is both a Principle of Prudence, and the Care of the Community, whoſe Safety depends ſo much on their Governors having the full exerciſe of their Power of doing Good. But have we not reaſon, for the moſt part, to ſuſpect this only to be a Pretence? And is there not ground to believe, that People who are in poſſeſſion of Power, and appear in a perpetual endeavour to extend it, or to exerciſe it with rigor, are rather ſacrificing to Ambition and Ill-nature, than acting upon the generous Motive of the publick Good? Are they not making themſelves the Publick, inſtead of the Society? Do they not rather diſcover a Pleaſure in the Sufferings of the Criminal, than that true and manly Satisfaction which ariſes from a ſenſe of having delivered the Society from an Enemy? And have not the Effects of this Temper, in all Ages, conſtantly been Uncharitableneſs, barbarous Pride, and inexorable Tyranny? And if ſo, is there not all poſſible reaſon to conclude, that ſuch Men act rather from a perverſe and ſavage Diſpoſition, than from miſtaken Notions of the beſt Means to promote the publick Good; ſince

ſince it is hardly conceivable, how ſuch execrable and diabolical Effects could ever proceed from any virtuous or innocent Principle?

To judge of this matter aright, let us ſee what Aſpect it would bear in any of the common Affairs of Life. Let us take that familiar Inſtance mentioned by *Horace*, in the *Satire* from whence I had my *Motto*. A Maſter is there repreſented as ordering his Servant to be crucified, for only licking his Fingers; and making that ſmall Tranſgreſſion equal in puniſhment with the higheſt degree of Unfaithfulneſs or Villany. No doubt, this would greatly tend to ſtrengthen his Authority among his other Slaves, and probably deter them from many wicked Practices. But let him pretend this Motive as long as he pleaſed, would any impartial By-ſtander take his word for it, that ſuch an unjuſt and inhuman Sentence proceeded from pure Goodneſs and Virtue? Or if any Man ſhould rave in that manner, ſhould we not much ſooner conclude, that he had perverted the Notions of Good and Ill; than that his Ends were really good, and he had only miſcalculated the Means for carrying them on?

I HAVE ſeen, and ſo I believe have moſt of my Readers, a ſtupid Pedant, with a Face of great Sagacity, and full of Inference, martyr the delicate Limbs and yet more delicate Spirit of a lovely and ſprightly Boy, the Comfort and Delight of his fond Parents,

for

for no greater Treſpaſs than miſconjugating a Verb, or perhaps ſome little childiſh Freak, owing to nothing but pure Gaiety and Innocence. Should any one have asked the impregnable Dunce, what he meant by chaſtiſing a trivial Fault with ſo much Brutality, I make no queſtion, but he would immediately have trump'd up his Authority, and urged the neceſſity he was under to make ſome ſevere Examples, that he might keep his unruly Diſciples in order. This, perhaps, might paſs for once or twice: But if we ſaw him continue ſtill the ſame *wholeſom Severities*, and found in him a marvellous promptitude to exert his dear Authority on all occaſions, ſhould we not begin to think, that the Love of it had engroſſed the whole Man, and was become his governing Paſſion? Or ſhould we rather believe the gloomy Fellow's fair Profeſſions, and, in contradiction to all our Senſes, when we ſee him take ſuch delight in the Exerciſe, and repeat it ſo conſtantly, fondly imagine, that he diſtributed his Birch and Blows with ſo much impetuoſity out of perfect good-will and tenderneſs to the poor Innocent he had under correction?

Credat Judæus Apella.

To apply theſe Obſervations to the Caſe in hand. Can any thing be a ſtronger evidence

dence of a perverted Diſpoſition, and of the utter extinction of thoſe *Original Ideas* of Goodneſs which the Divine Being has implanted in us, than ſuch a Temper as conceives the higheſt Indignation againſt Men for doing what is not only lawful and innocent, but their Duty? For ſurely nothing can be more a Duty, than that which it is utterly impoſſible for a Man not to do, as is the caſe in believing, which it is in no Man's power to command contrary to Evidence. And where the things in debate are of little importance to Mankind, as thoſe generally have been which have raiſed the greateſt Confuſions in the Chriſtian World, it is plain, that as the Foundation for it is leſs, the Antipathy againſt Men on account of their differing from us in ſuch Points is ſtill the more criminal and vicious. Let Men pretend what they will, when we ſee them treat one another as if they were wild Beaſts, we cannot help thinking, that they muſt look on thoſe to whom they give ſuch Uſage with Reſentment and Anger; and on themſelves as a Race of more perfect and excellent Beings, who ought to bear Rule, and exerciſe Dominion in the Earth. A Spirit diametrically oppoſite to that divine Principle of chriſtian Charity, which as it *thinketh no evil*, ſo neither is it at any time *puffed up*.

I KNOW, the Honour of God is uſually brought in to juſtify Penalties and Pains in Affairs of Religion. But this mends the matter very little; ſince it proceeds on a ſuppoſition, that the Author of all Goodneſs is ſubject to the ſame Impotence of Paſſion and Reſentment that we are, and that he weighs Mens Offences not according to their real Moment, but according to our weak and fooliſh Prejudices concerning them. And tho Men may alledge, they have lovely Ideas of ſuch a Being, it is not conceivable how they can have true and juſt Ideas of Lovelineſs, when they aſcribe it to ſo much Imperfection; or how a Temper formed on ſuch Notions of Goodneſs, can be any other, in fact, than evil and malicious.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

N° 96. *Saturday, January* 28, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Eodem foro utuntur principatus & libertas. PLIN.

SIR,

MY Thoughts on the Subject of laſt Saturday's Paper have been very agreeably diverted by the Peruſal of his Majeſty's moſt gracious Speech, at the opening of the preſent Seſſion of the *Britiſh* Parliament. I believe there are few People who have right Notions of the Safety and Happineſs of their Country, of the true Intereſt of *Europe*, or of the juſt Rights and Liberties of Mankind, but what have conceived at once the higheſt degree of Pleaſure and Reſentment upon this Occaſion; on the one hand, from his Majeſty's tender Care and Concern for thoſe valuable Intereſts, and on the other, from the Diſcovery of thoſe pernicious Contrivances, which have, for ſome time paſt, been carrying on both at home and abroad againſt them. Such Sentiments, delivered from the Throne of *Great Britain*, cannot but give Life and Vigour to the Reſolutions of a brave and free People, againſt the Attempts of any ambitious

ous and ill-adviſed Princes, who would impoſe Popery and Slavery upon them, and expect no leſs Reward for their ſo doing, than thoſe Parts of the *Britiſh* Dominions, which are not only the Trophies of the Deliverance of *Europe* by their victorious Arms, but the principal Security they have for the peaceable Enjoyment of thoſe Advantages in Trade and Commerce, which they purchaſed by their Services in the common Cauſe, at a vaſt expence both of Blood and Treaſure.

BUT whatever Reflections the King's Speech may ſuggeſt to Politicians, with reſpect to the preſent Face of Affairs, as they are the proper Buſineſs of wiſer Heads, ſo they are not of ſuch laſting Uſe and Influence, notwithſtanding their preſent Importance, as thoſe which ariſe from his Majeſty's gracious and condeſcending Manner of communicating the Poſture of the publick Affairs, and his own Sentiments upon them, to his People. The Effects hereof will, in all probability, laſt to lateſt Poſterity; and be felt when the Commotions which gave riſe to thoſe Expreſſions of Royal Care and Goodneſs, ſhall only be conſidered as a little Diſturbance in the World, of no other conſequence than to gratify the Taſte of ſuch as are curious to know the Tranſactions of former Ages. It is not the bare Relation of Battles and Sieges, of Countries laid deſolate, and vaſt Numbers of Mankind deſtroyed, however proper theſe are

to be recorded, which make up the truly entertaining and uſeful Part of Hiſtory. The Inſtitutions of wiſe States and Lawgivers, the prudent Adminiſtrations of good and juſt Kings, their Policies to prevent the Incroachments of their covetous and aſpiring Neighbours, and their fatherly Care to provide for the Happineſs of their People, by the enacting of wholeſom Laws, and the due and impartial Diſtribution of Juſtice, are the chief Things which make Hiſtory a beneficial Study to Mankind; Inſtances of theſe being of conſtant uſe in all Times and all Places: whereas the Memorials of warlike Proceedings can only be ſerviceable in troubleſome Times, and upon emergent Occaſions.

It muſt give every honeſt Heart a particular Pleaſure to think, that we live under a Conſtitution which lays our Kings under a happy Incapacity of carrying on any great Deſign, without having an Intercourſe with their People: And how muſt it heighten that Pleaſure, when the Genius of a King is agreeable to that Conſtitution? The Wiſdom of our Anceſtors gave us the firſt; and whoever, without going farther back, reads his Majeſty's Speech, muſt be convinced, that the laſt is our peculiar Happineſs at preſent: by which means, the Example of the one ſtrengthning the Fences of the other, we have the delightful proſpect that this Harmony in our Government ſhall be perpetuated to all Generations. But ſuch, for the moſt part, is the perverſe-

neſs of Mens Minds, that they ſeldom know the Value of the Bleſſings they enjoy, till they feel the want of them: In the abſence of Sickneſs and Famine, they reflect very little on the great Advantages of Health and Plenty; tho theſe are indeed the principal Comforts in Life, without which all the reſt would not only loſe their Reliſh, but their very Being. So, I doubt not, but there are ſome, who for want of conſidering the Circumſtances of other Nations at preſent, and ourſelves in former Times, think it perhaps a light thing for a People to receive ſo many Marks of Affection and Confidence from the Throne. But if we will take the pains to look a little backwards, we ſhall find a quite different Aſpect of Things, and be the better enabled to enjoy the delightful Scene ariſing out of the preſent Form of Affairs.

PARLIAMENTS have indeed been held in all Ages the Great Council of the Nation, and the King's beſt and trueſt Adviſers. Our greateſt and wiſeſt Princes have been ſenſible of this, and never failed making themſelves happy and glorious, by ſteddily purſuing a Maxim founded on the very Nature of our Conſtitution. The Neceſſity of it is ſo plain and obvious, that thoſe who have the leaſt acquaintance with our Government cannot avoid ſeeing it. Foreigners have been able to perceive it, as well as ourſelves. A great and eminent Stateſman informs us, that he once was in Converſation with a *French*

Gentleman, who averred, with an Oath, that 'A King of *England*, who would be 'the Man of his People, was the greateſt 'King in the World; but if he would be 'any thing more, he was nothing at all.' Yet, notwithſtanding the evident Advantages of ſuch a Conduct, many of our Princes have been ſo ill adviſed as to fall in with Meaſures directly oppoſite; and to give their Parliaments ſuch Treatment, as muſt make us aſhamed of ourſelves, if we felt not the higheſt Senſe of Joy and Thankfulneſs for the different and gracious Uſage to which we are now accuſtomed.

IT is not much more than a Century ſince we had a Monarch, who having been nurtured with great Care, and imbibed much Erudition in his early Years, imagined he had more Wiſdom, as well as more Authority, than all his People put together. For this reaſon, he always thought it an Incroachment on both, whenever his Parliaments took the Liberty of inſpecting the *Arduа Regni*, which he conſidered as a Province reſerved to himſelf. Some little Affairs, indeed, he permitted them to take cogniſance of; but if they tranſgreſſed thoſe Bounds, he was ſure to rebuke them, ſometimes from *Scripture*, but oftner from *Suarez*. Being a profound Adept in *Logics*, and *Metaphyſics*, he regarded their Proceedings more as they conſiſted with the Forms of Argumentation, than as they were agreeable to the Intereſt or Inclinations of his Peo-

ple; and therefore, when they were complaining of Grievances, he would vouchsafe to inform them, that all their humble Professions of Loyalty were nothing else but *Protestatio contraria facto*; and instruct them, how ill they had argued, *a bene divisis ad male conjuncta.* These were when the Monarch was in high good Humour; and were to be looked upon as particular Strains of Familiarity and Condescension. At other times he would assume a more lofty Tone and Gesture, and deliver his royal Admonitions in the following Language; which, God be praised, since the late happy Revolution, would sound a little extraordinary in the Ears of a *British* Senate.

'THESE are unfit Things to be handled 'in Parliament, except your King should re- 'quire it of you: For who can have Wisdom 'to judge of Things of that nature, but such 'as are daily acquainted with the Particulars 'of Treaties, and of the variable and fixed 'Connexion of Affairs of State, together 'with the Knowledge of the secret Ways, 'Ends, and Intentions of Princes in their se- 'veral Negotiations? otherwise a small mi- 'staking of Matters of this nature, may pro- 'duce more Effects than can be imagined: 'And therefore, *Ne Sutor ultra crepidam.*'

THE Son and Successor of this Prince, tho not so great a Pretender to Scholarship, yet upon all occasions shewed himself no less inclined to tutor and discipline his Parliaments.

What

What Severities he exerciſed in the Courſe of his Diſcipline, by impriſoning, and otherwiſe puniſhing the Members of both Houſes, for doing the only Buſineſs Men have there, ſpeaking their Sentiments of the Publick Affairs, I ſhall let paſs; ſince I am now only conſidering the Manner of a Prince's expreſſing his Sentiments to his People. And tho I might preſent my Reader with many Inſtances of this Prince's Behaviour in this point, I ſhall only trouble him with one, which may ſerve inſtead of a thouſand.

'REMEMBER, that Parliaments are altogether in my Power for their Calling, 'Sitting, and Diſſolution; therefore, as I 'find the Fruits of them good or evil, they 'are to continue, or NOT TO BE: And 'remember, that if in this Time, inſtead of 'mending your Errors, by Delay you perſiſt 'in your Errors, you make them greater and 'irreconcilable.'

THE two ſucceeding Reigns would furniſh us with yet more glaring Inſtances of this arbitrary and diſdainful Spirit, were it agreeable to look into the Miſcarriages and Weakneſſes of former Times. In general, we may venture to affirm, that thoſe Princes always treated their Parliaments *en Maitre*, and aſſembled them rather to lay their abſolute Commands upon them, than to take their Advice and Aſſiſtance. And if at any time, Love to their Country prompted them to repreſent the ill State of the Nation, and the

Grievances of their Fellow-Subjects, it was conſtantly reſented as an Incroachment on the Prerogative, and an Affront on their Sovereign. By which means the Minds of the People were filled with continual Apprehenſions and Sorrow, the Publick Counſels with Diſorder and Confuſion, and the whole Nation with Faction and Diſcontent; till at laſt, no longer able to bear ſo heavy a Burden, they were obliged to have recourſe to the laſt Remedy, and to exert the Power God had put into their hands for their own Deliverance.

How happy then are we in a Monarch, who treats his People upon ſo different a Footing; and without debaſing the Dignity of a Sovereign, ſhews them all the Mildneſs and Condeſcenſion of a Father? Having no Deſigns but for the Good of his People, and the common Safety of *Europe*, he lays before them the whole State of his Affairs, and deſires them to concert with him the beſt Meaſures for the Welfare and Honour of their Country. As his Subjects are a Nation of Freemen, and his Parliament a Council compoſed of Men of Knowledge and Experience, he does not make his mere Will and Pleaſure the Rule of their Actions, but excites them to their Duty by juſt and proper Arguments, drawn from their own Intereſt, and the Happineſs of thoſe they repreſent, and with whoſe moſt important Concerns they are entruſted. This is acting like God himſelf;

ſelf, who having made Men reaſonable Creatures, in his own Likeneſs, governs them by no Laws but what are agreeable to the Reaſon he has given them, and have a natural tendency to make their Lives comfortable and happy. I will add too, that this is the beſt and wiſeſt Art of Government, and the true Secret of making a great and glorious King, as well as a happy and flouriſhing People. At leaſt I am convinced, there is no Proteſtant can read ſo many Expreſſions of his Majeſty's Goodneſs, without the higheſt Reſentment of the Indignities offered to his Sovereign, as well as of the Dangers which threaten his Country; eſpecially when preſſed with ſuch powerful Conſiderations as thoſe with which I ſhall conclude this Letter.

'IF preſerving a due Ballance of Power 'in *Europe*; if defending the Poſſeſſions of 'the Crown of *Great Britain*, of infinite 'Advantage and Security to our Trade and 'Commerce; if ſupporting that Trade and 'Commerce againſt dangerous and unlawful 'Incroachments; and if the preſent Eſtabliſh-'ment, the Religion, Liberties, and Proper-'ties of a Proteſtant People, are any longer 'Conſiderations worthy of the Care and At-'tention of a *Britiſh* Parliament, I need ſay 'no more to incite my loyal and faithful 'Houſes of Parliament to exert themſelves in 'the Defence of all that is dear and valuable to 'them.'

I am, &c.

N° 97. *Saturday, February* 11, 1726-7.

To HIBERNICUS.

O execrable Son, ſo to aſpire
Above his Brethren, to himſelf aſſuming
Authority uſurpt, from God not given. MILTON.

SIR,

AS you have in all your publick Obſervations diſcovered a ſincere Friendſhip to the Cauſe of Liberty, ſo I will not trouble you with any Apology for this Letter. I dare not pretend to add any thing of mine to the many excellent Writings we have on that important Subject from the beſt and greateſt Men. But there is a Fault we are apt to commit in relation to it, which cannot have eſcaped your notice: We can read and hear theſe Diſcourſes with a wonderful indifference. We can, even while we enjoy the immediate Bleſſings which flow from Freedom, reflect on the reſt of our Kind, who are denied them, with Inſenſibility, as if they had leſs right to that Privilege of Nature than ourſelves. For this reaſon I have always thought, that a naked Repreſentation of the Miſeries found in all abſo-

abſolute Governments, would be of great uſe to awaken in us thoſe noble and generous Sentiments of Humanity, which we ought to indulge on this Occaſion. When we travel in thoſe unhappy Countries, the Magnificence of their Courts, or the natural Beauties of the Soil and Climate, throw a Varniſh over the Face of Things; but when we read their Hiſtory, and ſee Nations depopulated and impoveriſhed by the Ambition and Pride of their Princes, we ſhould learn to value *Liberty* as it deſerves.

WHEN we conſider thoſe Nations of *Europe* which lie near us, we do not indeed find the difference ſo ſenſibly: Their Princes, by conſidering the Advantages the free States have over them in point of People and Riches, find it neceſſary not to extend their Power to any high or extravagant degrees. Thus in *France* and *Spain*, Trade and Manufactures are encouraged, with a political View, that the miſerable Subjects may not ſink under the Weight of their Taxes and Gabels. But if we would ſee the Effects of arbitrary and unlimited Power in its true Colours, let us view it in *Aſia* and *Africa*. In the former, what once fruitful Fields has it converted into Deſarts? What once flouriſhing Cities laid in Ruins, and like a Peſtilence, blaſted the Face of the viſible Creation?

I HAVE been led into theſe Thoughts by reading the Voyages of Sir *John Chardin* into *Perſia*. As he was a Traveller of more than ordinary Curioſity and Underſtanding, and had particular Opportunities of informing himſelf as to their Government, ſo I hope it will not be diſagreeable, if out of many Adventures which happened during his ſtay at that Court in 1673, I give you two remarkable ones, which I have abridged from him, and for which I refer the curious to the Author's larger Account.

SOLYMAN had juſt then aſcended the Throne, Grandſon to *Abbas* the Great, under whoſe Government *Perſia* firſt began to flouriſh in Commerce: He was after the eaſtern manner, upon the Death of his Father *Abbas* II. taken out of the Seraglio, where he had ſpent his Time in Indolence and Ignorance, and advanced to the Throne. He ſoon gave an unbounded looſe to his Paſſions and Deſires; and the ſole uſe he made of his new Power, was to indulge himſelf in all the Exceſſes of Debauchery and Cruelty. He was for ever drunk, and committing ſome Action either baſe or inhuman. Among many Inſtances of his capricious Tyranny, the following is moſt remarkable, which ſerves not only to ſhew the deplorable Condition of the common People under ſuch Princes, but even of thoſe who have the misfortune to be their Minions, and Inſtruments of their Cruelty.

SEFI,

SEFI-COULICAN was a Lord of great Merit, on whom he had conferred many Marks of his Favour. He had given him the Government of the greater *Armenia*; his two Sons were Favourites at Court, and two of his Daughters were in the Royal Seraglio. A Family ſo deſerving and ſo honoured, ſeemed ſecure from Fortune; yet it happened otherwiſe. The *Armenian* Patriarch had a Diſpute with the Governor about raiſing a Tax, which was laid on the Chriſtians of that Country for the payment of his Debts. The Governor had appointed Commiſſioners to levy this Tax; this the Patriarch oppoſed, inſiſting, that ſince the Money was to be applied to his Uſe, he ought to appoint the Receivers: and accuſing the Governor of a Deſign of imbezzling the Contributions, the Affair was carried to Court, whither the Patriarch went in Perſon to demand Relief, and procured ſeveral of his Countrymen to accompany him, and according to Cuſtom, to ſeek for Juſtice, by loud Cries before the Palace-Gate. His Deſign ſucceeded. Notwithſtanding the Governor's great Power and Intereſt at Court, the People were heard, and their Petition received, by the King's Order, in the preſence of the whole Court.

THE Governor's two Sons heard their Father's Oppreſſion and Injuſtice repreſented with great Aggravations, with all the Pride and Indignation natural to haughty Favourites,

rites. When the King had heard the Requeſt, he called the eldeſt and told him, *Have I not charged you in my Name to write to your Father to treat my Subjects with Moderation? Have you neglected my Commands? Or does he deſpiſe them?* The Favourite humbly endeavoured to excuſe his Father and himſelf, with which the King ſeemed ſatisfied and retired. The Court broke up immediately; and the youngeſt of the Brothers, called *Neſir-Alibec*, going out of the Palace, met ſeveral of the Petitioners at the Gate. In his Inſolence and Paſſion he firſt abuſed them, which they returning like Men in deſpair, his Reſentment increaſed, and he ſtruck thoſe who were neareſt with his Cane; and they reſiſting, he drew his Sabre, and continued his Rage in aſſaulting them, tho without wounding any. The poor Wretches, thus reduced to the laſt extremity, renewed their Cries, and complained that their Fate was inſupportable; *ſince being come to ſeek Redreſs from the violence of the Father, who had taken their Fortunes, they were expoſed to the Rage and Malice of the Sons, who ſought their Lives.* Theſe Exclamations became at length ſo loud, that they reached the King, who being informed what had occaſioned them, commanded that the Offender ſhould loſe his Arm. As ſoon as it was executed, he retired into the *Seraglio*, where the News of the Favourite's Misfortunes ſoon reached the Ears of his Siſters.

Siſters. As the Fair Sex in thoſe Countries indulge their Paſſions in a more violent degree than with us, ſo one of theſe Ladies tranſported with Grief and Paſſion, flew to the King, and in the Violence of her Rage, not only loaded him with the bittereſt Reproaches, but attempted to ſhow her Revenge by Actions; which the Barbarian returned by ordering her to be burnt alive, which was executed on the Spot.

THUS began the Misfortunes of the Family, which however did not as yet reach the Governor. Soon after the Court went from the Capital to *Casbin*. While it ſtaid there, as the King was diverting himſelf one day with ſeeing the Troop of Women-Dancers who attended the Court, he miſſed one of them, who had been his Favourite. Upon inquiring for her, he was told ſhe was left behind at *Iſpahan*, on account of Indiſpoſition. He ordered ſhe ſhould be ſent for, and when ſhe came, he asked the Reaſon of her ſtay; ſhe anſwered, *She had been ill.* He demanded *what had cured her?* She anſwered, *Wine*. The King being ſuſpicious, commanded her to tell him *where ſhe had drank it?* She told him, with *Neſir-Alibec*. This inflamed the King, and enraged that a diſgraced Favourite ſhould dare to rival him in his Pleaſures, he commanded he ſhould be impriſoned, his Goods confiſcated, and his Seraglio firſt expoſed to publick View, and then ſold. The great Steward, one of the moſt

moſt conſiderable Eunuchs in the Palace, ſtriving to mitigate the Royal Anger, was immediately flead alive. Orders were immediately diſpatched for *Seſi-Coulican*'s Diſgrace and Impriſonment. Not very long after he was reſtored, and *Neſir-Alibec* his Son was brought to Court by the King's Order with great Magnificence. The King publickly careſſed him, gave him a Hand of Gold enamell'd, adorned with Rings to the Value of 50,000 Crowns, and promiſed him not only his perpetual Favour, but alſo aſſured him he would never preſs him to drink with him. All the Court ſtrove to gain the young Favourite, by Preſents and Submiſſions: yet in four months he was again baniſhed for refuſing to debauch with the King, who continually importuned him. Thus far Sir *John Chardin*'s Account. From the ſame Author I ſhall add one Adventure more tragical, which happened about the ſame time to another conſiderable Perſon of that Court.

FROM *Casbin* the Court went to paſs the Winter in *Hyrcania*. A Glazier was one evening at work, mending the Windows of an Apartment belonging to the Queen-Mother. Tho the Snow and Froſt were then very ſevere, yet he both wrought himſelf, and encouraged his Men to work with great application. The King paſſing by, ſtop'd to obſerve him; and ſeeing him ſo diligent, yet trembling with Cold, called for him, took off his own Robe, which was of *Zibelines*, and put

put it on the Artiſan: Thus was his Fortune made. He was thence conducted to the Bath, perfumed, richly habited, and brought to kiſs the King's Feet, who beſtow'd on him a conſiderable Poſt, and 200,000 Crowns in Lands and Money.

THE ſame night the King drank hard with ſome of his principal Courtiers, among the reſt *Coſrou-Can*, Governor of *Hyrcania*, and General of the *Muſqueteers*, a Lord of great Courage and Generoſity, and much beloved by the King. In the heat of Wine, the General addreſs'd the Prince thus: *Will your Majeſty allow your Slave a moment's hearing? The Troops lie here incamped in the Cold, and are but ill provided for. Would it not have been better to have given* 200,000 *Crowns amongſt them, than to a poor Tradeſman, to whom* 100 *Piſtoles had been a Treaſure?* The King, drunk as he was, ſhew'd, by his Looks, he diſprov'd the Liberty of the General's Queſtion; who obſerving the danger which threatned him, fell at his feet, and implored his Mercy. The King roſe, and threw himſelf on a Pile of Cuſhions, where he fell aſleep, and the General in a little time retir'd. When the King awoke, he renew'd the Debauch, and ordered them to fill to *Coſrou-Can*, but was informed he was gone. The King enraged at his abſence, order'd *Manſour-Can* to go and fetch him his Head. It is the Cuſtom, when ſuch Orders are given by the King in drink, for the Court to inter-

intercede. But the General's ill Fortune prevail'd, and no one appear'd for him. *Manſour-Can*, accompany'd by a Slave to perform the Execution, went to the General's Palace, and demanded to ſee him from the King. The unhappy Lord appearing, he told him: *The King ſends me for your Head; throw yourſelf on the Ground.* He reply'd, *I am ready to obey; but as I am innocent, I can't believe the King is reſolved on my Death: Allow me time for my Prayers.* The other full of triumphant Malice deny'd his requeſt, and ordered the Slave to perform his Commands. Scarce was the bloody Execution finiſh'd, when a Meſſenger arrived from the King, who was grown more ſober, with a Counter-order. The Monarch expreſſed much concern for his Death, and reprov'd *Manſour-Can* for his cruel Diligence.

I HAVE choſen theſe two out of many Inſtances of that young Monarch's capricious Barbarity, which are to be met with in that Author: they are, I think, plain Evidences of how little ſignificance to the Happineſs of their Poſſeſſors, either the Virtues of the Mind, or the good Qualities of the Body, or the Goods of Fortune are under ſuch Governments; nay, rather, how often thoſe Advantages only ſerve to expoſe them to greater Misfortunes. Their Lives and Eſtates are at the mercy of a Tyrant, nurs'd up in Pride, Vice, and Cruelty; who knows no pleaſure, but the full Gratifications of a wanton

wanton Appetite; and has no bounds to his Power but his Caprice. They are taught by their Religion an implicit Submiſſion to his Will; and he is by his Education taught to conſider them, as Creatures made for his Uſe and Pleaſure. Thus he can wantonly ſport with the Miſeries of his Subjects, as if they were Beings of an inferior kind. The Royal Savage can behold Beauty and Innocence, and Virtue in diſtreſs, with an inſenſible Heart; and glory in Actions, for which a Mortal of inferior quality would be juſtly puniſhed with Torments and Death.

My Lord *Moleſworth*, in his excellent Preface to the Account of *Denmark*, has obſerv'd, that Liberty, like Health, is a Bleſſing we never ſo truly value, as when we feel its loſs. I wiſh we may never have ſuch an Occaſion of being taught its Worth. It will be to every good and worthy Mind incitement enough to cheriſh and increaſe the love of Liberty, to reflect on the Condition of thoſe Nations which want it moſt. Such a Conſideration repeated often, would ſtrengthen that glorious Principle. The power of Humanity and Benevolence would riſe upon us, and teach us not only to eſteem our Conſtitution as we ought, but to wiſh our whole Species free and happy as ourſelves. Till we come to this point, our Zeal for Liberty is imperfect. We often pray for the propagation of Chriſtianity; and yet of how little uſe would that be to a People who were

not free? Let us then join to it our Wiſhes, that theſe two invaluable Bleſſings may go together, and that with a Religion which is itſelf Freedom, the whole Race of Mankind may be reſtored to that Liberty which is their undoubted natural Right, which they may be robb'd of, but can never forfeit; and the loſs of which can never be made up by all the other Advantages they can poſſibly enjoy.

I am your very humble Servant,

J. M.

N° 98. *Saturday, February* 18, 1726-7.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Juſque datum ſceleri.—— LUCAN.

SIR,

I HAVE, in a former Paper, conſidered the Spirit of Perſecution, as a Temper of the Mind; and endeavoured to ſhew, from the manner in which it always makes its appearance, that it muſt proceed either from a very ill-diſpoſed Heart, or elſe from a Head of ſuch a ſingular caſt, as to miſtake the

the very Notions of Good and Evil, of Right and Wrong. If indeed Wrath and Violence be ſigns of a good Temper; if a particular Warmth of Affection for one ſmall Sect of Men, and an unconquerable Averſion to all the World beſides, ſpeak a Diſpoſition univerſally benevolent; if it ſhews Pity and Compaſſion, to delight and rejoice in the Torments of others, and a generous diſintereſted Spirit, to believe every body unworthy to live in this World, or to go any where in the next but to a Place of everlaſting Burnings, who does not intirely agree with us in any certain Syſtem of Speculation: If theſe things, I ſay, are conſiſtent, then what I have advanced is falſe and abſurd, and deſerves to be anathematized among the worſt and vileſt of Hereſies. But if hating Men without a juſt Cauſe be a Crime; if it be Murder to knock out the Brains of our Fellow-Creatures, without any other Provocation, than their barely thinking contrary to what we think; and if a Delight in puniſhing Men, who have neither done, nor projected any real Injury to us, or any body elſe, be Cruelty and Injuſtice; then I muſt remain of opinion, that Bigotry and Perſecution can owe their Original to nothing either rational, or amiable.

IT is a ſaying of him who brought down the glorious News of *Peace on Earth*, and *Good-will towards Men*, that *a Tree is beſt known by its Fruits.* And therefore the

ſureſt way to know what *manner of Spirit* they are of, who imagine it their duty to extirpate all who are not of the ſame Faith with themſelves, will be to reflect a little on the Ways and Means, by which that *godly Diſcipline* was firſt eſtabliſhed in the World, and the Conſequences which the Propagation of it has had on the Welfare of Mankind. And if it ſhall appear that this bleſſed Plant is of ſuch a nature, as to ſuffer no others to grow in its Neighbourhood, I hope every one will be convinced of the neceſſity for having it hewn down, and caſt into the Fire.

THE *Myſtery of Iniquity*, for ſo it was called by one of the politeſt Gentlemen, as well as the beſt Men of the primitive Chriſtians, began very early to work among the Profeſſors of that Name. Among the Apoſtles themſelves, we find there were ſome, who had no higher Notions of the *Kingdom of Chriſt*, than of a mere temporal Sovereignty, which was to abſorb all others into itſelf, and dazzle the whole World with its Splendor and Magnificence. In this Kingdom they all expected to be made Miniſters of State; and, like other ambitious Courtiers, were often quarrelling for the higheſt Places and Preferments, as who ſhould ſit on the *Right*, and who on the *Left Hand* of their Maſter in his Kingdom. Nor were they wanting, upon ſome occaſions, to ſhew how ready they would have been to exerciſe

their

their Power to the utmoſt, whenever it ſhould come into their hands. They wondered, and ſeemed to take it ill too, that their Maſter did not call down *Fire from Heaven* on the unbelieving *Samaritans*. And ſo little did they profit under the divine Inſtructions and lovely Example of him they followed, that it does not appear from the whole Hiſtory of the Goſpel, they ever had entertained a right Notion of the Genius and Spirit of Chriſtianity, till ſome time after the Death of its Founder; when partly by a miraculous Operation, and partly from a Senſe of their own Sufferings, they found how inconſiſtent it was with the pure and peaceable Religion they profeſſed, to devour and perſecute one another, on account of their different Conceptions concerning it.

HAPPY had it been for the World, had thoſe who have been called the Succeſſors of theſe Men, made the like Uſe of the Severities under which they ſmarted, before Chriſtianity became the prevailing Religion in the *Roman* Empire. But no ſooner were they delivered from Perſecution themſelves, and favoured with the Countenance of Authority, than they began to exert the ſame Spirit againſt one another, and divided themſelves into Parties, upon the moſt trifling Debates; whoſe Hatred continued longer, and had much worſe Effects, than the moſt famous Diſſenſions which are to be met with in Hiſtory.

ONE of the firſt Conſequences of Perſecution in the Chriſtian World was the Decay of pure and genuine Religion, by ſetting up a flaming Zeal for certain Tenets and Points of Speculation as the Teſt of Chriſtianity, rather than a good and religious Life. The Heads of the ſeveral Sects, in order to ſtrengthen their Party, and gratify their Ambition, were wont to indulge the Faults of their Followers, provided they continued firm in that Syſtem of Belief which they dictated to them. The Queſtion in debate was always the one thing neceſſary; and every thing elſe made to give way to it. A metaphyſical Nicety, or a certain Form of technical Terms, were the Marks of Diſtinction, and the Badges either of Piety, or Irreligion. This eat out the very Heart and Life of Chriſtianity; and ſet up the Mockery of Religion in its place. The *Laity* were over-run with Ignorance and Superſtition; and the *Clergy* with Pride and Luxury. All Ranks and Orders of Men were either engaged in the Confuſions and Uproar of the ſeveral contending Parties, or affected by them. Every kind of Buſineſs was made to give place to theſe Squabbles; and the whole Management of publick Affairs directed to ſupport the Intereſt of this or the other Orthodox Party, without any regard to the general Good; inſomuch that the greateſt and moſt flouriſhing Empire the World ever ſaw is reckoned to owe its Ruin, in a great meaſure,

meaſure, to the Diſorders occaſioned by this means. Nor muſt it be omitted, that the Propagation of *Mahometiſm* was very much an Effect of the ſame Cauſe; many Perſons who embraced it, at that time publickly declaring, they had forſaken Chriſtianity, purely on account of the cruel and implacable Spirit which reigned among its Followers.

AT length, when Matters were ſufficiently ripened, and thoſe who had kindled theſe Animoſities among Chriſtians had gained their point, it appeared what was the true Spring of all this mighty Zeal. The Struggle was for nothing but Power and Greatneſs. A Succeſſion of aſpiring Prelates at *Rome*, taking advantage of the Abſence and Weakneſs of the *Roman* Emperors, had formed a Deſign of erecting a temporal as well as ſpiritual Sovereignty in the Weſtern Parts of *Europe*. To carry on this Deſign, it was neceſſary to ſet themſelves up for the Subſtitutes of Heaven, and their Decrees for the only true Standard both of Faith and Manners. The Confuſions of thoſe Times, and the univerſal Ignorance occaſioned by them, gave them all the Succeſs they could poſſibly have deſired. Mankind received their Yoke; and for ſome Ages their Tyranny remained unreſiſted and uncontroverted. They drained the whole Wealth of the World into their own Coffers; and while themſelves were wallowing in the moſt ſcandalous Luxury, were perpetually iſſuing out their pious De-

crees for confining the poor Laity to Butter and Eggs, that they might not have heart and courage enough to attempt the recovery of their Liberty. The Subjects of the Nations who had submitted to this Bondage, were fleeced and beggar'd at the pleasure of their spiritual Guides; and their Princes either lulled asleep with Pilgrimages and Penances, or employed on romantick Expeditions for extirpating *Soldans* and *Sophies*, and recovering a whimsical Property in a Heap of old Ruins. This was to divert them from looking into the Incroachments those holy Fathers were making upon their Rights, and the Liberty of their Kingdoms. A Diversion, which occupied the Christian World for about a hundred and fifty Years; depopulated the most flourishing Provinces of *Europe*, and *Asia*; and cost the Lives of more brave and gallant Men, than perhaps any other single Expedition we read of in History.

THINGS continued in this State, till the revival of Letters; at which time many Persons beginning to think for themselves, saw into the Absurdity of several Doctrines and Usages then in vogue; and had the Virtue honestly and boldly to attack them. This was touching in a tender place: For as those Doctrines and Usages had no other Foundation, than the Authority of what was called the Church, to arraign them was the same thing with resisting that Authority; and con-

conſequently could not fail being made equally criminal with High Treaſon in a State. Thus Perſecution came again into play. The Pretence was the Good of Mens Souls, and the Honour of God, which they aſſerted to be impaired by denying the eſtabliſh'd Doctrines. But that Inſolence of Power which thoſe Pretenders always exerciſed, and their lazy luxurious manner of living, made it evident, that their own Greatneſs and Authority was the ſole Mark they aimed at, the Biaſs of their whole Proceedings conſtantly drawing that way.

WHAT then are Bigots, at the beſt, but the Dupes of crafty and deſigning Men, who make them the ſupports of their Tyranny and Oppreſſion? Well inclined Men may perhaps be drawn in to believe many things of great Importance to Salvation, which are not ſo. But if they ſhall carry this ſo far, as to be cruel and rapacious in the maintenance of ſuch Opinions, and conceive a ſettled Averſion againſt the Bulk of their Species for denying them, what can we think, but that they have degenerated from Human Nature into Brutes? For whoever hates without a ſufficient Reaſon, ariſing either from unjuſt Treatment, or a known Perverſeneſs of Diſpoſition in the hateful Object, hates from Antipathy, as Brutes do; and ſacrifices to the Animal that part of his Nature which is the Manly, and the Divine.

IF we look into the preſent State of thoſe Countries where Bigotry and Perſecution prevail, we ſhall be ſtill farther convinced, that this is really the Caſe; and that theſe Principles are always built on the Ruins of Humanity and Virtue. *Pure Religion* and *undefiled* is a ſtranger to their Gates, who are for dragging Men into what they call the true Faith. A blind Submiſſion to their Prieſts, is made the Mark and Touchſtone of the People's being in a State of Salvation. For this reaſon they ſtudy nothing but how to pleaſe them, by giving up the Fruits of their Labour and Induſtry into their hands, without regarding the Neceſſities either of their Families, or Country. Profligate Men are hereby encouraged to the commiſſion of the vileſt and moſt barbarous Crimes, upon the hopes they are all to be atoned for by having a *ſound Faith*, and going thro' a Courſe of ſpiritual *Mummeries*. The frequent Aſſaſſinations and other Diſorders, which every day happen in *Spain* and *Italy*, are no doubt owing to this Cauſe, eſpecially when they ſee the Directors of their Conſciences ſo openly and boldly give into the ſame. Hence it alſo is, that there are more *Banditti*, and publick Robbers in thoſe Countries, than any where elſe in *Europe*; it being almoſt impoſſible for Men of high Spirits to live eaſily and comfortably there by any other Employment, unleſs they have had

had the good luck either to be born Princes, or adopted into the Church.

NEED I add to all this, that Trade and Commerce, Arts and Sciences, always rise or fall in proportion as the Principles of Perſecution have leſs or more Influence upon a Nation? This is a Conſequence which has been owned by Bigots themſelves. I have ſeen a Treatiſe written by a Proteſtant Divine, one who called himſelf ſo at leaſt, wherein he lays it down as one of the Cauſes of the Decay of Religion in *England*, the great Increaſe of Trade; by means of which the Laity were grown ſo rich and ſo knowing, that they deſpiſed the Admonitions of the Prieſthood, and conſequently were ſunk into Irreligion and Profaneneſs. This was telling the World very plainly what he, and ſuch Men as he, would be at; and that their Principles cannot but be deſtructive to Trade and to Knowledge, ſince they find Trade and Knowledge ſo inconſiſtent with the Propagation of them. But indeed it was the mere Force of Truth extorted this Conceſſion; ſince in all thoſe Countries where Men enjoy the Liberty of their Conſciences unmoleſted, we ſhall conſtantly find a vaſt concourſe of People, a perpetual hurry of Buſineſs; all the Signs of Wealth, Plenty, and Induſtry; the Looks of Men at once brightned up with Diſpatch, and Chearfulneſs; and thoſe of a more elegant and ſoft turn of Genius improving all thoſe Arts which are either uſeful or orna-

ornamental to Mankind. Whereas in thoſe States where Men are obliged by penal Laws to be of one Faith, and one Mind, there is little to be met with among the common People, but Barbarity and groſs Ignorance, joined with a ſtupid Indolence and Inappetency to every Enjoyment in Life beyond Neceſſity; among the great ones perpetual Frolick and Debauchery; and the Soil wherein they live, however bleſt with all the Advantages of Nature, every where wearing a Face of Poverty and Deſolation, except about the Palaces of Princes, and the Retirements of the Clergy.

IF we regard therefore our Country, or Mankind, we muſt think it our duty to reflect often on theſe things, and by revolving the Evils of them in our Minds, enlarge our Thoughts with Sentiments of Humanity and Generoſity for thoſe who differ from us; ſince by doing otherwiſe, beſides the Injury done to innocent Perſons at preſent, we ſhall lay a Foundation for ſo many future Calamities to our Country and Poſterity; which as other Nations once as great and happy as we, could not prevent, ſo neither can we hope to eſcape, but by diſcouraging all thoſe tyrannical and impoſing Principles which have a tendency to bring them on.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

Nº 99. *Saturday, March* 4, 1726-7.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

In nova fert animus.—— OVID.

SIR,

GENERAL Satires, and Reflections on whole Societies of Men, made without any manner of diſtinction, have always been look'd upon, by Men of Senſe, as the Effects rather of Ill-nature than Judgment. For tho there may be, and generally are ill Men, and ridiculous Characters in all Societies, and among all Ranks of People; yet that ariſes not from their being of this or the other Community, but from particular Failings, which would break out, and diſcover themſelves in whatever Station of Life the Perſons ſubject to them ſhould happen to be placed.

INDEED it muſt be owned, that Mens Vices, or Follies will appear differently, according to the manner of their Education, or the reſpective Profeſſion they follow; and ſo form a diſtinct Character either of Villany, or Abſurdity. This weak Minds are very apt to miſtake, and to imagine, that what only

only by accident heightens a Character, or gives it ſome few peculiar diſtinguiſhing Lineaments, either entirely conſtitutes it, or at leaſt is eſſential to it. And becauſe certain Characters are only to be found in certain Profeſſions, the witty Malice of ſuch ill-judging Obſervers immediately runs away with the Notion, that all who are of thoſe Profeſſions muſt of courſe be entitled to all the ill Characters which are among them. Thus becauſe Pettifoggers and Quacks are kinds of Vermin peculiar to the Profeſſions of Law and Phyſick, how wonderfully arch are all your great Jokers, and Brightners of Converſation upon thoſe Faculties, as if all the Gentlemen belonging to them were a Set of Cheats and Impoſtors? And yet it is certain, that all the Mirth raiſed on this account is as unjuſt as it is ill-natured; and that the Reproach, or the Jeſt, only lies againſt the Miſconduct of particular Perſons, who would have become the Objects of Satire, had they belonged to any other Profeſſion. The Pettifogger and the Quack would indeed have exchanged ſome accidental Circumſtances in their Characters, had they happened to exchange their Manner of living; but ſtill they would have kept their original Deformities, and acted, tho in a different Geſture and Air, the Cheat and the Impoſtor. And ſo may we conclude of every other Profeſſion and Employment in Life.

THESE general Reflections, being moſtly the effect of Spleen and Diſguſt, riſe in proportion,

portion, as the Perſons who make them have been unſucceſsful in the purſuit of whatever they ſtrongly deſired, and fanſied they merited. And as the Splenetick are a Species that few People care for humouring, their Prejudices are continually growing upon them together with their Diſappointments, and gathering new matter of Venom from repeated Affronts and Repulſes. A Man therefore, who by ſuffering his Pride and Vanity to get the better of his Good-nature, has once heartily been put out of humour with his old Friends and Acquaintance, is in great danger of being kept continually ſo as long as he lives, let him converſe with as many as he will, and of enlarging his Antipathies till they become univerſal. So that I ſhould not be ſurprized, if a Man of this Temper, who by his Arrogance and Capriciouſneſs had rendered himſelf odious and contemptible to all wiſe and good Men, ſhould at laſt, to complete his Folly and Miſery, grow out of conceit with Human Nature itſelf, and figure in his Imagination ſome of the brute Species as a more excellent and lovely Kind of Beings than Mankind.

BUT there is one common Inſtance of this unhappy Temper, which I intend more particularly to animadvert upon at preſent, which diſcovers itſelf in grievous Complaints and Murmurings againſt the Age in which People happen to live, as more vicious, more corrupt, and in every reſpect inferior to any of

the foregoing. This Cry is ſo often repeated, without any apparent Neceſſity, that, were there nothing elſe in it, every By-ſtander muſt judge it the effect of Lightneſs and Indiſcretion. It has been tranſmitted down from Age to Age, and bequeathed as a kind of Legacy by the Malecontents of one Generation to thoſe of another. Had every Age been really as bad as the diſſatisfied People who lived in it have repreſented it, and the Degeneracy of Mankind gone on in the ſame proportion with the Complaints of it, it is hardly poſſible to conceive, but that we muſt long ere now have ſunk to ſuch a degree, that ſcarce one among us could have been able to make theſe wiſe Obſervations on our Degeneracy, whatever room the wicked World might have happened to give for them. But we find, that this ſame World, tho growing every day worſe and worſe, has ſtood for ſeveral thouſands of Years, without any other conſiderable Alteration in Mankind, than that ſome Nations, formerly rich and flouriſhing, and their Inhabitants excelling in all intellectual and moral Accompliſhments, are now become poor and miſerable, ſavage and uncivilized; while other Kingdoms, at that time leſs happy in thoſe reſpects, have changed Conditions with them, and ſucceeded to thoſe Bleſſings which their Neighbours have loſt.

THIS, I believe, will be found a true State of the Caſe with reſpect to Mankind in all Ages, whatſoever Changes either of Fortune

or

or Manners may happen in particular Kingdoms. Nay, I will go farther, and venture to affirm, that the World, at this preſent, is much advanced both in Virtue and Knowledge, beyond what it was ſome years ago. It is true, that ſince the ſpreading of Arts and Sciences, and the Invention of a great many Manufactures both comfortable and ornamental in Life, our manner of living is very different from what it was formerly, and conſequently our Purſuits more numerous and more extenſive. We neither feed nor clothe in that ſimple and artleſs manner our Anceſtors did, and which they had no other reaſon for confining themſelves to, than their Ignorance of one more eaſy and commodious. The Paſſions of Men are the ſame in all Ages; and only their Circumſtances and Cuſtoms vary; in the compliance with which, generally ſpeaking, there is neither Virtue nor Vice, while Men continue ſo far Maſters of their Reaſon, as not to make their Happineſs depend on them. The Error and the Vice of ſuch things conſiſt in Peoples placing their Affections ſo much on them, that they cannot live without them, and loſe the Reliſh of Being, whenever, by any Misfortune, they are deprived of them. So, in this reſpect, the Faſhions of former times are neither better nor worſe than thoſe of our own. There were Diſtinctions among Men then as well as now; and the great and the rich lived as much above the common rate as at this time,

and conſequently might have their Minds dazzled with the Reflection of their own Grandeur and Dignity, as much as any People can be in Times of the greateſt Wealth and Magnificence. And if we look into the Hiſtory of former Ages, we ſhall find, that in what to us would appear to be Meanneſs and Simplicity, People then could expreſs the ſame Vanity and Luxury that is done at preſent, with much greater real Parade and Expence. Nor were there fewer Conteſts and Struggles then than now, to arrive at Pre-eminence and Grandeur, nor leſs Fraud and Violence made uſe of to compaſs the Ends they had in view. So far from it, that, on the contrary, they were continually going together by the ears, and involving their Country in Blood and Confuſion, upon the moſt trifling Occaſions, either to enlarge their Domains, or extend their Authority over their Tenants and Vaſſals. Whereas now Men can, and every day actually do, make themſelves rich and powerful, without having recourſe to ſuch violent and deſtructive Methods; and in the quiet and inoffenſive way of Trade, Commerce, and Induſtry, purchaſe large and noble Fortunes to themſelves and Families; and all this not only without injuring, but by being greatly advantageous to their Country. So that, in ſhort, if Peace, Quiet, and Plenty be preferable to Rapine and Tyranny, Pride and Poverty, the preſent *evil Age*, upon the compariſon, will be found

found to have much the better of a great many others which have been ſet up its as Rivals, by thoſe ſupercilious Reformers, who cannot imagine how Men can be virtuous, without returning into a State of Nature; in which, unleſs our Paſſions were entirely extinct, it is impoſſible we could live, without being expoſed to Evils of the ſame kind with thoſe which are the Subject of Complaint at preſent.

But we are told that Luxury and Prodigality were never at ſuch a height as now; and that, in theſe Kingdoms at leaſt, we are prodigiouſly fallen from the plain and frugal Ways of our Fore-fathers, an Age or an Age and half ago, and conſequently have loſt much of their Innocence and Virtue. And why, pray? The true Reaſon of our living more expenſively is the Increaſe of our Trade and Riches, which would be of no uſe to us, if we were to confine ourſelves to the bare Neceſſaries of Life, without regard to Diſtinction and Elegance. But what Influence this ſhould have on our Innocence or Virtue, I am not able to underſtand. Pray were not our Grandmothers, in the Days of good Queen *Beſs*, dreſſed as fine as Hands could make them, and with as much Expence, in proportion to their Fortunes, as our Ladies are now? And might not thoſe venerable Matrons carry on as many Intrigues in a *Ruff* and *Farthingale*, as are poſſible to be done in a *Hoop-petticoat*? And is it not probable,

that there were Prudes, and Coquettes in thoſe Habits as well as now? It is certain, there were then Diſtinctions of Habits, as now, according to Peoples different Ranks and Stations; and doubtleſs, the well-dreſſed People were as vain and puffed up of being ſo, as the *Beaus*, and the *Belles* of the preſent Age. In ſhort, theſe things being in their own nature indifferent, the uſe of them is no farther criminal, than as it may needleſly exhauſt what ought to ſupply the Neceſſaries of Life; or elſe as it may infeeble the Mind, and give it an Inclination to conſider outward Show and Equipage, as the ſigns of inward Worth and Excellence; in both which reſpects there are no doubt People in every Age, who very juſtly deſerve to be cenſured. But it ſhows great weakneſs to reckon theſe Faults peculiar to any ſingle Age, when we find the wiſe Men of every former Age complaining of them in their Times.

I WOULD by no means be underſtood to apologize for Luxury of any ſort, which prevails but too much in all Times and Places, and is productive of the greateſt Evils which can poſſibly befal either particular Perſons, or Communities. But let us not wrongfully accuſe ourſelves of more Guilt and Folly than falls to our ſhare. If we were in reality ſo much farther gone in Luxury than our Anceſtors, we ſhould undoubtedly ſee the ill Effects of it, in the decay of Arts and Sciences, of Trade and Induſtry; or elſe in the break-

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ing out of Fraud, Rapine, and Violence to a greater degree, than among our Anceſtors. But ſince we ſee none of theſe things; and on the contrary, find Learning and Commerce flouriſhing as much, or more than formerly, and purſue all the Affairs of Life as quietly and regularly, without either Oppreſſion from within, or Violence from without; we owe that Juſtice to ourſelves, our Country, and the Age we live in, not to run away with worſe Opinions of them than they deſerve; and ought to look upon them as common Enemies, who endeavour to raiſe Enmity among Mankind, by repreſenting them as a Race of profligate, abandoned Creatures, entirely loſt to all Senſe of Honour, Virtue, and Goodneſs.

THERE are ſome other particulars, wherein the preſent Age has been abuſed, without any manner of Reaſon; to mention which would exceed the Limits of a ſingle Paper, and will deſerve to be made the Subject of a ſucceeding one.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

N° 100. *Saturday, March* 11, 1726-7.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Say not thou, what is the Cauſe that the former Days were better than theſe? for thou doſt not enquire wiſely concerning this. SOLOMON.

SIR,

MY laſt Letter was a kind of *Apology* for the preſent Age. I have endeavoured to ſhew, that the preſent Race of Mankind is not naturally more prone to Wickedneſs than thoſe who have gone before. If I have not done this ſo well as I ſhould, it is becauſe the Complaint is ſo general and indiſtinct. People who cry out of the Badneſs and Degeneracy of the Times, would do but fairly in letting us know what they mean. Is there more actual Vice in the World now than formerly? Why, that may very well be, and yet the preſent Age deſerve no ſuch abominable Character. For if there are more People at preſent than in any former Age, and theſe People have greater Opportunities and Temptations to indulge a vicious Appetite; both which

which are Points extremely probable; then indeed it is likewiſe probable, that the Quantity of Vice is greater now, than when the World was thinner of Inhabitants, and Men had fewer Incitements to Softneſs and Luxury. But this does not ſhew any natural Depravity in Mankind now, more than formerly. Beſides, the growing Numbers of Mankind will no doubt increaſe the Quantity of Virtue, as well as of Vice; and if ſo, the Merit of whatever Virtue is found among Mankind will be ſo much the greater, as the Allurements and Occaſions of gratifying a contrary Temper are more ſtrong and frequent.

How is it then, that the World grows every day worſe and worſe? Have we leſs Riches, or Commerce, than our Forefathers? Not ſo. Are Arts and Sciences on the decay? Nor that neither. Why, what is the matter then? The matter! Why we are grown more vicious. And thus we are returned back again to where we ſet out. But how does it appear, we are grown more vicious? It is owned, that Trade and Commerce, Arts and Sciences are at a greater height than the former Age could boaſt of; and by that means a way opened for Mankind to exerciſe themſelves in a greater Variety of Employments, and different Occupations, which they may purſue not only without hurting one another, but to the common Benefit

and Advantage. This one would be apt to think, is rather an Argument of our growing in Virtue than in Vice. For nothing is more likely to hinder a Mind from contracting ill Habits, than being employed conſtantly in ſome honeſt, or even inoffenſive Courſe of Action. The want of it made the firſt Ages give into the higheſt Diſorders, and engaged them in perpetual Quarrels and Bloodſhed, either to procure, or preſerve, not the Comforts only, but the very Neceſſaries of Life. Now as we, at leaſt in theſe Parts, are much free from thoſe terrible Diſorders, and enjoy a thouſand Conveniences which former Times were entirely ignorant of; this I apprehend, is a good Proof, that either we are leſs vicious, or under better Reſtraints, than the People of Antiquity, ſince our Vices are not ſo productive of Calamities as theirs. For it cannot be denied, that the Miſeries of Men are always in proportion to their Vices; and conſequently, that whenever we ſee the Affairs of Mankind carried on with greater Sobriety, Security, and Eaſe to the Whole, we may ſafely conclude, there is either more Virtue in the World, or elſe that things are under a better Regulation, however great the Failings, or Crimes of ſome particular Men may be.

I AM ſenſible there are ſome, particularly among ourſelves, who will call this a begging the Queſtion; and inſiſt upon it, that the State

State of things at preſent is entirely wrong, and all the publick Adminiſtrations directed with infinitely greater Corruption and Partiality, than in the happy times of our Forefathers; between which and ours there is no manner of Compariſon to be made, with reſpect either to Glory or Proſperity. On this Head we hear abundance of tragical Exclamations made every day by People, who have no other Reaſon for ſo doing, than their not being able to reliſh a thouſand Bleſſings they enjoy, thro' an immoderate deſire of ſome favourite Whim they want. Others again, ſport off their ill Humour in little Satires, and ſly Jokes on Men in Power, without conſidering, that their Infirmities, ſuppoſing them real, are neither peculiar to the preſent Time or Government, nor ſo hurtful to the Publick, as to juſtify a Diſaffection to our Governors on their account.

IT is worth while to enquire a little into this matter, to prevent weak and well-meaning People being impoſed on by artful and ill-deſigning Men, who can find no other way of bringing us back to real Slavery and Bondage, than by raiſing groundleſs Clamours of fatal Meaſures, and worſe Deſigns carrying on againſt our Liberty at preſent, and by making moſt unjuſt and falſe Compariſons between the ſtate of Affairs juſt now, and what it was before the late happy Revolution.

lution. This is a common Game played by the factious and discontented of all Nations and all Ages, and seldom fails of its Effects among the Necessitous and Unfortunate, who feel their own Sufferings too sensibly, to form a right Judgment concerning those times, and so are easily made to imagine, that the former Days were productive of much greater Happiness and Tranquillity than the present, the Fault of which Men are always much readier to fix on their Governors, than on themselves. Among us this Method of poisoning Peoples Minds has been pursued to a most scandalous degree. We have been told, with the greatest Impudence, that we are brought, since the late Revolution, under a state of Force and Slavery; that the Constitution has been invaded, and Law and Justice perverted; that our Trade is decayed, and the Kingdoms impoverished; and that our Glory abroad has been sacrificed to maintain Tyranny and Corruption at home: in short, that we are, in all respects, a most miserable and unhappy People, in comparison to what we were in the golden Days of K. *James* I. and K. *Charles* I. whose Reigns these Gentlemen set up for the most perfect Models of Government, and the Times of the greatest Glory and Felicity the *British* Nations ever enjoy'd.

HAPPY is it for our Malecontents themselves, as well as their Fellow-Subjects, that their

their Repreſentations have not one word of Truth in them. There is one Point, which if true would give them much greater Reaſon to complain, and at the ſame time very probably prevent them from doing it. For if both our Laws, and our Governors at preſent had not a much greater regard to Juſtice, and Humanity, than in thoſe happy Times which are ſo much extolled, our infamous Libellers muſt expect other-guiſe Uſage, than what the Mildneſs of our preſent Conſtitution and Government think fit to inflict upon them. Maſquerades were in uſe in thoſe Days as well as now among the great Folks, and equally cenſured by many in that Age. But how different was their Treatment, who only made bold to animadvert on the Diverſions of the Court then, from that which now a-days falls to their ſhare, who libel not only the Court, but the Government, and the very Conſtitution of their Country? Our Incendiaries, after having been legally found guilty by their Country, are only puniſhed with a ſlight Fine, and the Pillory. Our former Governments did not ſupport their Authority with ſo gentle a Hand. How ſhould we take it at preſent, to ſee Men ſingled out from the moſt eminent Profeſſions in the Nation, and for expreſſing their Sentiments of Publick Affairs, ſentenced by an arbitrary Court, without the intervention of a Jury, not only to ſtand on the Pillory, but

to

to have their Ears cut close, to be branded on the Cheek, to pay a Fine of five thousand Pounds, and to suffer perpetual Imprisonment? And how would it sound in our Ears, to hear an Archbishop of *Canterbury*, at the instant a Criminal of this sort were enduring the painful and dishonourable part of his Sentence, moving, with great Zeal and Fervency, to have the poor Man gagg'd where he stood, to hinder him from complaining of the Severity and Hardship of his Case? Would not such Proceedings now be looked upon with Amazement and Horror? And yet in that so greatly celebrated Age they were thought very proper and necessary Acts of Justice. But this part of the Parallel between our Age and that, which they chiefly enjoy the Benefit of who deserve it least, is a very inconsiderable Article in the account of the Advantages we are possessed of beyond those who lived in that Period, so much cry'd up as the best and most prosperous Time the *British* Nations ever saw.

IF we look into the most approved Histories of that Age, or even into the noble Historian, who has given the World the finest and most eloquent Apology for all the Grievances complained of in it, we shall find a prodigious difference betwixt the ordinary Exercise of Government then, and the very worst things, supposing them fact, which the worst Enemies of the present Settlement have murmured against since the Revolution. Money

ney raiſed not only without Conſent of Parliament, but even in direct Oppoſition to the Remonſtrances of the Nation in Parliament. The Trade of the Nation ruined, and the Property of the Subject invaded by illegal Monopolies and Prohibitions. Men puniſhed both in their Perſons and Eſtates for Actions condemned by no Law; and even, in ſome Inſtances, put to Death, by virtue of a bare Warrant under the King's Hand, without any Trial, or the leaſt appearance of a Proſecution. The Freedom of Parliaments, that great Security of the Peoples Liberty, taken away, by diſſolving them with the utmoſt Contempt, whenever they gave the leaſt Oppoſition to the arbitrary Meaſures of the Court, and by impriſoning thoſe Members who had moſt exerted themſelves in defence of the Rights of the People whom they repreſented; a Set of Patriots the beſt and nobleſt that had ever ſat in any Senate ſince the Days of antient *Greece* and *Rome*. Theſe, with numberleſs other Tranſactions of the ſame nature, make up the whole Hiſtory of thoſe two Reigns I have been mentioning; till the Bulk of the Nation, wearied out with ſo many repeated Acts of Violence and Oppreſſion, was obliged to have recourſe to the laſt Remedy, and engage in a long and moſt calamitous Civil War, the Event of which I need not remind my Readers of, ſince there is a Day particularly

ticularly ſet apart every Year for that very Purpoſe.

WHAT monſtrous Ingratitude then, and Impudence is it, to be continually trumping up the Happineſs of the *Former Days*, in order to raiſe a Diſſatisfaction with the preſent Eſtabliſhment? Who now can complain of being hurt either in his Perſon or Fortune, without incurring the Penalty of ſome Law, and being legally convicted of a Crime? Have not the Laws made at, and ſince the Revolution, given us a much greater Security than ever before, for the perpetual Enjoyment of all our Rights, and Liberties? Are our Parliaments interrupted in their Proceedings? Are they lectured, and bullied, as they uſed to be formerly; or diſmiſſed in the middle of a Seſſion, and their Members ſhut up in naſty Priſons, for diſcharging their Truſt according to their Conſciences? In ſhort, are we governed in any other manner than a free People ought, by Laws to which we have ourſelves conſented, as made by Repreſentatives of our own chooſing; who tho they may miſtake in conſulting what may be moſt expedient for the publick Good, yet it is hardly to be thought they can all conſpire to give up the Rights and Liberties of their Country, in which they have themſelves ſo great and viſible an Intereſt?

THESE are Queſtions every Man ought to ask his own Heart, and withal to compare the

the different Figure his Country makes now, from what it formerly did, when the Cares of our Princes were more employed in making themſelves abſolute at home, than ſecuring their Kingdoms from great and formidable Powers abroad; and when they were more jealous of their own faithful Subjects, than of their haughty and aſpiring Neighbours. Let us conſider how our Name and Credit of late Years have riſen; our Trade, our Manufactures, and our Husbandry been improved; and our Peace and Tranquillity ſecured: and then complain, if, with a good Conſcience, we dare, that the Glory, the Wealth, the Power, and the Happineſs of the *Britiſh* Nations at preſent are fallen from what they were in the Times of any of our Anceſtors.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

N° 101. *Saturday, March* 18, 1726-7.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus.
HOR.

SIR,

THE unjuſt Treatment we give to the preſent Age, appears no where more remarkable than in the Controverſial Writings of our Divines; wherein we generally find, that whenever a Diſputant has been hardly preſſed upon any Point by the Arguments of his Antagoniſt, he immediately tumbles over his Books till he gets a Paſſage in ſome of the antient Fathers, agreeable to his own Sentiments; which, by the by, happens to be no very great difficulty, in regard there is hardly any Abſurdity in Religion, which has not had ſome of thoſe venerable Gentlemen to eſpouſe it. The Paſſage ſo found is preſently produced, as a full and clear Deciſion of the Caſe in hand, with the ſame aſſurance that Men offer Bank-Notes in payment of Money. The happy Author plumes himſelf in his Succeſs; challenges the Victory of his

his Adverſary; and with a well-diſſembled Modeſty, more inſulting than Arrogance itſelf, appeals to the Reader for the Juſtice of his Claim. But if the vanquiſhed Foe ſtill perſiſts in the defence of his Opinions, he no longer retains the appearance of his former Moderation, but lets his Heart dilate in the full enjoyment of his Conqueſt; and with terrible Outcries of Ignorance, Obſtinacy, and want of Reverence for Antiquity in the oppoſite ſide, cloſes the Pomp of the Diſpute, and the Triumph.

IT is not very long ſince an Impoſition of the like nature prevailed in the Schools. When two Combatants had ſufficiently tired themſelves, and their Audience, with bandying about all the Impertinences they could find out on a Subject, at length, a grave *Ariſtoteles dixit*, was pronounced, on one ſide of the Queſtion or the other; and ſo the Matter was concluded. This was in the Reign of Ignorance and Superſtition, when good Senſe, and true Learning lay under a long and dreadful Eclipſe. Upon the firſt dawning of Knowledge, this authoritative Manner of deciding Controverſies was conteſted, and at laſt happily exploded, and laughed at. Mankind aſſerted their Liberty of philoſophizing in ſpite of *Ariſtotle*, and all his Admirers; and the good Effects of their doing ſo have appeared in the great number of noble and uſeful Diſcoveries, which have been made in all the Territories of

Science since the Beginning of the sixteenth Century. But the Reformation has not been so compleat, as it were to be wished. The same Freedom which Men take in their Philosophical Inquiries, is not permitted them in Matters of much greater Importance. And, contrary to all Reason, the Authority of Fathers, and antient Councils, is always set up in opposition to any Opinions which happen to have the appearance of Novelty, tho supported by the strongest and most convincing Arguments, that can be offered to the Reason and Understanding of Mankind.

THERE is no doubt to be made, but that the antientest Religion is the best, as lying neareſt Divine Revelation, which is its Fountain-Head. So far then, the Authority of the Fathers is to take place, as they are Witnesses of Fact, and give us an account of the Faith and Practice of the Church in the Times they lived. And consequently, the higher their Accounts are taken, they are the more authentick. But in regard, none of the Fathers, even those who lived neareſt the Apostolick Times, ever pretended to Inspiration, all their Reasonings and Explications are no farther to be considered, than as they carry their own Evidence and Clearness along with them; and have no other Force than the Writings of wise Men in any Age ought to have, who support what they say with good and convincing Proofs.

I AM ready alſo to own, that ſeveral of the Fathers were great and good Men, who had very juſt and clear Notions of Religion, and argued from them in a very rational, as well as affecting manner. Such was the great *Origen*; ſuch *Lactantius*, *Minutius Felix*, and others whoſe Writings are every way valuable, both in their Deſign and Execution. And, I believe, there is no wiſe Man, who has ever read any of them, but pays them all the Veneration he can, without ſacrificing his Reaſon and Underſtanding to them. But all this will not ſatisfy. The very Name of a *Father*, eſpecially if he lived in the firſt three or four Centuries, is thought ſufficient to oppoſe to a Demonſtration. We muſt give up the Opinions we have embraced, upon the moſt mature and impartial Inquiry, if a Sentence can be found in any one of them contradictory to our Sentiments. And *Heretick*, and *Hereſiarch*, are the beſt Names thought proper to be beſtowed on thoſe ungracious and refractory Pretenders to Wiſdom, who will not forſake the *Beggarly Elements* of Reaſon and common Senſe, and ſubmit to the Determinations and Judgment of Antiquity.

DID it appear, in fact, that the Fathers were, generally ſpeaking, Men of greater Genius and Learning than are to be met with now-a-days; this indeed, tho not a ſufficient Reaſon for an implicit Aſſent to every thing they have advanced, yet would juſtly intitle

them to a larger ſhare of our Eſteem and Reverence. But if we look into the Monuments they have left of themſelves, we ſhall find nothing in them ſo very extraordinary and uncommon, as to juſtify our eſteeming all they ſay as ſacred, and ſuſpecting every Modern, who does not blindly run into their Sentiments. Agreed among themſelves they were not, any more than the Divines of the preſent Age; and conſequently, they can be no Standard of Orthodoxy, till it be firſt determined what Set of them are the true and genuine Fathers, upon whom we ought to depend. Neither do we owe them any greater Veneration on account of their ſuperior Learning. All human Literature was what many of them profeſſedly deſpiſed, as the Dregs of Idolatry and Heatheniſm; and endeavoured, all that in them lay, to ſuppreſs the beſt Writings of the former Ages, which they did with a Barbarity little ſhort of the *Goths* and *Vandals*. It would be therefore ſurprizing, if the Compoſitions of ſuch Men ſhould be preferable to thoſe of an Age, which is not proud enough to refuſe taking all the Aſſiſtance it can get from the Studies and Labours of all that preceded it.

CORRECTNESS of Style, and Elegance of Compoſition, are things we need not look for among moſt of the Fathers; ſince every body knows, that they lived in an Age of a moſt corrupt Taſte, and when the *Greek* and *Roman* Arts and Learning were almoſt loſt from the

the World. This however might be excuſed, if their manner of reaſoning upon things were juſt and exact. But where is it we are to meet with it? St. *Auſtin* is one of the moſt celebrated Authors among them; ſo much, that a young Preacher imagines he has proved every thing, and confounded all Gainſayers, when he has made St. *Auſtin* of his Party. But whoever reads that Father's Writings without prejudice, muſt own, there is very little reaſon for holding him in ſuch mighty eſteem. His Style is as barbarous as the Language of *Alchymy*. His Reaſoning is, for the moſt part, nothing but a poor playing upon Words. He perpetually affects *Puns*, *Quibbles*, and *Antitheſes*, from which he cannot abſtain, even in the Place where they are moſt offenſive, and where the greateſt Simplicity ought to be the chief Ornament, to wit, in his devotional Pieces; as any one may obſerve, who will but be at the pains to turn over a Leaf or two of his *Meditations*. Beſides all which, the Heat of his Imagination very often hurries him into Strains of Enthuſiaſm, hardly exceeded by the Ravings and Cant of moſt of our modern Viſionaries.

WERE it not too ill-natured and invidious a Task, I could give Inſtances, not from the Writings of ſingle Fathers, but the Decrees of whole Councils, even of ſuch as are called *Oecumenical*, not only of Weakneſs and Abſurdities, but of Impieties and Blaſphemies,

which would be ſhocking to every good Chriſtian and reaſonable Man. But I rather chuſe to touch on what may be more agreeable to moſt of my Readers. St. *Chryſoſtom* is one of the moſt admired Writers for his Eloquence; and on that account has been recommended as a perfect Model for Preachers. And yet I fanſy, a modern Preacher would be but contemptibly thought of, that ſhould harangue from the Pulpit againſt a Pair of *laced Shoes*, in the manner that good Father does, upon a parallel Occaſion.

'How, *ſays he*, can he, whoſe chief 'Glory is in being fine about the Feet, and 'in having Men admire as he walks the 'Brightneſs of the Silk, the Flowers and 'Colours of the Needle-work, and all that 'Art can invent of this kind that is curious 'and agreeable, lift up his Eyes to Heaven? 'How can he attend to the Beauties of the 'Univerſe, who minds only thoſe of his 'Shoes? The Lord has extended the Hea-'vens above the Earth, and placed the Sun 'there ſo beautiful and illuſtrious, on purpoſe 'that your Eyes might be attracted by an 'Object ſo glorious: And you, on the con-'trary, in oppoſition to the Views of the 'Almighty, and in compliance with thoſe 'of the Devil, the Author of theſe Vanities, 'keep them fixed on the Earth. It is he, 'that has invented thoſe ſhameful Ornaments 'to pervert you, and call off your Atten-'tion from what is truly beautiful. It is he,

'that

'that uſes all his power to make you deſcend
'from Heaven to Earth: And he has ſuc-
'ceeded in it ſo fully, that whilſt God ſhews
'you the one, and the Devil the other, you
'neglect Heaven, and prefer it to a Shoe.'
And at this rate goes on that celebrated Preacher for the moſt part of a Sermon: upon which I ſhall not deſcant, but leave it to the Judgment of my Readers, how they would reliſh ſuch Language, and ſuch Reaſoning, from thoſe who have the Care of their Inſtruction at preſent.

AND are theſe the Men, from whom we are to receive the Rules of our Faith and Practice, and from whoſe Deciſions no Appeal muſt be made, without incurring an *Anathema*? Is ſuch poor trifling Declamation as this to be put in competition with the cloſe Reaſoning of *Chillingworth*; with the juſt and ſolid Thinking of *Barrow*; and with the ſtrong, natural and manly Eloquence of *Tillotſon*? I muſt own, if our *Hookers*, our *Claggets*, our *Baxters*, our *Wakes*, and our *Hoadleys*, muſt ſtand or fall, according as they happen to concur with thoſe reverend Gentlemen, I ſhall have but a ſlender Opinion of their Abilities. I ſhall alſo be obliged to allow, that one of the beſt and moſt rational Volumes of Diſcourſes I ever ſaw in my Life, I mean that lately publiſhed by Mr. *Butler*, the worthy Preacher of the *Rolls*, is one continued Heap of falſe Reaſoning, Nonſenſe and Contradiction.

I HAVE been long at a loſs what was the Reaſon of this unjuſt Preference given to the antient Divines over the Moderns, till I was lately inſtructed in it by a very eminent and noble Philoſopher, now living, Mr. *Crouſaz* of *Lauſanne*, in the following Obſervation.

'I REMEMBER a young Preacher, who 'being to handle the Subject of Conſcience, 'and willing to give his Audience ſome Ideas 'on a Subject ſo important, preferred ſome 'Principles of common Senſe to the Jargon 'of the Schools, from which he drew a 'Train of Conſequences very plain, and ſuf-'ficient to clear his Subject. An old Doctor, 'who heard him, provoked at his new Me-'thod, would not give attention to the 'Preacher. He did not underſtand him, be-'cauſe he would not underſtand him; and the 'very Clearneſs of his Diſcourſe was the 'Cauſe that he called it dark and unintelli-'gible.'

I BELIEVE, many of my Readers will readily recollect more Doctors than one of the ſame Caſt; and by that means have a very eaſy Solution for this, and ſeveral other Phenomena of the ſame kind.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

HIBERNICUS.

N° 102. *Saturday, March* 25, 1727.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Luſiſti ſatis.——— HOR.

SIR,

TWO Years being now elapſed ſince I firſt addreſſed myſelf to the Publick, thro' the Conveyance of your Paper, I believe no body will be ſurprized at my now quitting a Province which I undertook with the greateſt diffidence, and in which all my Vanity could not once induce me to imagine I ſhould have continued ſo long. It is indeed the firſt Inſtance of a Deſign of this ſort having met ſo much good Fortune in this Nation. I cannot therefore forbear congratulating my Readers on the concluſion of a Work, which owes its Subſiſtence much more to their Good-nature, than to the Merit or Abilities of the Author.

As I am ſenſible I deſerve no other Praiſe than what reſults from the Goodneſs of my Intentions, I deſire my Readers may turn back to my firſt Letter, and conſider, whether I have not ſcrupulouſly adhered to the Method therein

therein laid down for my Conduct. For tho I did, and ſtill do blame the making ſuch Writings ſubſervient to the Purpoſes of Party and Faction; yet I did not debar myſelf from handling, upon ſome Occaſions, ſuch Subjects as might have an Influence on the Cauſe of Liberty, and the Laws and Conſtitution of my Country. And yet a tender Conſideration of the different Means, which Men of equally honeſt Intentions may apprehend to be moſt conducive to the publick Happineſs, has made me very ſparing even in this Point; tho I have often thought, that altogether to have ſhunned it would have been a kind of Indecency in a Paper begun under the Patronage and Encouragement of a great and noble * Patriot, whoſe Memory will be ever dear to his Country, and who would have had a very mean Opinion of any Man, who had expreſſed the leaſt Indifference about its Concerns.

As to the Execution of my Deſign, I am entirely in the Judgment of the Publick, who have a right to determine as they pleaſe. The great Vices and Corruptions of Mankind are what few pretend to juſtify; ſo that the principal thing a Writer of this ſort has to do, is to combat the prevailing Prejudices and Miſtakes of the Age or Country he lives in, to which honeſt and good Minds are liable as

* The Right Honourable *Robert* Lord Viſcount *Moleſworth.*

well

well as others. It is not therefore poſſible to avoid giving offence to ſome, whom no good-natured Man would willingly chooſe to offend. But if a Man be ſo very delicate, as to be incapable of bearing the thought of having incurred ſome Peoples Diſpleaſure or Diſeſteem, I know no other way to keep him from that Pain, but not to write at all.

I AM only ſorry to learn, that ſome of my Papers have been thought to make too free with Religion and Chriſtianity. As I am ſure, I never had this in my View, but very far the contrary, I am chiefly concerned on their account who have made the Objection, who ſeem, in my Opinion, to place Religion and Chriſtianity in things very remote from them. I have only endeavoured to correct and expoſe an Infirmity in Mankind, not only not imputable to Chriſtianity, but directly oppoſite to it; I mean, that narrow and baſe Spirit, which diſpoſes Men to tranſgreſs its moſt important Precepts, in defence of what they imagine to be its Principles; which confines all Charity and Benevolence to one ſmall Sect, and looks on all the reſt of Mankind, however virtuous in their Lives, and ſincere in their ſearches after Truth, as a Race of vile and impious Men, devoted to Deſtruction. Whatever I have written on this Head, I can truly aſſure my Readers proceeded from a tender regard for Chriſtianity; ſince I have been always of opinion that the greateſt Wound it ever received, has been from the

imputing to it ſuch Principles as juſtify Mens being at ſtrife and variance with one another on account of their Differences in Points, wherein it is impoſſible for all Mankind ever to be perfectly agreed.

THERE are others of my Readers, who have complained of me as too dry and philoſophical, for the moſt part, and not ſo entertaining as I ought to have been. I doubt not my having given too much reaſon for this Cenſure. But I have apologized for it in my fifty eighth Paper, and ſhall only add now, that as I did not ſet out with a humorous and fanciful Character, a Method ſo happily purſued by ſome of my Predeceſſors in this Manner of Writing, I had not the ſame freedom and opportunity of running into ſtrains of Wit and Pleaſantry, even tho I had been Maſter of the ſame Genius and Spirit. I have however, now and then, ventured to vary my Character, by writing on Subjects which did not require ſo much attention; and even ſometimes endeavoured, under the name of *Muſophilus*, to divert my Readers with a few Pieces in Poetry. There are alſo ſome other Pieces of the ſame nature, interſperſed thro' the Work, for which I am beholden to the Aſſiſtance of ſeveral ingenious Gentlemen. Of this ſort is the Paraphraſe of a Paſſage in the Book of *Job*, in the fiftieth Paper, communicated to me by Mr. *Samuel Boyſe*, who is alſo the Author of the Ninety ſeventh. The *Town Eclogue*, in the twenty fourth,

fourth, was ſent me by an unknown Hand; and the excellent Copy of Verſes by Mr. *Sterling*, on two Pieces of Painting, in the eighty firſt. Nor muſt I omit the two incomparable Poems in the ſixty ſecond Paper, which were written by the late Reverend Archdeacon *Parnel*, and are no ways unworthy that great and extraordinary Genius.

WHILE I am upon this Head, it becomes me to diveſt myſelf of a great deal of Reputation I have got by the Papers of ſome other Gentlemen, who have more frequently lent me their Aſſiſtance. The learned and ingenious Author of the *Inquiry into the Original of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue*, will therefore, I hope, excuſe me, if to do Juſtice to myſelf, I am obliged to name him for the three Papers upon Laughter, which are written in ſo curious and new a ſtrain of thinking; and alſo for the forty fifth, forty ſixth, and forty ſeventh Papers, containing ſo many judicious and valuable Remarks on that pernicious Book, the *Fable of the Bees*.

ALL the Papers ſubſcribed *Iſaac Alogiſt*, came to me from a Gentleman, who will not ſo much as permit me to enquire after him, far leſs to publiſh his Name. Whether he thinks it too great an Honour for me to be known in the number of his Friends, I cannot tell; but this I am ſure, that I ſhould think myſelf altogether unworthy of his Friendſhip, if I were not much prouder of it,

than of a Reputation which his unkind Modeſty, in refuſing me his acquaintance, might provoke me to take to myſelf, at the ſame time that it affords me an opportunity of doing it.

THE Author of the ſeventh and eighth Papers, containing a Tranſlation from *Anacreon*, with a Criticiſm on that Author, has alſo thought fit to conceal himſelf from me; tho he has ſince favoured me with two other Letters, to wit, the forty ninth, and ſixty ninth. There are alſo ſix or ſeven very ingenious Papers ſubſcribed with the Letters N. N. and O. O. which ſeem all to be written in the ſame Hand; but the Writer of them has left me ignorant to whom the Publick is indebted for them. I am at the ſame loſs about the twenty ſecond, the twenty ninth, the thirtieth, the thirty third, the ſeventy firſt, the ninety ſeventh, and the ninety ninth Papers, which ſeem to me the Performances of ſo many different Perſons, and came to me at different times, in the ſame order in which they lie in the *Journals*.

WHATEVER other Papers have been publiſhed in this *Journal*, either under the Name of *Hibernicus*, or any of his Correſpondents, I only am chargeable with, and anſwerable for all the Faults in them; which while I ſubmit with all due deference to the Judgment of the Publick, I hope it will have the goodneſs to allow me the Merit of having ſtarted a Deſign in this Country, which may perhaps

perhaps hereafter prove uſeful, when put into abler hands to be executed. A Reader of Candor and Generoſity will be inclined to think this a ſufficient Motive to pardon, at leaſt, whatever Errors or Miſtakes have been obſervable during the Progreſs of this Undertaking.

IT only remains to thank all my Readers for their Indulgence to me, continued to a Period ſo much beyond my fondeſt Wiſhes or Ambition. It would be a wronging their Judgment, if I did not now begin to think, that theſe looſe Compoſitions might perhaps be ſtill farther uſeful; for which Reaſon I have juſt publiſhed propoſals for collecting them together in ſuch a Form as may beſt anſwer that End: in promoting of which, I ſhall preſume to hope for the Continuance of their Favour; aſſuring them, that I ſhall have very little Reliſh of any Advantages I may thereby procure to myſelf, beſides the Capacity of ſerving my Country and Mankind, and having a better Opportunity of accounting to the Publick hereafter for the leiſure Hours of

Their moſt obedient,

and moſt humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

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